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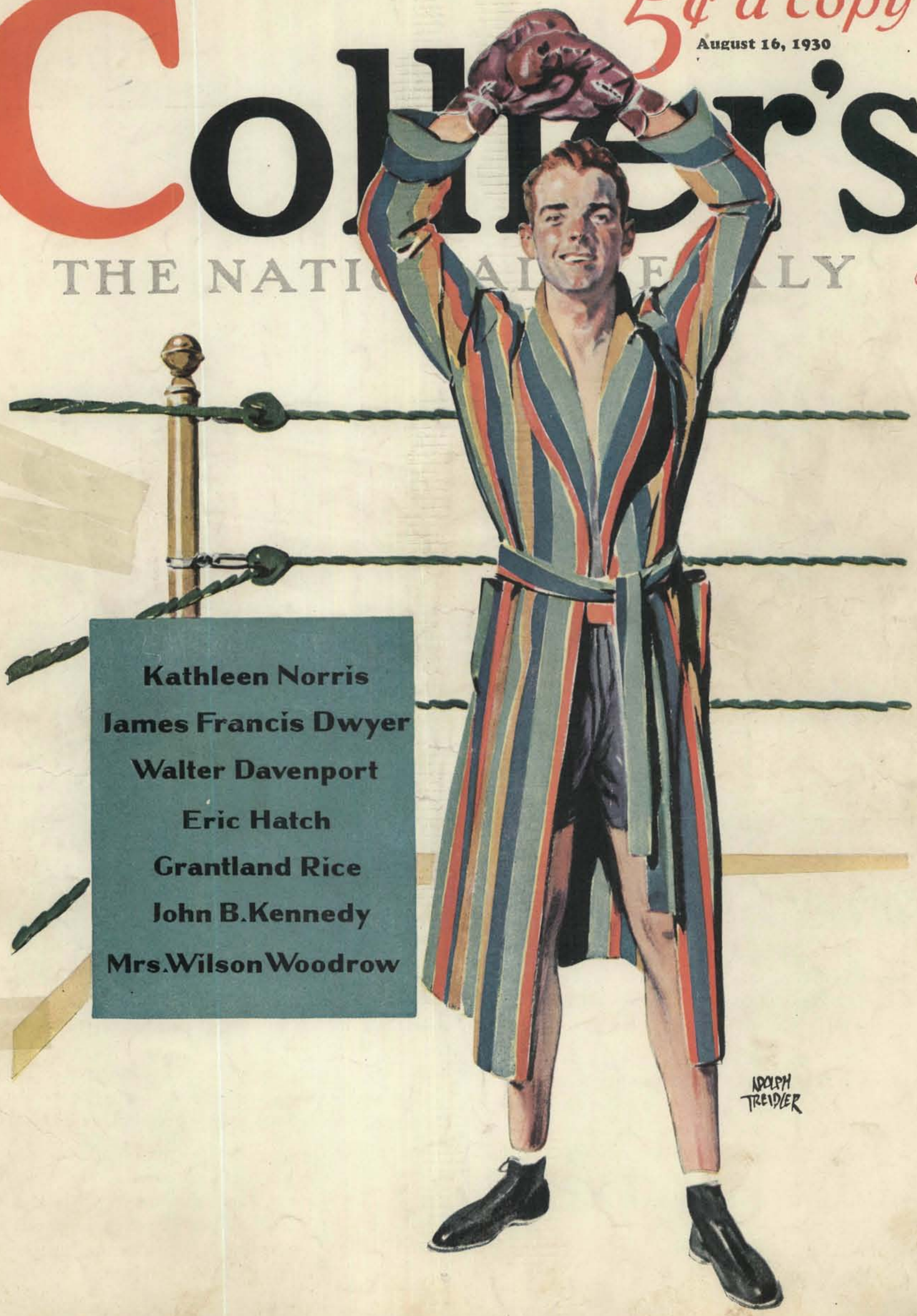
August 16, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Kathleen Norris
James Francis Dwyer
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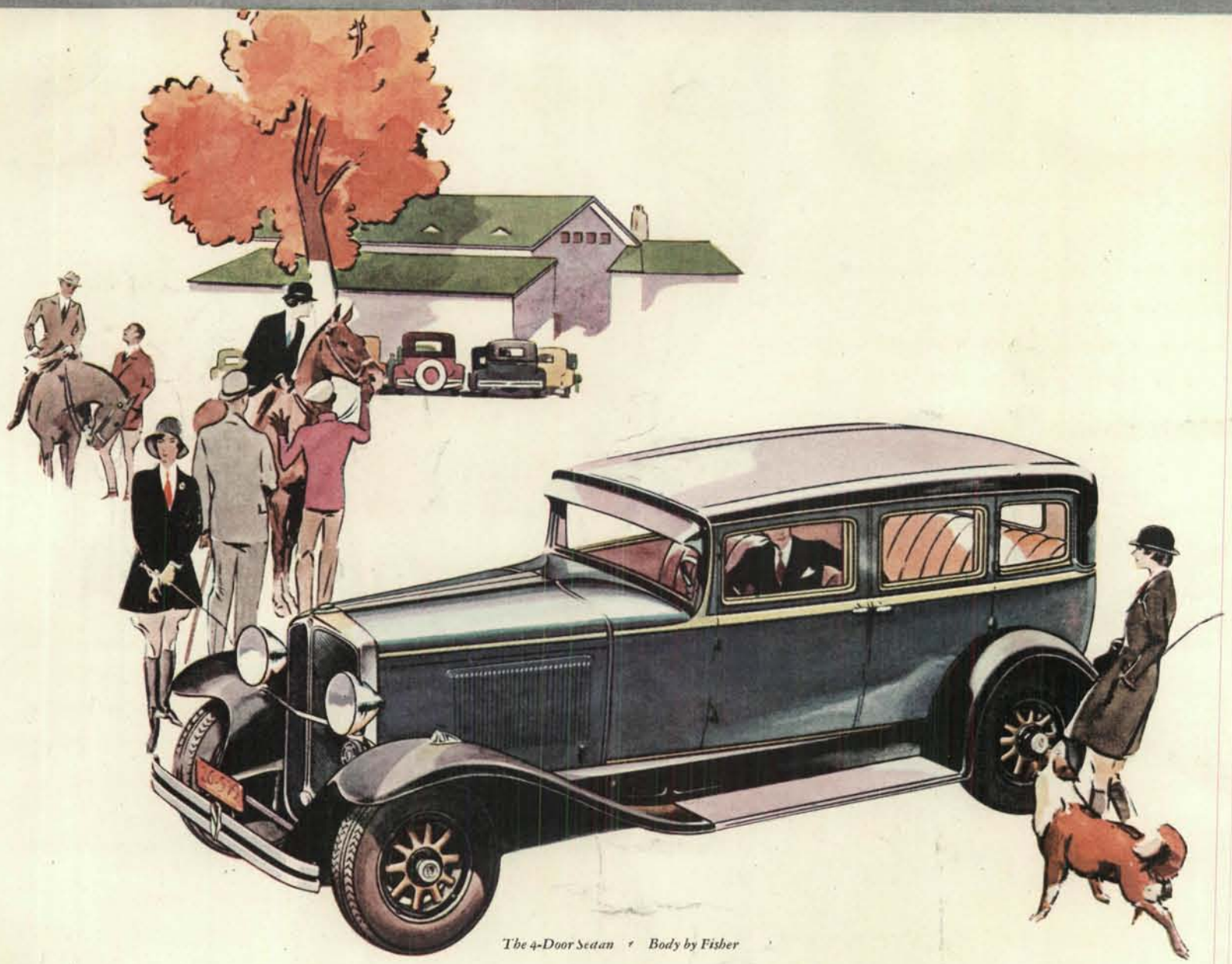

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

August 16, 1930

Cover—Adolph Treidler

Page 7—Mrs. Wilson Woodrow and C. C. Waddell

ATCHISON ALWAYS WINS! A life's at stake and no tricks left.

Page 10—Marie Beynon Ray

FINDING YOUR VOICE: And making it behave.

Page 11—Grantland Rice

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER: Catch words.

Page 12—Arthur A. Carey

WOMEN OVERDO IT: The feminine touch—gone wrong.

Page 14—John B. Kennedy

FALL GUY: Ernest Truex rebounding.

Page 15—Kathleen Norris

LOVERS' LANE, Part II: Romance in San Francisco.

Page 17—Eric Hatch

DINNER GUEST: Just a young bankrupt.

Page 19—Walter Davenport

THE GOOD WOMAN: Too good, really.

Page 20—Carl Clausen

JAWS OF CIRCUMSTANCE, Part IV: Closing steadily.

Page 22—The Short Short Story

THE LIFE OF A DOG: By William MacHarg.

Page 23—James Francis Dwyer

THE CHATEAU OF DESIRE: The Hoosier Hawk encounters a princeling.

Page 25—Edward Tomlinson

RICHES BACK OF RIO: Fabulous Brazil.

Page 26—W. B. Courtney

BOEING'S FUN: A hobby that made history.

Page 28—Word Hunt

Page 32—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 34—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

FEEDING THE PRESS: Mr. Hoover entertains.

Page 36—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 58—Editorials

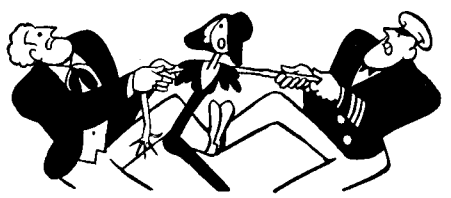
THE UPROAR HOUSE

Next Week

WITH the thermometer impartially breaking altitude and endurance records, we picked up Albert Richard Wetjen's new short story with even more than our usual glow of anticipation. It is called "On the Beach." We thought it nice that someone was there: perhaps it would be cooling to hear about it. It was. But the story left us with no feeling of envy. Mr. Wetjen, who was himself twice shipwrecked before his sixteenth birthday, has written about two able seamen stranded in Liverpool, rain-soaked and wretched. If it hadn't been for Maggie, the story would have been more than we can stand. Probably magic never appeared in a more unlikely guise. But Maggie brings it with her—all the more intense and charming for the dismal, fog-wrapped streets where we find her.

—

THE Pullman porter warned Mr. Shepherd in advance. "Say, Colonel," he admonished, brushing briskly, "when you gets off at Butte, you're goin' to find out that you can do anything in that town you're old enough to do. Or, young enough, either!" The porter was right. But Mr. Shepherd has lived to tell about it. He calls the article "Sin in the Desert." We, for our part, are not to be deceived by a title: we firmly believe that all is not yet lost, even in Butte.



MARRIAGE, the sourer critics of our age keep telling us, is much neglected among the younger generation. We produce Camilla as proof positive that they are wrong. Camilla married the same man twice so that she could divorce him publicly and at once and then marry another man. But the situation was complicated by Breck Disbrow, U. S. N., who knew nothing about the approved modern attitude toward the man your wife is thinking of marrying. Stephen Morehouse Avery tells all about it in "Synthetic Honeymoon."

—

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE went to Fleury with his friend Karl Broeger. The holiday mood was on them. But something happened to Broeger when he saw in the twilight the country where he had fought: "'Charge!' he cries. Then he quits the trench, leaps up, and himself charges. But this is no longer the man of the bank managership and the football news; this is Sergeant Broeger, whom the ground has laid hold on again, the wild, ashy smell of the battlefields, and remembrance that has burst upon him like a whirlwind." You'll not easily forget this moment as it is described by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

—

SO MUCH, so much and, alas, so little space! We can no more than mention "Gangster's Wife," by Ferrin L. Fraser; "The Twenty-Million-Dollar Kid," by Corey Ford; and Christopher Morley's Short Short Story, "A Good Deed." There are articles by Dr. Wadsworth, Uncle Henry and Grantland Rice. These, and the serials, will continue to make the newsdealers, willy-nilly, disciples of the strenuous life.

Any Week

IN COLLIER'S for June 28th Uncle Henry, writing about a possible disposition of our overflow prison population, said that the very thought of being incarcerated in the spare bedrooms of New England worked the prisoners into such a state of rage and revolt that they were perfectly willing to be killed.

A Southern friend of Mr. L. Lamprey of Limerick, Maine, gleefully cut this out and sent it to Mr. Lamprey, who himself had been one of our readers for many years. But now Mr. Lamprey is through with us.

Naturally we'd resent any aspersion on our own spare room, but it would take more than that to make us quit reading Collier's.

—

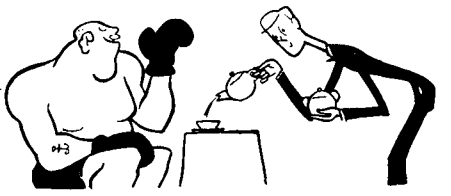
MRS. ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER of Cleeve Gate, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, is of the opinion that Hugh MacNair Kahler's "Both Were Young" is "the most entertaining story I have read in ages . . . so much better written than the run of magazine stories that I am impelled to congratulate him and Collier's."

The reason we publish Mrs. Trotter's letter is because we have that curious editorial weakness of enjoying congratulations. And hers is but one of a growing volume of such praise for Mr. Kahler's delightful serial.

—

MR. HARRY BUNNELL, of Dayton, Ohio, having read with confessed enjoyment Winston Churchill's analytical articles on the Great War, has just one small complaint. He observes that Mr. Churchill writes that our American troops were sent to France guarded by the British navy.

"Maybe," says Mr. Bunnell, "I'm wrong, but I was just a poor gob on an American destroyer. I made ten trips across the Atlantic, and if those weren't American soldiers on the ships we convoyed, what were they? Please let me know."



CAPTAIN GEORGE EWALD BANKS writes at considerable length about the superiority of the sporting instincts of the English. If, says he, an American athlete is not a winner, we brutally forget him and scurry around seeking a prize-winner. But the English, says Captain Banks, rally round, even in defeat, inspired by the example of the royal family. For instance, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales invariably supplies free breakfast tea to England's heavyweight pugilists while they are training.

The spectators, doubtless, contribute the eggs.

—

AFTER reading several million newspaper words about the beer racket in Chicago, we find ourselves a bit puzzled by Mr. Theodore Nelson's letter, wherein he says that "if the people were made to realize that their money spent for liquor is making Al Capone and his kind fabulously rich, I am sure that drinking would decrease." And Mr. Nelson lives in Chicago! Perhaps he'll write again, telling us how Chicago thinks Al and his lads got all their money.

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A Few of the Titles

Love
Virtue!
The Venus of Braniza
The Love of Long Ago
A Mesalliance
The Rendezvous
Under the Yoke
Virtue in the Ballet
Mademoiselle
A Passion
The Duel
Moonlight
The Bed
The Devil
Ball-of-Fat
Magnetism
A Wife's Confession
The Story of a Farm Girl
Letter Found on a Corpse
In His Sweetheart's Livery
Bed No. 29
Fecundity
In the Wood
Am I Insane?
Words of Love
The Charm Dispelled
A Fashionable Woman
The Diary of a Madman
A Way to Wealth
Waiter, a Bock!
Margot's Tapers
One Phase of Love
A Strange Fancy
The Wedding Night
A Little Waif
Useless Beauty
Woman's Wiles
Room No. Eleven
A Queer Night in Paris
The Diamond Necklace
The Sequel to a Divorce
A Dead Woman's Secret
Graveyard Sirens
The Mad Woman
Forbidden Fruit
The Impolite Sex
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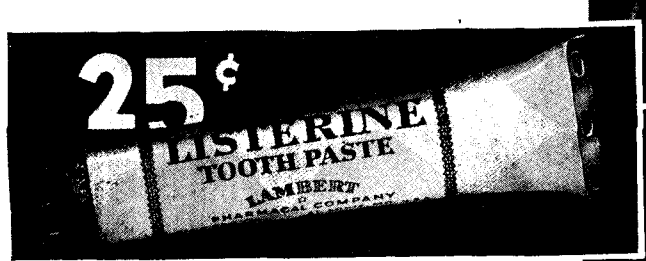

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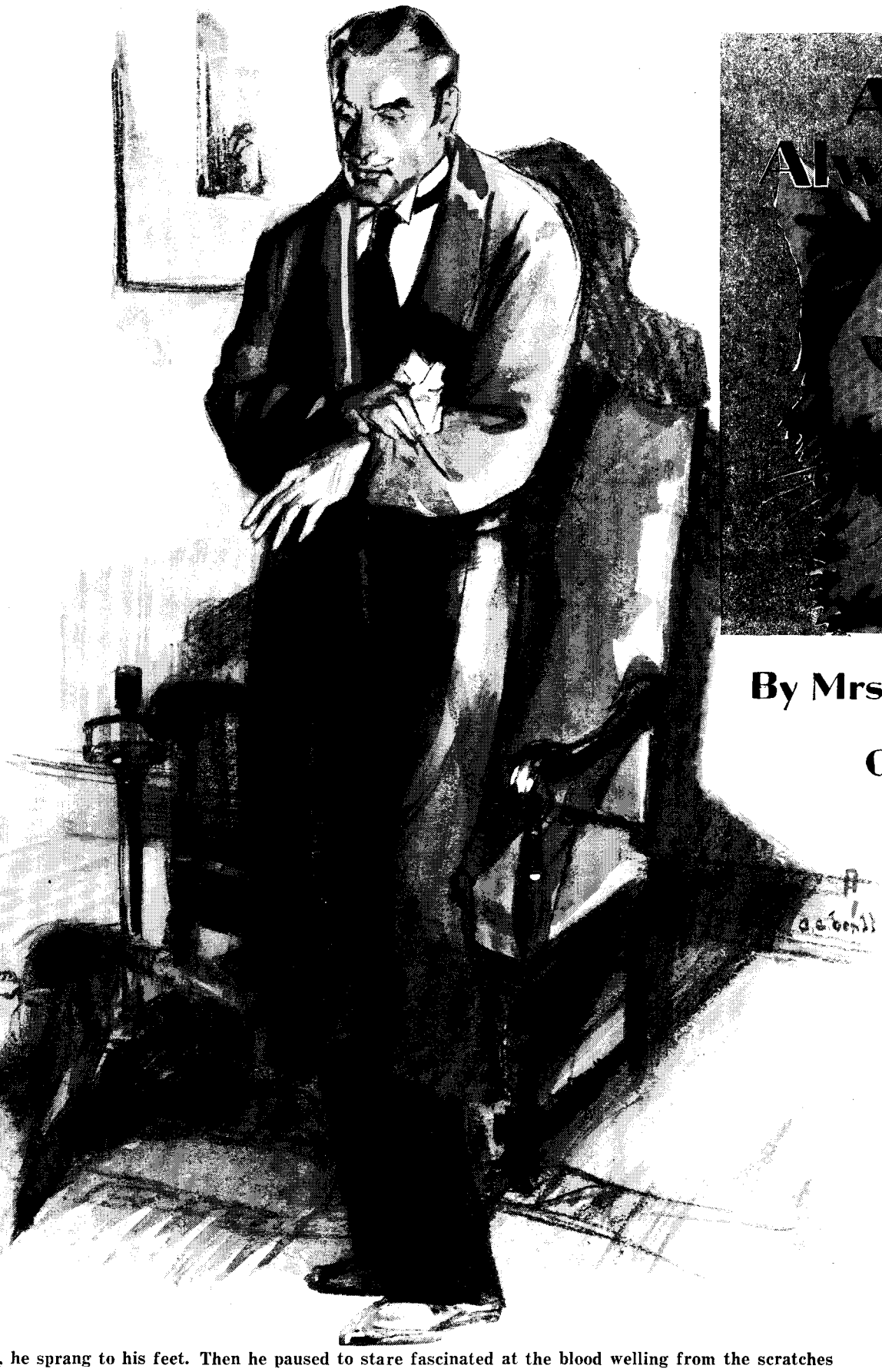

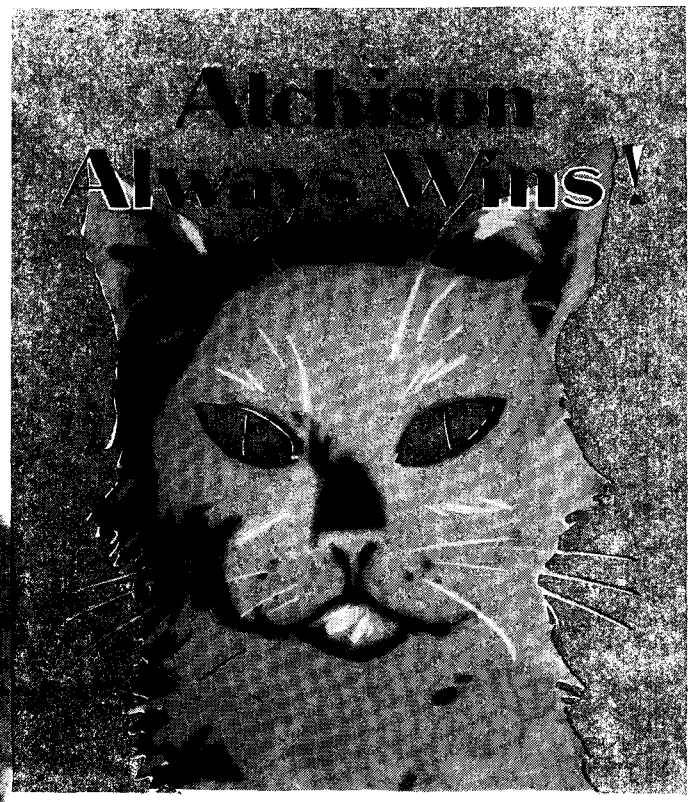

Startled, he sprang to his feet. Then he paused to stare fascinated at the blood welling from the scratches

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow and C. C. Waddell

HEYWOOD ATCHISON—famous criminal lawyer, art collector, man about town—sat in his bachelor apartment in a chair that had once belonged to Cardinal Richelieu.

Indeed, given a pointed beard, Atchison as he sat there might easily have posed for a portrait of the great cardinal. He wore a cassock-like dressing-gown of black silk edged with scarlet, and his crossed, small feet, of which he was inordinately proud, were in scarlet slippers. To add to the verisimilitude of the picture, a big, gray cat—Richelieu had a passion for cats—lay in his lap.

But this would have been a portrait of Richelieu not in an hour of power and supremacy, but at one of those critical moments when his control of the unstable king seemed slipping and he realized that only his crafty wits could save him from swift disgrace and possibly the headsman. Atchison's usually smooth brow below its wave of tossed-back, iron-gray hair was ruffled with lines of care; his gaze was somber and brooding; his mouth had lost its quizzical twist and was set in a grim groove.

The cat on his knee, staring with yellow, unblinking eyes up into his troubled face, uttered a plaintive little meow of question; but as Atchison paid no attention beyond continuing absently to stroke its soft fur it cuddled down and relaxed into a doze.

In the lawyer's intimate circle—a circle that comprised the fifteen or twenty persons in New York really worth knowing—this cat, Selim, like its various predecessors, was jokingly reputed to be a familiar spirit prompting Atchison in those legal arts and subtleties—some people called them chicaneries—by which for twenty years he had dominated the criminal courts.

BUT if such was Selim's province he had woefully failed his master now. Atchison for the first time in his career had a *cause célèbre*—the sensational murder trial of an actress—which he saw no chance to win. Not only was the proof of guilt incontestable, but, even more important in Atchison's eyes, popular sentiment had unanimously turned thumbs down on his client.

He had played for time to the limit, exhausted every resource of delay and postponement; and now tomorrow she must appear for trial with no other defense than an absurd, incredible story unsupported by a single shred of evidence. Conviction was a foregone conclusion. Atchison's unbroken tradition of never having lost an important murder case was at last to be shattered. It meant a tremendous blow to his pride and his prestige.

A discreet tap at the door aroused him from his baffled musings, and his Japanese butler announced the presence of Jake Gottschalk, the theatrical manager, who with an air of privilege pushed on into the room, puffing an enormous black cigar—a roly-poly little man with the soul of an artist, and the speech and financial acumen of an old-clothes dealer.

"Hello, faker!" Atchison suavely greeted his visitor, rather welcoming the interruption, but not bothering himself to rise. There was no necessity of ceremony or pose between these two. They had known each other since the lean days of their roving youth when they had followed together the street fairs of the nineties, one as an aspiring juggler, the other as impresario of a two-headed calf.

"Faker, yourself!" gibed back the manager. "And, what is more, you should be losing your eyesight. That Ming vase you bought last week! Ming? Ha-ha. Like I am Jane Cowl yet."

"'Jealousy is cruel as the grave,'" quoted Atchison unctuously. "'And as the crackling of thorns under a pot is the laughter of a fool.' Don't fret over my eyesight, Jake. Better look to your own."

As he spoke he caught up from the table beside him an antique coin, a silver denarius of the time of Nero, and passed it rapidly from one hand to the other in a series of bewildering moves, causing it to appear and disappear between his supple fingers. Atchison had never lost his early predilection for

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sleight of hand, and was a member of the Society of American Magicians, that curious organization which includes not only performers but senators, clergymen, staid business leaders and professional men of all kinds.

"Where is the coin now?" he finally asked, holding up both palms empty.

"On the back of your right hand," hazarded Gottschalk, squinting through a haze of cigar smoke.

"Wrong," Atchison chuckled, turning his right hand about, and then with his left plucking the denarius deftly from the tail of the cat.

"Not so bad," granted Jake grudgingly. "You still could get a job maybe on the small time."

They fell then to squabbling amicably over the value of various pieces in each other's collections; but Atchison could see that his companion's real interest was on something outside of pottery and glass and sculpture. This was no mere casual visit.

"What's on your mind, Jake?" he asked at last. "What is it you want?"

The manager hesitated a moment, puffing at his cigar; then dragged his chair across the floor, scattering ashes heedlessly over the costly Persian rug.

"Listen!" His eyes rounded excitedly. "I got a play, Atchison—that is, I got a option on it—a big play. Just the sort of thing I've always wanted to do. And sure fire, y' understand. You can have a piece of it, if you want to."

"YES?" Atchison's tone was more encouraging. A share in one of Gottschalk's productions was generally a profitable investment.

"Only"—Jake deprecatingly spread out his hands—"well, no use beating around the bush, there's only one woman can play it. It's a part that's like it was made for her, y' know. And think what a come-back we could make of it. All this publicity isn't going to do her any harm."

Atchison's face, which had relaxed since the other's arrival, knitted again into heavy lines.

"Myra Winslow, you mean?"

"You said it." Jake nodded eagerly. "It's her, I tell you—I can see her in every line of it—her and no one else. Without her, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole.

"But," he laid his hand ingratiatingly on the lawyer's knee. "I ain't buying any pigs in a bag, y' understand. Everybody says you'll get her off somehow; Atchison always has an ace up his sleeve, he never loses. Still, before I close the option, I thought I'd better ask you—confidential, and not for publication of course—and make sure."

The frown deepened on Atchison's forehead, and he sat for a moment without answering, stroking the sleeping cat in his lap. When at last he spoke, there was a bitter twist to his wide, flexible mouth.

"I have been trying vainly all day," he said, "to induce the district attorney to accept a plea of guilty of second-degree murder. That shows you what I—what both of us—think of her chances."

"H'm!" Jake's face mirrored a staggering disappointment. He contemplated the tip of his cigar and, crushing it out in an ash tray, slid his short legs to the floor. "Well, that's that," he sighed. "I guess I'll be going." But halfway to the door he halted. "I'd even take a gamble on it, Atchison," he ventured. "Ain't there as good as a fifty-fifty break?"

But again the lawyer gave a wearily negative gesture. "I'm afraid, Jake, the lady is definitely booked for another engagement."

ALONE with his problem once more, that bitter twist did not leave Atchison's lips. Gottschalk's visit, instead of relieving his depression, had only served to intensify it. Everybody was expecting him to work a miracle. "Atchison always has an ace up his sleeve," they were saying. "He never fails." And he had nothing, nothing.

Sitting there as the night wore on, he desperately reviewed his bag of tricks—the ruses, the feints, the legal technicalities, the appeals to sentiment, the wiles of voice and manner and gesture he had used in the past—and gloomily shook his head. None of these would serve him here. He lapsed into deeper and deeper dejection.

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"Liar! Murderer!" she flung at him; and sweeping her curved fingers out in a leopard stroke, raked her nails down across his cheek

The cat in his lap stirred and twitched in its sleep. Perhaps it dreamed of some hunting foray, or of a bout with an enemy; for suddenly one velvet paw swept out, and its unsheathed claws raked across the back of Atchison's hand.

With a startled exclamation the lawyer sprang to his feet, dumping Selim unceremoniously to the floor, and reached for his handkerchief to stanch the blood welling from the scratches. Then he paused to stare at them, fascinated.

He raised his head, considering, as a quick light leaped to his eyes; and turning briskly to his library shelves he consulted several ponderous volumes. Apparently satisfied with what he found, he put the books back in their places, and called Gottschalk on the telephone.

"Take up your option, Jake," he advised; "and hold a quarter interest in the production for me. I'll send you a check to cover it in the morning."

"But—but," the manager stammered. "What has happened? You said—"

"What I said doesn't count," Atchison laughed blandly. "The public says that Atchison never loses; and the public, Jake, is always right. Vox populi, vox Dei."

He hung up the receiver; and coaxing back Selim, who had stalked off under a chair in stiff-legged dudgeon, with ears laid back, restored him to his knee, and banished worry from his mind. He was ready for his joust with the blind goddess.

OYEZ! Oyez! Oyez! The judge was on the bench; the jury chosen and in the box; the prisoner at the bar.

"If Your Honor please, and gentlemen of the jury," said the district attorney in outlining his case, "I shall sketch very briefly for you the main features of this sordid affair. A sordid affair in truth; for in the story as it unfolds to you from the lips of the witnesses I shall call, you will find little of human nature except at its basest and most unworthy.

"Myra Winslow, the defendant here," his glance veered toward the quietly-

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dressed, haggard but still beautiful woman seated beside Atchison at the counsel table, "was a half dozen years ago a rising actress with her name in electric lights above the doors of leading theaters. Adulation and applause turned her head. She turned capricious, exacting, uncertain; and after she had flouted her audiences by refusing on several occasions to appear, managers would no longer employ her.

"Drifting into that hectic, modern night life of Broadway, she became one of its most familiar figures. Her ethical standards deteriorated. Instead of using her talents and her charm to entertain the public, she devoted them to the arts of the gold digger.

"Finally young Paul Barber fell into her toils. He was a lad but twenty years old, delicate, impressionable, the heir to a considerable fortune; she a hardened, calculating woman of the world, growing a trifle shopworn, but still with the glamour of her past success about her.

"She induced the infatuated boy to marry her; but, owing to the fact that he was still under age, his brother and guardian, Mr. Amos Barber, succeeded in having the marriage annulled.

"But the woman, realizing her fading powers of attraction, did not propose to let so promising a victim slip from her clutches. She kept secretly in touch with Paul, and on the day before his twenty-first birthday persuaded him to marry her again.

"He was really in no condition to exercise a rational judgment in the matter. His none too virile constitution weakened by the dissipation in which she encouraged him, he was not only neurasthenic, but had also developed a valvular affection of the heart which made his certain demise a matter of a few months at the most.

"HER idea was undoubtedly to profit by his demise, and as his widow inherit his estate; for, in order to forestall any interference on the part of Paul's family or friends, she made every effort to keep their second marriage secret, and spirited him away to an obscure apartment on the West Side which she had taken under an assumed name.

"However, Mr. Amos Barber traced the pair to their hiding place and there a stormy scene ensued. Mr. Barber found his brother in a pitiable state, ill, confused, apparently in terror of the woman he had married and completely under her domination. When he endeavored to persuade Paul to leave her and come with him, she snatched a pistol from a drawer and threatened to shoot them both if Paul attempted to go. Then at the point of her weapon she ordered Mr. Barber from the apartment.

"He went. Unwilling to abandon the unfortunate boy, though, he returned to the flat to renew his appeal to Paul; and in view of the Winslow woman's violent behavior when he was there before he took the precaution of having a policeman accompany him.

"They found the door locked on their arrival, and their repeated knocking met with no response; but at last, on demand of the officer, the actress admitted them. She was either in real or pretended hysterics, and showed signs of having been through a recent struggle. The negligee she wore was torn almost off one shoulder, and there was a deep scratch on her arm from which the blood was running down over her fingers.

"On the floor at the right of the door lay the body of Paul Barber, shot through the heart. He was fully dressed and wearing his hat and overcoat as if he had been about to go out; but his collar and tie were wrenched loose, indicating that he too had been engaged in a scuffle. On the table, six feet away from him, was the pistol which had killed him—the same pistol with which Myra Winslow had threatened him and Amos shortly before—and the white table cover on which it lay was flecked with drops of blood as if from the scratch on her arm. The door, as I have said, was locked when Amos Barber and the policeman arrived, the windows all closed and fastened; there was no one else in the apartment, and no indication of any other person having been there since Amos Barber left.

"The Winslow woman when asked for an explanation of the tragedy told conflicting stories. Her first version was that Paul had committed suicide, and she produced in verification of this a letter which was in effect a suicide agreement, signed both by him and herself. The letter was, however, wholly in her handwriting, and Paul's signature a mere, wavering scrawl, which suggested that he might not have been cognizant of what he was signing.

"CONFRONTED with the further circumstances that the shot had been fired at a distance of at least five feet from him, that although death must have been instantaneous, the pistol was on the table far out of his reach, and that both of them showed signs of having been in a desperate tussle, she changed to a different and more elaborate recital.

"Apprehensive, she said, that his brother would have him incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, Paul, after Amos' departure, had gone almost beside himself with panic, and in a frenzy of revolt had attempted to throw himself out of the window. Seeking by any means to quiet and compose him, she had suggested the suicide agreement, and then, as he grew calmer, convinced him that a better plan was to steal away and hide. He was doubtful of the feasibility of it, certain that Amos would manage somehow to get hold of him; but she finally succeeded in persuading him to try it, and got him dressed and ready to start. Then, leaving him for a few moments, she went to another room to make her own toilet, and while there she heard the sound of a shot.

"Startled, she rushed back to him to see what had happened, and in her haste caught the loose, flowing sleeve of her negligee on the doorknob, ripping it almost off her and throwing her against a sharp corner of the latch so as to inflict the scratch on her arm.

"Heedless of this, though, she raced on into the front room to find Paul stretched out there on the floor. She had no other idea, she says, but that he had carried out his threat to kill himself, and in the horror and tumult of her feelings, that conviction was still firmly fixed when she admitted the policeman and Amos Barber. But later, as her mind cleared, she recalled that when she entered the room, she had noted the outer door of the flat was standing open, and had caught a vague impression—hardly as much as that—of someone disappearing through it. Automatically, she says, she digressed on her way toward Paul to slam the door shut and lock it. Then she flung herself down beside the body and, realizing that the boy was dead, passed into a sort of grief-stricken coma from which she was only aroused by the continued knocking at the door.

"THIS," said the district attorney, "is her story. But it is possible, I think, to reconstruct from the known facts a much more accurate picture of what took place in that flat of hers after the departure of Amos Barber.

"She was, remember, a desperate woman playing for her final stake. If she could keep Paul under her dominion for a few months, perhaps even less, her nest would be feathered. She had then but to present her wedding certificate, and lay claim to his estate. And it was her last chance. Let him go? Never.

"If Your Honor please, and gentlemen of the jury, I believe that after the departure of Amos, Paul, awakened to a more normal perception by the arguments of his brother, announced his intention of quitting her. Naturally

(*Continued on page 44*)

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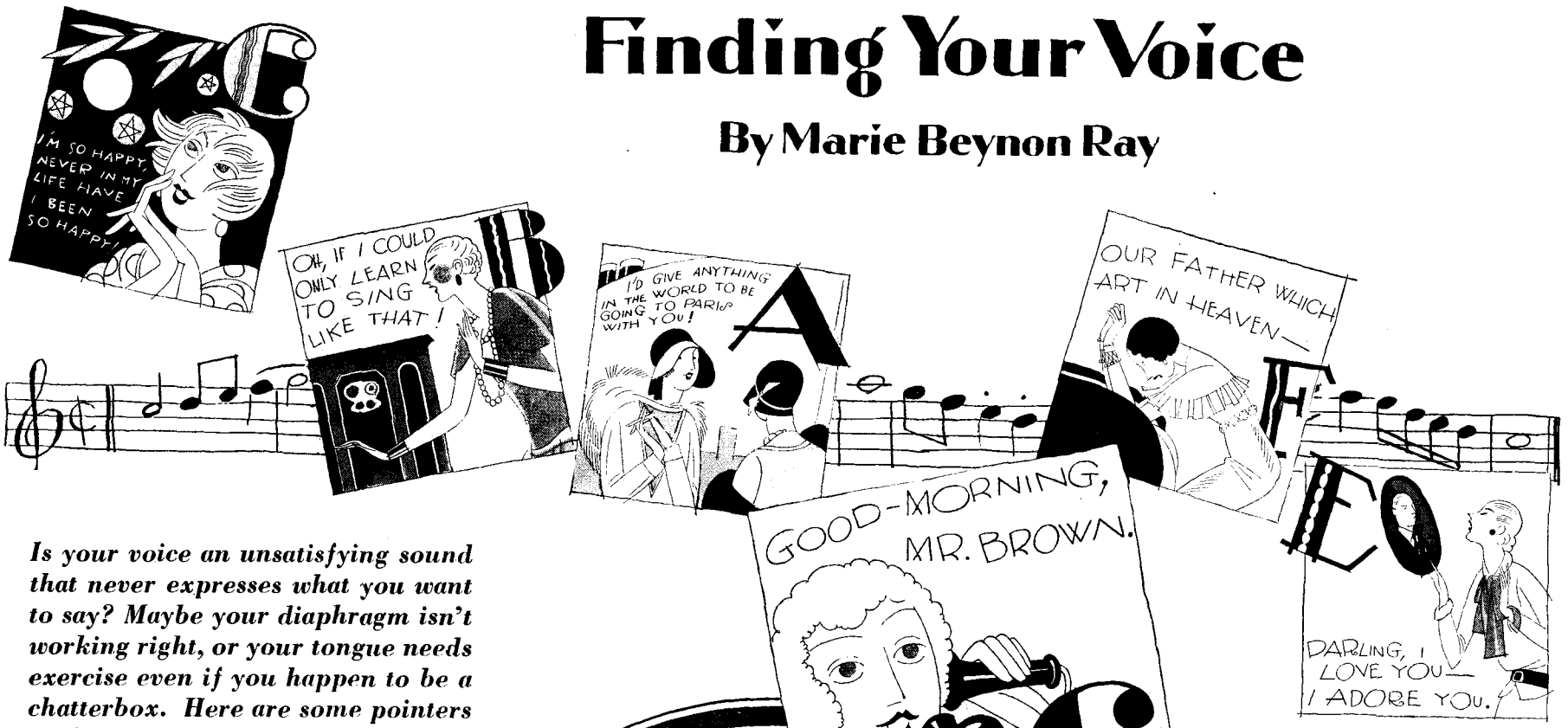
Finding Your Voice

By Marie Beynon Ray


I'M SO HAPPY, NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I BEEN SO HAPPY!
OH, IF I COULD ONLY LEARN TO SING LIKE THAT!
I'D GIVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO BE GOING TO PARIS WITH YOU!
OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN—
GOOD-MORNING, MR. BROWN.
DARLING, I LOVE YOU— I ADORE YOU.
HEAVENS, HOW TIRED I AM! I WISH I WERE DEAD
GET OUT OF MY SIGHT. NEVER LET ME SEE YOUR FACE AGAIN.

Drawing by Loren Stout

Is your voice an unsatisfying sound that never expresses what you want to say? Maybe your diaphragm isn't working right, or your tongue needs exercise even if you happen to be a chatterbox. Here are some pointers in finding the real voice that's concealed somewhere about your person

James Hargis Connelly

Look and Listen. Dorothy Gish owns one of Hollywood's most charming voices

THE glamorous Gishes, you know, are each about as big as a pint of peanuts—an old-fashioned five cents' worth. One of these five cents' worth now snuggled down into a corner of the couch and fixed me with the eyes that are quite the biggest thing about her.

"Voices?" she said. "Was there ever a time in the history of the world when voices were as important as they are now? Thousands of voices, literally, ring round the world every day. Thousands of careers are made with the voice alone—by men and women who will never be seen by their audiences. Never before has the voice had so much power to influence others and to bring fame and fortune to the individual.

"Hollywood, of course, is going through a voice panic. Was ever a voice more necessary to a human being than it is today to these stars who have made great fortunes and great successes on the silent screen and who will now slide swiftly and surely down a dark chute to obscurity if they can't produce a voice? And a voice as colorful and flexible as the personalities they have already taught the public to love. As things stood, upon the advent of the 'talkies,' their voices were no better and no worse than the average American voice—which is pretty bad. And yet as star after star makes his or her 'talkie' début we are amazed at the quality of their voices. And, not satisfied with these marvelously rich, expressive speaking voices, some of them even burst into song. Who would have thought that Ramon Novarro could sing? Or that Greta Garbo had a deep, vibrating contralto voice? Or that Lupe Velez or Gloria Swanson possessed really charming singing voices? And just a short time ago they didn't—no more than you or I. They made these voices themselves, hammered them out day by day.

"And if *they* can do it, so can everyone, for they started with no better voices than the rest of us. They never thought of being singers, they never expected to use their voices in public; and so, like most of us, they neglected them. But they are neglecting them no longer."

I remember having heard Dorothy Gish say some time ago that she was definitely giving up the "movies." "I still like the pictures," she had said, "but I have a new love—the theater. I want to go on the stage—and for that a voice is necessary. I must find out how and where I can get a voice." I asked her about that now.

"You didn't happen to see Young Love last season, did you?" she asked. "No? Well, wherever you happened to be at the time, if you heard a big, booming noise, that was me. That's the kind of a voice I have. The audience was looking everywhere for the ventriloquist."

"It seems a nice, Gish-sized voice now," I remarked.

"Yes—but just let me out on a stage and something very strange happens to me. My voice swells up and comes rolling out like Niagara. The first time I heard it I was frightened."

"But where did you get such a voice?"

"Oh, as soon as I decided to go on the stage I began studying. I went to Frances Robinson-Duff, the dramatic coach, you know. Many people on the stage go to her—Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton, Henry Miller, Mary Garden, Mary McCormick, Nora Bayes, Ernest Schelling, Ina Claire.

"When I first went to her I had no voice at all—just such a feeble, colorless little chirp as most of us have. My real voice must have been hidden somewhere about my person all these years but I never knew it. Miss Duff found it for me."

We're a Strident Race

"You don't think everyone has a voice like that hidden somewhere about him, do you?"

"I know that everyone has a much better voice than he's using. American voices are notoriously bad—loud, strident, high-pitched, harsh, all in the head and throat. It's a national characteristic—like turkey at Thanksgiving. Yet we all started life with good voices, perfectly placed, with plenty of diaphragm under them, wonderful breathing freedom; and we kept these voices up until the age of three or four. Then we succumbed to the national vice.

"But I'm perfectly sure that anyone who wants to develop his voice can, for I've never seen anyone try who didn't succeed. A beautiful voice isn't a bit more important to an actress than it is to the private individual. Don't you think it's as great a charm in a woman as a lovely face? And think what a voice can do! It can control any situation. The voice that remains calm and controlled when other voices are rising in frenzy, leaping and lashing, is the voice that will win. Voices may soothe, cajole, irritate, anger—often without meaning it. Certainly they have more power over the emotions than facial expression or the touch of the hands. And anyone who wants to can do a great deal toward developing a beautiful speaking voice even without the help of a teacher. It's largely a matter of working at home, anyway. Lessons never get you anywhere if you don't practice continually. It's doing the exercises, reading aloud, breathing properly and all that that really counts. You have to do most of it for yourself anyway. I'm sure if you talk to Miss Duff or any other good teacher she'll tell you a lot of practical, helpful things women can do at home that will improve their voices marvelously—make them the beautiful, charming, expressive things they should be."

So I went to see Miss Robinson-Duff.

(*Continued on page 28*)

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After the Ball is Over

By Grantland Rice

You can count the really famous baseball catchers on your fingers, reserving the thumbs for the two greatest. Mickey Cochrane is one of the latter, being equally clever with and behind the bat

WHEN you go 'way back into baseball history the two great catchers were Buck Ewing of the Reds and Giants and King Kelley of Chicago. They had about everything a good catcher needs, including a surplus of brains.

I used to talk with John Ward about their work in comparison with modern players and to John Ward they were among the invincibles.

He related an incident of the days when he was pitching for the Giants and Buck Ewing was catching. A fast ball split Ewing's right hand. He tied it up and went on catching. Finally the flow of blood was so pronounced that Ward protested. "You've got to get someone else to relieve you," he told Ewing. "I can't handle the ball any longer. It is too slippery to throw."

"All right," said Buck, "then get another pitcher who can handle a ball with a little blood on it. I'm not going to quit." That was the spirit of Buck Ewing.

After Ewing and Kelley I always thought the next greatest catcher was Roger Bresnahan of the Giants. He had brains and dash. He was the lead-off man on the club and one of the best hitters. He was a great base-runner and he could handle any kind of pitching.

Johnny Kling of the Cubs came along a few years later. By 1910 he was acclaimed as the greatest, or one of the greatest, catchers that ever lived. He, also, was smart, keen, on top of the job —an ideal man to handle pitchers and to watch the infield; a first-class hitter. Johnny Kling in many ways was more of an artist than any of his predecessors. He turned catching into one of the arts of baseball, rivaling Lajoie behind the bat.

Then there was Ray Schalk of the White Sox, smart, fiery and a glutton for work. Schalk could catch 140 games a year consistently.

And then, a few years ago, you began to hear about a young catcher from Boston named Cochrane.

Cochrane was born in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, twenty-seven years ago. After graduating from college in 1924, he went to Portland, where he batted .333. He looked so good that Connie Mack paid $50,000 for his release. And Connie by that time had spent enough money on dubs not to waste any more.

Right Off the Bat

Mickey Cochrane joined the Athletics in 1925 and started right by turning in a batting average of .331. Not only that but he caught 134 ball games, a record for any youngster in his first big-league season.

At the age of twenty-two he practically dominated his club. He could handle any sort of pitching. He was smart, keen, a good hitter, a good base runner, a spark plug for his mates.

In 1928 he had a batting slump. Yet that year he was voted the most valuable ball player in the American League. He batted only .293, forty points below his average, but the jury ranked him above all other entries in the younger circuit, including Babe Ruth, Herb Pennock, Tony Lazzeri, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, Walter Johnson and others well-known to fame.

In 1929 Mickey had a better year. He was then by far the best catcher in baseball, the smartest at handling any type of pitching. He knew what pitches to call for and he knew how to keep a close watch on everything going on in a game. He was placed in the clean-up position as a hitter, because he was one of the best. When the Athletics met the Cubs in the world series of 1929 a number of experts were swayed back and forth but most of them finally picked the Athletics. Why? On account of Mickey Cochrane. The Cubs had a first-class catcher, but they had no Cochrane. He stepped into this series like a veteran and ran his part of the job without a mistake.

When 1930 came along, Mack was more than anxious to repeat. Once again Cochrane was handling Grove, Earnshaw, Rommell, Walberg and others with rare skill, fighting for every game. And this time he was also hitting the ball in between .380 and .410. He led his league most of last year.

It's Fun for Mickey

The average catcher is down around eighth place in batting. Cochrane was put in third place, to get on ahead of Al Simmons and Jimmy Foxx, two of the most dangerous hitters in baseball. And he usually gets on base, one way or another.

Not long ago he and I spoke over a radio, devoting that night to the subject of baseball. He had caught a double-header that day and I asked him if he felt tired. "I feel great," he said, "baseball doesn't tire me. I like it too much. I could catch double-headers every day."

He gave me the impression of being young, keen, smart and, above everything else, intelligent and modest. He didn't want to talk about himself. He wanted to sing the praises of Grove, Simmons, Foxx and the others.

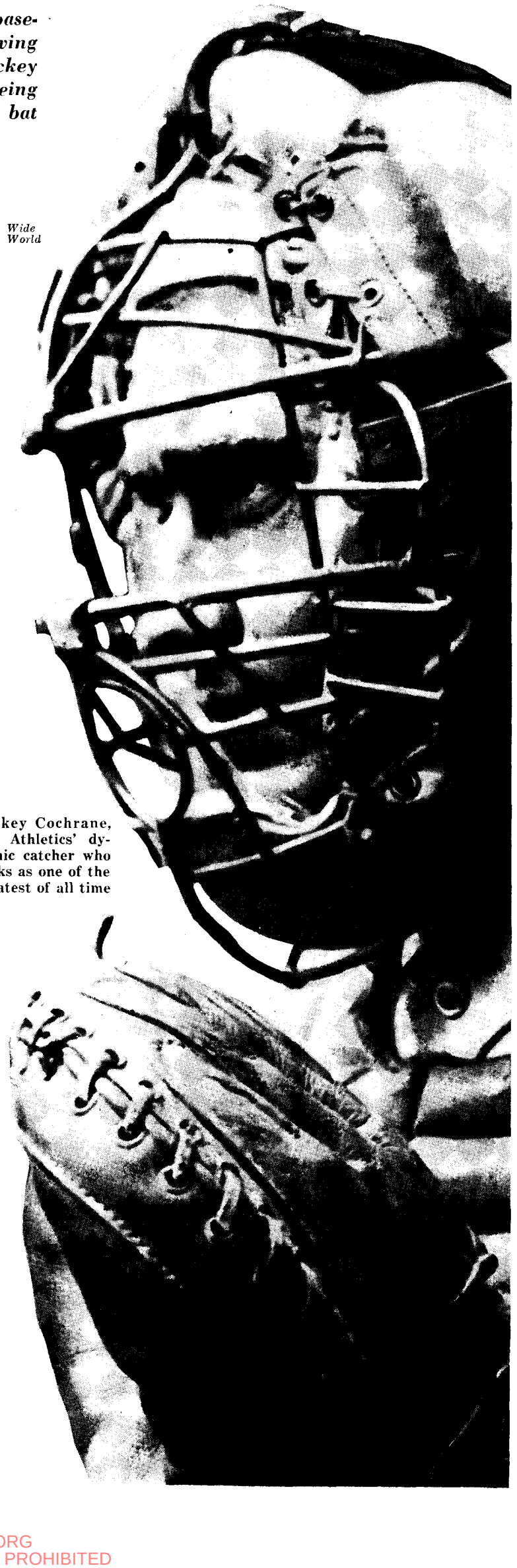
"I can tell you right now," he said, "that Grove is the fastest pitcher I ever caught or saw—that Connie Mack is the greatest all-around manager in baseball—that Babe Ruth hasn't got any weakness and there isn't a type of ball he can't hit out of the lot—and that Al Simmons is the best man in the pinch I ever saw play."

"What about you, Mickey?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I'm just a catcher, a young fellow out there hustling and doing the best I can."

Also a young fellow who may finish his career as the greatest catcher that ever lived.

Wide World



Mickey Cochrane, the Athletics' dynamic catcher who ranks as one of the greatest of all time

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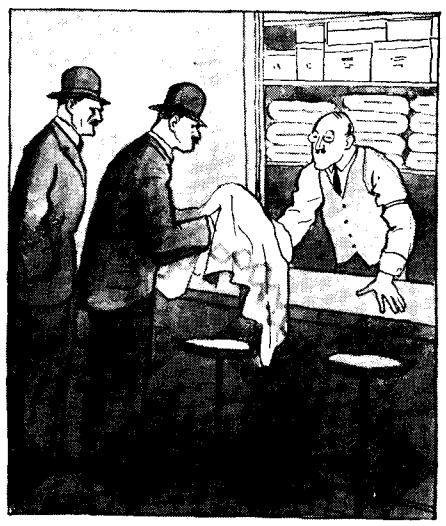
Women Overdo It

When there's a particularly atrocious murder; when the murderee is killed in six or seven different ways; when enough poison or bullets or daggers to slay a regiment are used on one poor victim—look for a woman. That's the expert advice of this detective who was for sixteen years the head of the Homicide Bureau of the New York police. And here he gives ample illustrations to support his theory

By Arthur A. Carey



A clerk remembered a woman who had bought several yards of this oilcloth

NEW YORK CITY in 1897 was setting America by the ears with outbursts of so-called yellow journalism. Screaming headlines of horrors alarmed everybody with each edition, and newsboys mastered the art of the calliope yell, unintelligible, and meant to convey any calamity the possible customer might conjure up in his mind.

The fate that manages such things chose that time to feed the maw of the yellow press with as horrible a murder as any I recall in forty years as a specialist in homicide.

It was a drama of primitive passions, a flash-back to cave life.

The victim was a sturdy fellow named William Guldensuppe.

On a morning in April he went home from his place of work at the Murray Hill Baths. There he was a rubber, who placed roisterers on marble slabs and pounded them back to consciousness. Guldensuppe had a good reputation. He could tackle a dozen customers a night and look for more work.

The strangest thing about this thickset fellow in a coarse trade was the ferocity of his love for a morally careless lady.

This was Augusta Nack, a blond and plump married woman separated from her husband.

Removing the Rival

Guldensuppe went home that spring morning from a sixteen-hour shift at the Murray Hill Baths. He let himself into their shabby four-room flat in the middle West Side and started in surprise at what he saw. His lady sat with another man, named Thorn—a thirty-two-year-old barber who had lately been taken in as a lodger by Mrs. Nack.

Bellowing, Guldensuppe flung himself at Thorn. There ensued a struggle from which the lady discreetly withdrew.

It ended with Thorn being beaten and deposited in a hospital. He refused to charge Guldensuppe with assault and battery, but lay for two weeks in bed, nursing his injuries and planning revenge.

Wounds mended and bruises cleared, Thorn left the hospital. He reappeared at Mrs. Nack's flat. The thirty-eight-year-old matron, flattered by this persistent affection from a man six years her junior, received him. They arranged their meetings—in a day when the telephone was not in general use—by a series of window-blind signals, which notified Thorn when the road was clear and Guldensuppe absent.

Since the night he had surprised his mistress, the bath-rubber had been a surly master. Naturally, Mrs. Nack's ardor had cooled, and there had happened the transition familiar in natural history—that while submission may be to the conqueror the sympathy of the female goes to the battered in love fights. She liked Thorn better.

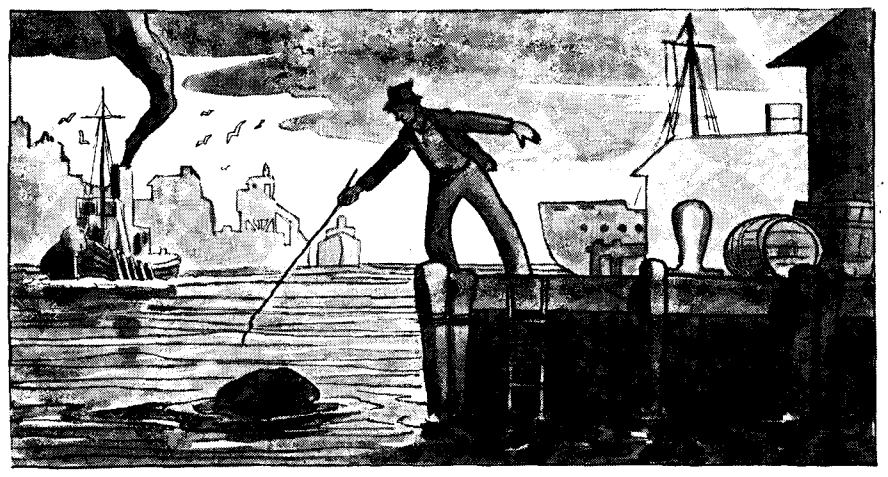
Thorn, on his part, had something else in mind besides his amour. He persuaded her to give up Guldensuppe. Together they rented a cottage at Woodside, Long Island—a frame house, for fifteen dollars a month, in an obscure corner of an obscure suburb. Mrs. Nack did not know, and perhaps Thorn did not guess, that very shortly that house would be overrun by police and reporters hunting details of a crime that shocked the entire country.

Not, of course, without vigorous objection did the bath-rubber see his mistress depart. Following runaways was not an easy matter before the gasoline era, especially for a man whose duties kept him at his place of employment for the greater part of each twenty-four hours. In his spare time Guldensuppe hovered about Mrs. Nack's favorite places of amusement in New York. He found her one day in a beer garden and argued with her to return. She gave him the address of the house in Woodside and agreed to take him there the following day.

That was with Thorn's approval; indeed, so we learned, at his suggestion.

Women, once they have determined to remove an obnoxious person from the world, go to work with stupid but effective violence

Illustrated by Herb Roth



John McGuire's curiosity was aroused

Unsuspecting, Guldensuppe accompanied Mrs. Nack to the cottage in Woodside. He was lulled into security by the belief that she was about to resume domestic relations with him. He was even genially chiding her for her capriciousness, when there was a stealthy step behind him. Before he could turn a bullet pierced the back of his head. Thorn, in hiding, had emerged the moment Guldensuppe's back was turned and fired his pistol without giving his rival a chance.

What immediately followed is revealed less revoltingly by the processes of detection than by realistic speculation.

The murder was committed on June 25th.

On the afternoon of June 26th a man named John McGuire, standing on the pier head at East Tenth Street, Manhattan, had his curiosity aroused by a package floating in the water. He towed it in, and was shocked, on examination, to find that it was a portion of a human body. He notified the police, and the early afternoon editions of the newspapers roared scare-head alarms of the discovery. That was all the police had to work on—the dismembered breast of a man whose weight was estimated at between 150 and 170 pounds. The package which McGuire discovered was made up of a coarse, heavy, brown paper, which was covering for a further wrapping of red oilcloth on which was printed a gold figure. A triangular piece of skin had been removed from the chest and from this fact we concluded the victim had been tattooed. This information was passed on to the press to speed identification.

Then we proceeded to search for the purchaser of the oilcloth and a steel saw, for visible teeth-marks revealed that a crude cutting instrument had been used by the murderers.

A Worthless Clue

The wet wrapping paper bore in blurred print the name of Kugler and Wollens, hardware, 277 Bowery. When we inquired there it was only to learn that they had sold in the past few days three or four saws of the kind obviously used. The salesmen had no clear recollection of the customers.

Police doctors, however, reassembling other portions of the body discovered in remote places throughout the city—for news of this murder turned all sorts of citizens into amateur sleuths—had decided that the murderer must have some knowledge of human anatomy.

Failing to find a clue at the hardware store, we examined the oilcloth wrapping closely, thoroughly cleaned a portion of the fabric to bring out the design as clearly as possible, and then made the rounds of wholesale agents of floor coverings.

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The murder was only a few hours old; but there was a terrific clamor in the press, and we police were on our mettle to reach a speedy solution of the widely advertised case.

After six or seven attempts we found the agent who had exclusive rights to the sale of that brand of oilcloth in New York. It was a brand known as Buchanan's, with a double diamond in purple ink as its mark, stamped with the letter B in red and bearing the serial number 4673.

Sending detectives as quickly as possible to a list of stores given by the agent as places handling that particular brand of oilcloth, we finally learned that among several purchasers was a customer of Riger's dry-goods store on Jackson Avenue, Long Island City.

A clerk there remembered that a stout woman had bought several yards of this oilcloth and some white canvas two days before. Her hurried manner in buying it had aroused his curiosity sufficiently for him to watch her after she had left the store. She had stood on a corner waiting for a street car, which she later boarded, traveling in the direction of Woodside.

Thus, within a few hours after receipt of the first grim relics of murder, we had narrowed the hunt for the perpetrator down to a woman who had purchased oilcloth and canvas, who was plump in build, had either residence or business in the direction of Woodside. And to this we were able to add, by deduction from the fairly skillful dismembering of the victim's body, that she was probably a midwife.

There we were stopped. There were hundreds of midwives in and around New York—and probably plump midwives, for I never saw one that wasn't well-fed. Of course, a dozen of them might have bought oilcloth and canvas, for it's their function to work as messenger, nurse and everything else while on a case.

To get so far in the speedy solution of an atrocious crime and to be able to proceed no farther was irritating, especially with the press pounding out extras and shrieking for rapid police action.

We were frankly up a tree, with no prospect of getting down to pursue the trail unless a break happened.

It did. Sometimes breaks come surprisingly in the nick of time. And this was one. Detective fiction usually places all the large portions of credit on the studious head of the amateur sleuth. Experience proves that not a small measure of success in the solution of every murder mystery is attributable to the murderers and also to luck. Detective work, in any event, is perseverance in waiting for the breaks and promptness in seizing them.

Baiting the Populace

We had published the fact that a portion of the flesh had been removed from the chest of the slain man. Sometimes it is not wise to make public details of police discoveries in connection with a crime. Sometimes it is not only wise but necessary as a bait for further information. The general public, remotely connected with persons in every human drama exploited in the newspapers, take pride in that connection and supply—usually anonymously—all sorts of information that is not always useful.

In this case, employees of the Murray Hill Baths were in a Third Avenue café when one of their number read news of the police assumption that the victim in what was called the torso murder mystery had a tattoo mark on his chest. Instantly they recalled that one of their fellow-workers, the rubber Guldensuppe, had not reported that day—and that he was tattooed on the chest!

That was a break for the police. We brought these men to headquarters, where they pooled their stories. Guldensuppe was known to be interested in a lady who was a midwife—and that clinched the connection of a woman with the case. Likewise, Guldensuppe was known to have had a rival for the affections of the lady, as the sturdy bath-rubber bragged to fellow-employees that he had surprised this rival and beaten him to within an inch of his life.

We trailed Mrs. Nack's movements from the Ninth Avenue apartment to the cottage in Woodside—where every sign of a struggle or bloodshed had been erased. She and a young man of thirty-two, weighing about 130 pounds, we were informed, had rented the cottage under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Braun. But that disguise did not delay the police long. A careful watch for thirty-six hours at the Ninth Avenue flat rewarded us. Mrs. Nack returned there and submitted to arrest without a tremor on her pudgy but rather pretty face.

She resolutely refused to give any information about Thorn. Indeed, she was stubborn in her silence about the whole affair, although the newspapers continued to scream about the crime.

We formally charged her with the murder of Guldensuppe, although the grim fact that his severed head had not been found made positive identification of the victim extremely difficult. In six days Thorn was picked up while waiting for a friend at a barber shop in Harlem, where he had been traced as an applicant for employment.

Then followed the police stratagem of playing off one accomplice against the other. It never fails to work in conspired crimes of passion. Mrs. Nack, informed that Thorn, whose real name was Thormolsky, had sworn that he was lured into being an accessory by the woman he loved, promptly turned State's evidence.

The Facts Emerge

Then, behind the screech of headlines, was revealed a close-up of the sheer brutality of that killing, which shocked even hardened detectives.

The details must be spared. But, short of mania, I have never known butchery so cold-blooded committed without the stimulus of liquor or drugs. Thorn was tried and convicted of first degree murder, and duly executed. Mrs. Nack was sent up for fifteen years for manslaughter. Her classic remark when asked why she had participated in this horror has not, I think, been equaled by any woman slayer:

"We had to get rid of Guldensuppe," she said. "He was awkward."

The prosaic recital of the facts of this crime does not adequately portray the furor it created at the time—a time before love-nests were discovered by tabloids and when the sordid slaughter of one unit in a triangle mix-up was new, if not refreshing.

Several cases similar in kind but not in degree of brutality have come within the scope of my experience—all involving women. For women, once they have determined to remove an obnoxious person from their lives, sink to the depths of melodrama. Instead of the cunning or audacity of the desperate male murderer, they go to work with effective but stupid violence.

There was the benign Mrs. Charterer

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Fall Guy

As a child Ernest Truex ghosted so well for Hamlet that he became a Corn Belt celebrity. Then he came to New York to peddle pennies for a dollar a day in a Broadway arcade. Years later the arcade manager, Adolph Zukor, gave him a movie contract worth millions of pennies

By John B. Kennedy

Maurice Goldberg

HAMLET was doing a grand job with Yorick's skull in the graveyard scene. It was in the opera house at Rich Hill, Missouri. An audience of iron miners and their wives and children watched and heard, breathless. Hamlet put everything he had into his lines. He was a wow—two wows, the audience applauding with so much vigor that he gave it an encore.

The house manager had promised him immediate reward if he went over with a bang. The bang was recorded and Hamlet, glowing with pride in a good job well done, stepped from an ovation into the wings to collect—an all-day sucker the size of a baseball.

For this Hamlet was five years old—the youngest Thespian ever to tackle the Prince of Denmark and throw him for a gain. Little Ernest Truex—still little at forty—doesn't remember how, at that tender age, he ever remembered the fattest part ever penned by Shakespeare. It's something of a miracle in mnemonics for an experienced ham to get through Hamlet without a prompter. How a mere child could play the rôle and do it for the most critical of audiences, a prairie mining crowd, might be explained by Adler or Freud, but not by the present writer.

"My father," says the mature exprodigy, imposing in his full four-feet-ten of utter Bond Street elegance, "was company doctor for the miners at Rich Hill when I burst into bloom as an histrionic genius. Shortly after that the family moved."

Mr. Truex does not connect these events. He merely remarks that on the way to Kansas City he deployed to play an engagement in Hamlet at a tiny town en route.

A gentleman of the old school, the old school that taught little that was useful in a naughty world, ran the Auditorium Theater, of fragrant memory to Kansas City. His name was Woodward.

He hired Ernest to appear in Quo Vadis as Little Aulis, and to prove that the lion in the big martyrdom scene was ferocious he had to wiggle his legs from a property lion's mouth held cunningly off-stage by the theater fireman, who answered an alarm too hastily one night, dropping the mouth and Little Aulis. P. S. He lost the job.

"Being a little man with a long biography," Mr. Truex interposed at this point, "I've gone to considerable trouble to provide myself with a genealogy. It made me a little weary when I went to England for a three months' professional visit that occupied me three years, to have my English friends say—'But you're not at all like an American.'"

And he has documentary evidence to show that the Mayflower was an afterthought so far as his ancestors were concerned. They began in America with a hardy Belgian named Philip de Trieux, who came from Brussels and bought a farm on what is now the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway, Manhattan—a spot about as congested today as the water cooler, if any, in the most central zone of Hades.

Winning his spurs in Kansas City, young Truex found himself, in midteens, a Corn Belt celebrity. He enlarged his repertoire to include the rôle of Little Willie in East Lynne.

A triumphant tour took him to Denver, then positively writhing in self-discovery as mountain center of the arts.

Truex scored as the page boy in Sherlock Holmes. A merry company that, with magnificent old Theodore Roberts as the villain of the piece. And there was a young man exceedingly adept at roughneck bits. In Sherlock he was the sinister Alf Bassick, who, in the phrase of the day, "did no good to nobody."

"Altogether too athletic, that young chap," was Theodore Roberts' comment. "He jumps about as though he's acting for these silly new moving pictures."

As the young man's name was Douglas Fairbanks, Roberts' bad gag was in the nature of a good guess.

A Natural Rip Van Winkle

Established as a boy marvel, Mr. Truex was irked by being marvelous and set out to be a boy. The first day out in the woods he shot a dozen rabbits, which suited him admirably. But he ended the day by getting himself shot, and even now it is painful to infer that so small a man ran so large a risk—rabbit hunting. He spent the summer regaining strength and nerves, then entered New York to see and conquer.

"I was seventeen," he says. "My equipment was a laurel wreath of provincial success, a wardrobe of consequence, and three large scrapbooks filled with notices, all favorable. I omitted one rather savage critique of my performance as the youngest Rip Van Winkle, in which, I thought, my imitation of Joseph Jefferson was richly effective. That thought might have been cherished to this day, but Mr. Jefferson himself witnessed a performance in Kansas City. His only comment was:

"'The sleeping scene is Master Truex's best bit.'"

A sustained diet in one-arm lunchrooms is not conducive to health or optimism. Hundreds of ambitious youngsters have found that out. Mr.

(*Continued on page 42*)

Ernest Truex, erstwhile boy marvel of the Corn Belt who grew up to transatlantic stardom

White Studio

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Lovers' Lane

By Kathleen Norris

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Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson

Coffee and salad and a pudding for Dina. "Bread pudding looks so cute, 'way up here in the city!" she said cheerfully

The Story Thus Far:

DINA MALLET, living near a small town in California, is a lonely girl. Her father and mother are dead. Her guardian—her "Aunt Floss," the tyrannical Mrs. Robbins, in whose shabby boarding house she labors from morning to night—makes her life a burden. Overworked, bored, almost friendless, the girl yearns for happiness—and dreams of far places, companionship, romance.

But she makes no plans. Secure in her oft-expressed belief that "You can do anything, get anything, if you only have the will-to-believe," she merely waits, sure that something will happen. And, when she is eighteen, something *does* happen. Something which changes the whole course of her life. She runs away with a boy! . . .

Seated one evening with twenty-two-year-old Mont Brett, who works in a near-by cement plant, she discusses her unhappiness, speaking of her longing for a broader, more joyous life. And to her delight she finds that Mont feels much as she does. He, too, finds the tedium of an unattractive environment unbearable. Believing that, given the chance, he can become an artist, achieve something in the world, he, too, longs to escape—to go to some great city, and make his mark.

The young people know each other only slightly. Now and then they've met and talked. They have kindred tastes; find pleasure in being together. But little has been said of love.

Dina, however, is desperate. Here is a boy who is equally so—a boy with whom she is always happy. Both of them long to escape. Why can't they go away together?

The suggestion frightens Mont. He argues against it, points to the perils of such an escapade; then yields to Dina's passionate pleas. A few minutes later, their few simple possessions beside them, they are seated in Mont's battered old roadster—chugging toward San Francisco.

Early in the morning they reach the city. . . . Now, at last, they are free—young, courageous, *free*—and *penniless!* And little they suspect what lies before them.

II

MONT and Dina had breakfast in a little coffee shop on Kearny Street just below Chinatown. The site was chosen because it was not far from there that the Swede's car broke down finally, plunging and staggering pitifully only as far as the curb, when it came to a last rest. A night man from a near-by garage, called to inspect it, opined that it would take three days to put it into shape, and that costs for the same could only be given by "the office," which would not open until eight o'clock.

The ferry clock, down at the end of the street, said only ten minutes past six now, so Dina repeated her suggestion of breakfast, and it was decided to abandon the car for the moment, leaving Mont's flimsy imitation alligator-skin suitcase and Dina's cardboard box concealed within it.

They walked, with a thrilled sense of independence and adventure, along the eastern face of the park; on its western side, beyond the pepper and palm trees, the morning sun had gilded the faces of the Chinese balconies with light; red lanterns swayed in the first breath of the hot day to come.

Dina and Mont were so fascinated by this first glimpse of a waking city that they were conscious of neither fatigue nor hunger after the long night, and threaded the queer streets rapturously, looking in windows, peering up through black doorways that smelled of joss sticks and bamboo packing.

Hoses were being played on the narrow sidewalks now; loaded carts of vegetables blocking each other in the streets; blackened, oily wooden shutters were being taken down from shop windows full of tea and jars and pickled snakes and salamanders. Coolies were jamming into some sort of eating house, from whose doorway came the sharp smell of grease and tea, and Dina awakened suddenly to appetite.

SHE had been rather silent, awed and ecstatic, as they had walked along, but Mont had talked all the time, eagerly, hopefully, confidently.

"Don't you see the difference, Dina? Don't you see that we are going to work here, going to get something out of this? My God, if I had brushes and paints now, I could go right at it! I could paint—I could do one of these streets, with the pink and the blue color—"

The girl, disfigured by her hideous hat, her clumsy coat, laughed delightedly.

"You will, Mont!"

"But gosh, what we have to do first!"

"We have to eat first," Dina agreed simply.

"All right. Where?"

"Down there," she said, "the other side of the park."

They went back to Kearny Street, and into "All Night Jim's." The tables in "All Night Jim's" were of uncovered oily wood, the napkins were paper, the cups, Mont said, made him feel as if he were drinking over a stone wall; there was a general greasiness, steaminess, spottedness over Jim's, even at half past six o'clock in the morning.

But there was also a delicious fragrance of coffee and toast, a smell of frying eggs and bacon, and these enhanced what was Dina's first restaurant meal, and what Mont said was the best he had ever had in his life.

They had toast, coffee, eggs—more coffee. The fatigue and excitement of the last hours began to take their toll now, and Dina laughed and blinked sleepily, and Mont stretched his driving arm now and then as if it had a cramp.

But she took an alert interest in the bill and in Mont's lordly familiarity with the tip. There was no crowd in "All Night Jim's," and Dina and Mont could linger at the table undisturbed, making plans.

"No cement works today!" the boy exulted.

"No dishes!" sang Dina. "Nothing to do but fun."

She was eighteen; she had never had as much freedom in her life as she had known since that moonlight talk on the steps of Robbins' boarding house a few hours ago. When Dina looked at the brown face opposite her, at the tumbled rich black hair, when she saw Mont's eyes smile as they met her own, when he spoke, and she heard his voice, when his brown thin hand poured coffee, a strange new feeling was beginning to twist in her heart. She did not know what it was; but then she hardly knew what was happening at all on this marvelous first bland summer day in San Francisco.

"We'll have to find somewhere to stay tonight, Dina."

"That first?"

"No," Mont said. "We ought to be married first."

She did not answer him in words. But into the brown eyes and over the pale, radiant face there came an odd light.

"You see, they could get us into a hell of a mess if we weren't. And besides, we've got to find some place I can work. If your aunt came after you, we'd be in trouble," Mont said, suddenly gloomy.

"But what's the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, gosh, I don't know how we can do it!" he said despairingly.

"Do it? Why, what have we got to *do?*" Dina asked, bracingly.

MONT laughed, on a note of desperation.

"What haven't we? We haven't a friend in this city. We can't go back. I don't know what it costs to get married, even!"

"Well, we don't have to hurry about that," she said calmly.

"Gosh, you are green!" Mont commented, looking across the table at her. Her hat was pushed up, her face innocent of powder, her hair tumbled. She looked tired, although her eyes were bright and her air all animation. "I guess you were born yesterday morning!" he said.

"I was not!" Dina answered indignant. "I know exactly what you mean. But if we haven't enough money to get married, why, we simply—

"Oh, wait a minute!" she exclaimed,

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with an awakening face. "Wait a minute! I just thought of something."

"You've got an aunt or cousin or somebody you could go to?" he asked, brightening in his turn.

"Wait a minute—" She was thinking; color had come into her face. "Mont," she said, fixing him with awed, round eyes, "isn't this will-to-believe funny? I feel as if I were in a fairy tale. Why—why didn't I think of this before?"

"Think of what?" he asked, half reassured already.

"Why, Mont, if I'm married I'll have some money!" Dina exclaimed. "If I'm married—or when I'm twenty-one, I'll have about—

"Mont," she whispered, almost frightened, "it's five hundred dollars! Isn't that what we said? Isn't that what we willed-to-believe?"

"How d'you mean you'll have five hundred dollars?" he asked, frowning, staring amazed at her, incredulous.

"Why, it's in the bank for me! Aunt Floss knows it; I've always known it. When my grandmother died, she left it there for me until I married or until I was twenty-one!"

"Oh, say—" Mont said, with his happy little-boy smile slowly dawning on his brown face. "Oh, say—"

"Let's get married right off!" Dina proposed enthusiastically. And as he laughed she laughed too. "We'll get married," she said, "and then we'll hunt for a studio, and then we'll get paints and brushes—"

He leaned across the table; their hands met in what was their first caress.

"I'll paint!" he said. "I'll paint—everything. They'll—they'll be proud of me!"

AND out they went, into the now hot sunshine. Only the eastern side of the street was cool. Loungers in the park, the morning papers sifting about them, were already seeking the shadier seats. Chinatown, all bustle and shrill voices an hour or two ago, had settled down to its day's work.

Dina, with her shining pale face and outlandish hat, attracted small attention, but more than one pair of bright black eyes discovered her romantic-looking companion; Mont had brushed his coat at the restaurant, and run a wet comb through his heavy mop of uncovered hair. He had jammed his cap into his pocket—the freedom, the peculiarly Bohemian atmosphere that is San Francisco's, above all the cities in the world, had found him already.

"My God, I love this city!" he fairly shouted, when they came out of a shop, with full directions as to how to reach the City Hall. Dina all but danced beside him through the summer morning streets.

They walked to the Civic Center, admiring its width and splendor, its great library and auditorium.

"Can you see all this as an etching, Dina?"

"You see it all in pictures, Mont. But it's the smell, the city smell, that gets me! I'm busy willing-to-believe a studio," she said, "and two cups, and a broom, and a stove."

"That's your end!" he conceded joyously.

She got very tired, stumping bravely along beside him on the long, burning blocks; her shoes were not right for walking, being a preposterous old cracked patent-leather pair with soiled white-kid tops, that some blond-headed visitor from Squidgett had left at Robbins' months ago; her head was heavy for want of sleep. She pushed the green hat farther up on her wet forehead. Her coat was a burden; she had not dared leave it in the car.

They got into the wide cool corridors of the enormous building, took an elevator—Dina had never been in one before, followed white painted arrows. They were the first; it was just ten o'clock. Laughing at each other, they sat down at a long, leather-covered table and filled in blanks.

"What's your real name, Mont?"

"What's yours, Dina?"

Geraldine Mallet and William Montgomery Brett. Eighteen years; twenty-two years. Address—

"What on earth'll we say for address, Dina?"

"We'll have to say Squidgett, I guess."

"Damn Squidgett," he muttered. "I hoped we'd never have to think of it again!"

Dina laughed over her own hard-working pen.

"We'll have an address this time tomorrow!" she reassured him.

But she was serious enough over the actual marriage ceremony.

"I don't want to be married by a justice of the peace, Mont. That's what all the girls who get into trouble do!"

"Oh, what's the difference?" he said, tired and nervous now. A woman clerk obligingly intervened; she said she didn't blame the young lady, and gave Dina an understanding smile that made Dina's brown eyes fill with tears. The clerk telephoned somewhere, and Dina and Mont had only to walk two blocks to be married by a real, true clergyman, whose wife came in from the kitchen, where, Dina sensed, cherry canning was under way, laid a fat baby squirming on his back on a couch, and witnessed the ceremony, smiling wearily. Dina Brett embraced the baby, who smelled of wet flannel and sour milk, and was sleepy and sweet; he was the youngest of six, it appeared.

WHEN they were out in the hot, unfamiliar streets again, Mont walked along hurriedly, with a very red face, paying almost no attention to Dina, who did her best to keep up with him.

"They need money," he presently said fiercely and angrily, "they've got a bunch of little kids there; you could see he expected a present!"

"A present!" she echoed, bewildered and distressed.

"Sure. He expected a five!"

"But, Mont—" she argued anxiously, "we haven't got it!"

Mont laughed briefly and mirthlessly.

"I know that, my dear girl!"

"Come into the library," she said, "we have to talk about things."

"This is a swell way to get married!" he said bitterly. "No place to go now, our stuff in an old broken-down car a mile from here, and no money to pay the minister!"

Her face was anxious, sympathetic, apologetic.

"Listen, dear," she said, all motherly, "when we get our money I'll go and see Mrs. Berry and explain, and leave a five-dollar bill for Dr. Berry, and a toy for that fat baby, too—"

(Continued on page 51)

Dina, when they were alone, sank back against the flat, hard, lifeless pillows, almost spent. "Let's rest a little while," she said

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Dinner Guest

How to succeed in life—
—though a cad

By Eric Hatch

He wanted to take the bill and throw it in her face and run, but the cavity in his middle that had once been a healthy young stomach held him

MORE from old habit than from motive, Westbrooke Moore turned into Fifth Avenue and headed downtown. His head was bowed so that every now and then he would bump into someone. When he did this he looked up in surprise and said, "Oh, sorry."

The persons he bumped into were prepared to be annoyed when they saw the smartly pressed light suit he wore. Then when they saw the look of abject misery in his eyes they were not annoyed. As he moved to one side to let them pass they saw that the light suit had been smartly pressed more often than even its maker in his most optimistic moments had bargained for. As the sun fell brightly on its worn nap one had the feeling that if one looked closely one could see oneself in it.

Moore didn't even notice these bumped ones turning to stare at him as he passed. He didn't see them because his eyes were clouded with misty memories of the days when the nap on the light suit had been soft as swansdown and had blended pleasantly with the upholstery of the chairs on the after-deck of his yacht. He stared blankly into a shop window. There were saddles and top-boots in it. Then he passed his hand over his eyes because he saw green fields and many men in pink coats and heard the thundering hoofs of thoroughbreds and the music of fox hounds. He knew if he kept on looking in the window he'd see a low white house with roses growing all along its front, and a flag redder than the roses nailed to the picket gate and a line of dingy men carrying lovely things to the yawning mouths of their vans.

He shook his head hard and his eyes cleared. The memories faded and he saw before him a huge green sign. "Remsen—Florist."

"Yah," he said. "You're the bird who bankrupted me." He pointed with his hand, as though arguing with a real person. "One would think that with all the business I'd given you, you could have held off on your measly little three-hundred-dollar bill and not petitioned me, wouldn't you?"

Then, in spite of the fact that he was exceedingly hungry, he laughed. The deluge that had followed Remsen's petition in bankruptcy had been so immediate and of such startling proportions that even he could see Remsen wasn't Remsen but merely kismet. He laughed again and went into the building next to the florist's.

He went up to a desk and said to the young lady there, "I understand you rent dinner guests."

The girl smiled. She'd never been asked that by a man before. She said, "Why, yes, we do. How many would you like?"

"I want to be one," said Moore. "I've been trying to get a job for three weeks and I can't." He smiled and something about his smile made the girl want to cry. "You see," he went on, "I don't seem to know how to do any of the things most people want, but I used to be an awfully good dinner guest once."

The girl looked down as though she might have been arranging bills in a cash drawer or powdering her nose or doing something to her eyes. When she looked up again she seemed to have belladonna in them. She said, "They don't pay very much, you know."

"They don't have to," said Moore. "If they hire me they've got to feed me."

"I DO hope he's presentable, George," said Mrs. Wortly-Brown. "They say sometimes these men are foreign noblemen. I simply had to have another man, you know."

"Hump," said Mr. Wortly-Brown, and sat down beside his wife on the Louis Quinze sofa so that under their combined weight it trembled like an old aristocrat before the mob.

"Wouldn't it be lovely if he turned out to be a foreign nobleman, George?"

"No," said Mr. Wortly-Brown.

The English butler came into the room and coughed. He always coughed when he saw his master and mistress sitting together on that fragile sofa.

"Mr. Brooke West," said the butler.

Mr. Brooke West advanced into the room. He hoped he didn't look as hungry as he felt. The well-fed appearance of his hostess-employer set certain gastric juices to champing in expectancy like bloodhounds on a fresh trail. He bowed and wondered if he had bowed like the butler. He hoped the butler didn't know why he was there.

Mrs. Wortly-Brown extended an ample hand. Mr. West stared at it for a second, stunned. Nestling between her fingers like a poor orphan at a garden party was a ten-dollar bill. He flushed a deep scarlet and for the first time the shame of the thing he was doing hit him. He wanted to take the bill and throw it in her face and run, but the cavity in his middle that had once been a healthy young stomach held him.

He said, "Oh, no hurry about that," and shot the money into his pocket. Wortly-Brown said, "Hump!" Mr. West had the feeling that had Wortly-Brown been more traveled he would have said, "Gigolo!" instead.

"You're to escort Miss Buzzbie," said Mrs. Wortly-Brown.

"Pretty name," said Brooke. "What time is dinner?"

"At eight-thirty."

"Half an hour to go!" said Brooke.

Mr. Wortly-Brown said, "Hump!" again, and then, as though he knew he'd been rude and was sorry, asked, "Will you have a cocktail, young man?"

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Brooke assumed even such people as the Wortly-Browns would serve savories with their cocktails. He said, "Thank you very much," and began to wonder where his hostess got her hair.

The cocktails helped. Then the guests began to arrive. Brooke had seen salesmen's samples of them at Palm Beach in the old days, so they were not too much of a shock, but he had never believed they could be had in quantity lots. He wondered if when they went to bed at night they put on fresh sets of jewelry and affectations or just kept on the ones they wore when they went to dinner parties.

"Oh, Mr. West!"

Mrs. Wortly-Brown had to say that three times before Brooke remembered that was his name and came out of his reverie.

"This is your dinner partner—Mr. West, Miss Buzzbie."

He turned. A girl was standing beside him. She was dressed in such simple good taste that in a trice of astonishment Brooke couldn't make up his mind whether she seemed to be the only woman in the room not in evening clothes or the only woman in the room in evening clothes. He looked at her hard. She made him feel the way those hunting things in that Fifth Avenue window had. Only when he looked at her he saw the low white house first, because she was the sort of person he'd always hoped to have live there with him.

He opened his mouth and closed it soundlessly several times. Mrs. Wortly-Brown raised her foot and aimed it at his shins. She leaned over and hissed in his ear, "They told me you were used to being a dinner guest!"

Brooke said, "Pleased to meet you, Miss Buzzbie," and gave Mrs. Wortly-Brown a look. She took herself off. Miss Buzzbie looked up and smiled. When she smiled she smiled with her whole face and her eyes and did funny things to one. She said, "Was she telling you I don't bite?"

BROOKE looked down at her, and their eyes met and she wondered what she saw in them that made her tingle. He said, "You have."

"Have what?"

"Bitten," said Brooke. "I think you broke the skin."

"Shall we put balm on it?"

"There is no balm," said Brooke, "in—in—where is it there isn't any balm?"

This Buzzbie was making him feel like a man again.

"In Gilead," she said. "But we're not there, are we?"

Brooke looked around the room at the guests. He said, "You know, I'm not quite sure."

Then in a sort of big parade they went in to dinner.

Dinner had a naturalizing effect on Brooke. Like a dog who's been starving and suddenly comes on a hambone, when fed he began to wag his tail and stick his ears up for stroking. The Buzzbie, who'd said her name was Priscilla, stroked them. She had counted this evening, of dining with the Wortly-Browns because her father had a deal on with them, a blank. She was grateful to Brooke for brightening it. From that first moment of their meeting she had known that something was happening quite deep down inside of her and its happening sent strange currents out through her eyes which, when the first glow of eased hunger passed, made him more ashamed than ever.

For the first time in his life he had met a girl on whom he wanted with all his heart to make an impression—and he was to all intents and purposes a servant in the house. The humiliation of it cut him more even than Mrs. Wortly-Brown's proffering that ten-dollar bill in her fat fingers. He began to see himself as disgusting; to follow the procession of inevitable years of failure; bootlicking, slinking across streets to avoid meeting those who had been his friends.

"Was she telling you I don't bite?" Brooke looked at her. "You have," he said. "Have what?" "Bitten," he said; "I think you broke the skin"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

He thought of his father, "Hunting" Moore, as he was called—master of the smartest pack of hounds in the country . . . of his grandfather, whose yacht had raced for the America's cup—of the long line of ancestors who had been born—and died—gentlemen.

As the butler stood behind his chair and said, "More champagne, sir?" Brooke wondered if he'd accented the "sir" sarcastically. Then, just after Priscilla had finished saying something nice to him, he heard a man down at the other end of the table say, " . . . And of all the shining examples of the degeneracy of that class, I think this Westbrooke Moore takes the cake!"

Brooke looked at the man who had just finished speaking and at the other man he seemed to be addressing. The other man was little and wore curious clothes. He looked up out of huge blue eyes that in the intensity of their stare seemed utterly out of keeping with the rest of him. He said, "Why?"

"Because he's a wastrel," said the first man, "and ran up a lot of debts with honest tradespeople that he never had any intention of paying. These days, he's probably bootlicking some rich woman into feeding him."

The little man shook his head. He said, "You're wrong. I know the type. They may skid, but they fight like the devil to get back and they'll stick up for their pride longer than Horatius held out for his bridge."

The conversation at the table became general again. Priscilla turned to Brooke. She said, "What do *you* think about that?"

Brooke turned to her. The corners of his mouth were twitching and his eyes were wide. He looked a little like a man who has seen a ghost. He said, "I think they may skid, but they'll stick up for their pride like Horatius."

When the party broke up an hour or so later, Priscilla asked Brooke if she and her father could give him a lift home. Because he thought it would be nice to ride again in a limousine that didn't belong to a lawyer he said he'd love it if they'd drop him off somewhere on their way downtown. Priscilla said, "Go as far as you like, we live in Washington Mews."

HER father turned out to be none other than the little man whom Brooke had labeled to himself "The Defender of the Faith."

On the ride down the Avenue Brooke sat between them. Just before they got to the Square he leaned forward and said he'd get out there, but Mr. Buzzbie put his hand on his arm. He said, "If this were in the days of horse cars you'd stop in for a nightcap after such a long journey downtown."

"I suppose I would," said Brooke. He wanted like anything to stop. He hadn't been in anybody's home for a long time, but he felt guilty about accepting. Buzzbie was just trying to be nice because he thought Priscilla wanted him to be. It wasn't fair to go to their house letting them think he was someone he wasn't. He said, "I think I'd better get along home."

"The journey is just as long now," said Buzzbie and motioned the chauffeur to go on. Presently the car swung to the left and stopped in front of a tiny house. They got out and went inside.

He stayed for two hours, talking to Buzzbie about places abroad they'd both been to and old armor, which was Buzzbie's hobby and then later, when they were alone, to Priscilla. He wanted to tell her who he really was—thought it would be easier than telling her father, but he couldn't get the words out because every time he'd lead up to it he'd think what a fool it would make of Buzzbie and he'd see an army of artisans scraping the Welcome off the tiny hooked rug in the hallway. He didn't tell her and she asked him to come to dinner with them there the next night.

In the morning, summoning more courage than Horatius ever needed, he answered one more help-wanted ad. Because the employment manager of the great hotel where he applied for a position saw a pride and sureness of bearing in him which none of the other people who had interviewed Brooke had seen, he was made first junior reception clerk. He walked down the Avenue that evening on his way to the Buzzbies'. When he passed Remsen's he looked in their window again.

He said, "Yah, you'll be sorry when I'm operating my chain of hotels and you want florist concessions!"

Much later that evening, when he said good night to Priscilla, he kissed her, because he felt a man who is earning thirty dollars a week on his own has a right to kiss a girl he hopes some day to marry. . . .

(*Continued on page 36*)

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"Say," demanded Officer McGeehan, "what would you say to a sock in the jaw?"

Illustrated by Arthur Edrop

"She tells me that she can never get it off her mind about the dangerous business I'm in"

The Good Woman

Policemen hear some strange stories. This is the saddest Officer McGeehan ever listened to

By Walter Davenport

FORTUNATELY Officer McGeehan was just across the street.

"Hey," he cried, "whatcha doin'? Drop that dornick."

Whereat Benny dropped the half brick, sighing in black gloom and submitting wearily to arrest.

"Listen," demanded Officer McGeehan, "what's the idea, throwin' a dornick at a church window?"

"I didn't throw nothin'," protested Benny.

"You was goin' to."

"Oh, all right," snapped Benny, "all right. I was goin' to. Now you got your way about it, let's go."

"Well," said Officer McGeehan judicially, "I don't know. You didn't throw no dornick and it don't get me nowhere to make a pinch unless I got somethin' to go before the judge with. Only yesterday I got hell from the magistrate for bringin' in a guy I ketch kickin' a fire hydrant. He mighta broke the fire hydrant, which would be a misdemeanor, but he didn't and I ketch hell for takin' up the judge's time. What was you throwin' that dornick for?"

"Nobody's goin' to bawl you out for bringin' me in," said Benny. "The dicks would know me if you don't. I'm Benny Lang."

"Yeah? What of it?"

That was quite a shock to Benny. A shock not only to his pride but to something else. Here he'd been thinking himself the most dangerous, the most notorious and the most sought-after pickpocket loose. And now he was pinched by a cop who apparently had never heard of him.

"Benny Lang," he explained bitterly, "is a dip. Or he was a dip. Anyway, I'm him."

"Yeah?" sneered Officer McGeehan. "Well, you wasn't pickin' no pocket, was you? I ain't takin' no chances bringin' you in and have the judge ask where's the guy who lost the wallet or watch, and get bawled out when I have to say there wasn't no guy. You didn't even throw a dornick at a church window and now you ain't even resistin' arrest. I wouldn't be surprised if you was the kind of guy who would want to be run in just to get me in trouble. Say—"

He took a short step backward, dug his hairy fists into his hips, spread his feet apart and with his head lowered peered in heavy suspicion and fierce menace at Benny.

"Say," he demanded, "maybe you're one of them undercover guys from headquarters tryin' to get us cops in trouble by gettin' us in a tough spot. What would you say to a sock in the jaw?"

"Ah, shut up," sighed Benny. "If you want to know, I don't care if you bring me in or not, see? Me, I don't care what happens. Listen."

"I'm listenin'," said Officer McGeehan, "but don't think you're gettin' away with anything because I got a wife to support."

"*You* got a wife," jeered Benny. "Listen. Don't talk to me about a wife. As I was sayin', I was a pickpocket."

"Yeah?"

"YEAH, and gettin' on pretty good workin' outa town," said Benny. "Outa town's my graft. Workin' the beaches in the summer and the fairs in the fall. Nobody's got a thing on me either. I never been pinched for anything stronger than bein' a stranger in some dump where the politicians are gettin' ready for a campaign and want to keep the voter's mind offa the city hall. Two days in jail's the most they ever hung on me and that's only because I fall over a guy's suitcase on a station platform and sprain my wrist and can't work and don't have the ten dollars."

"Bribery of an officer, hey," cried Officer McGeehan. "So that's it, is it?"

"Yeah," said Benny, "but I ain't offered to bribe you."

"Go on," said Officer McGeehan, relaxing.

"I ain't got ten bucks. I ain't got a nickel. Listen, I'm goin' fine like I said and then I meet a dame in a town called Bull Pens and I fall for her like Niagara. Cop, I'm hit so hard you can hear the splash a mile away. In a

"I know a good place halfway down the block. Are you walking that way?"

week we're married. That's a year ago."

"I'm married three," said Officer McGeehan.

"I only met this dame a year ago," explained Benny. "Anyway this gettin' married puts me in a spot. I'm a pickpocket, see, and she's a fine girl. She's the kind who don't believe there's any guys mean enough to lift a guy's dough. Teaches in a Sunday school and lives all her life in a town where they don't even lock the doors at night. She's got a bucketful of medals for not missin' a Sunday service or a Wednesday evening prayer meetin' since she's eight years old."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Officer McGeehan indignantly.

"Who ain't?" protested Benny. "Anyway when she asks me what I do for a livin', I stall. See? I bring her up here and get her a four-room flat and drown it in furniture which I pay for with cash so's she won't be worried by the collection boys. Then I bid her goodby. That's just before Thanksgivin'."

"SO THAT'S it," said Officer McGeehan triumphantly. "You've deserted."

"Deserted me shirt," scoffed Benny. "She's around at the flat now. I just left her. Wait till I finish. When I leave her I tell her I'll quit travelin' in a year, and show her a letter from a guy where I'm buyin' a nice delicatessen business. But it will take me a year on the road to clean up my business so's I can settle down."

"And you got away with that?" demanded Officer McGeehan.

"Easy," said Benny. "She ain't got a suspicion in her whole family. She thinks suspectin' people's a sin or somethin'. So she don't do it. All I tell her is I'll be home later and that I'll write her how I'm gettin' along and send her all the dough I make and for her to save all she could toward the delicatessen business.

"Business was fine," said Benny. "Maybe it is because I got somethin' to work for—a fine wife and some ambition. Also I am turnin' straight. Cop, you ain't got no idea how a guy can work if he's turnin' straight. I guess there ain't a week that I don't make a hundred bucks. And the minute I make it I beat it to the nearest post office and send the wife a money order for the dough. All I hold is a little expenses. The rest of it I send to her for safekeepin'. And every letter I write her I say it won't be long now."

(*Continued on page 57*)

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Jaws of Circumstance

By Carl Clausen

The Story Thus Far:

YOUNG Conrad Merrill and lovely Virginia Lansing, his fiancée, are being tried for the murder of Jane Crandall, a wealthy spinster. Thus far the evidence is that the young man, accompanied by the girl, met Miss Crandall near an old water wheel at Corbin's Pond, in Locust Grove, a popular picnic ground, and there strangled her to death with her own scarf.

Among the important—and most damning—facts which have, so far, been brought out are the following: That, when the body of the victim was discovered, on the evening of May 20th, Merrill was standing over it, with the girl not far away; that Merrill's flashlight and one of Virginia's handkerchiefs, bloodstained, had been found near the body; that Merrill had been guilty of courting two women at the same time: Virginia Lansing, poor, and Miss Crandall, forty-three years of age—but rich; that, in some mysterious way, the youth had succeeded in acquiring fifty thousand dollars of Miss Crandall's money.

Slowly the noose draws tighter around the two defendants. Caxton, the brilliant district attorney, presses every advantage to the utmost, until it begins to look as though even the famed Senator Enderley, defending the two accused, can do little to avert their doom.

No one actually witnessed the tragedy. The evidence, strong though it is, has so far been of a purely circumstantial nature. But when the wily prosecutor produces a coat which was worn by Merrill on the evening of the tragedy, triumphantly points to certain dark stains on it and announces that an expert chemist has pronounced these stains to be blood—*human blood*—there seems to be no further doubt, and those listening in the tense atmosphere of that courtroom are convinced. They *know* that Conrad Merrill and Virginia Lansing are guilty of the murder of Jane Crandall.

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

"One of de panes of glass was broke an' my haid was close to de hole"

IV

MR. CAXTON appeared in court the next day with a white carnation boutonnière and a pearl-gray four-in-hand. The lapel of his beautifully pressed gray coat fell away sleekly from spotless linen and the corner of a pale lavender handkerchief peeped modestly from the upper left-hand pocket. A handsome, distinguished figure, Mr. Roger Caxton, as he leaned carelessly over the corner of the table conversing in low tones with his assistant.

Even his opponent seemed to approve of the prosecutor. From the depths of his chair, between the arms of which his ample figure spilled wheat-sack fashion, Senator Enderley regarded the prosecutor as if he were a rare and exotic species of butterfly presented to him for classification. Judge Farnham, having perused a document, laid the sheet of paper down and subjected the two defendants to a lengthy scrutiny. You felt his serious gray eyes saying: "But for the grace of God these two youngsters might be my own son and daughter!"

Presently his eyes shifted to the prosecutor, who straightened up and called out:

"Mr. John Scott Sanger!"

"YOU'RE an attorney, Mr. Sanger, I believe?"

Caxton asked the question over his shoulder, as a pianist might while running over a familiar and oft-rendered composition.

"I am."

There was about this witness that indefinable air known as literary. His hair was snow-white, but his mustache hardly gray. A pair of gold pince-nez hung suspended from his neck by a black ribbon of just the correct width. The waistcoat of his expertly tailored suit was edged with the narrowest of white piping, indication that he was one of those serene mortals to whom personal preference means more than the ephemeral dictates of fashion.

"Where is your place of business, Mr. Sanger?" Caxton was on his best behavior. He fairly purred.

"In the Ruskin Chambers, Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, New York City."

"You were Miss Crandall's attorney, and had been so for many years?"

"I was. I've managed the legal affairs of Miss Crandall since the death of Mr. Gordon Crandall, her father, in nineteen-ten. Prior to that time I was Mr. Crandall's legal adviser for over ten years."

"Miss Crandall was an only child, wasn't she, and as such fell heir to the entire estate upon her father's death?"

"Yes. With the exception of two minor bequests to a brother and sister of Mr. Crandall, both of whom have since died."

"As far as you know, Miss Crandall herself left no will?"

"We've been unable to find one, but from what happened shortly before her death I was under the impression that such a document existed, and hoped that it would turn up in time."

"I see. Will you please tell the Court your reasons for that belief?"

Mr. John Scott Sanger's serious eyes traveled to the face of the defendant, Conrad Merrill. There was no hostility in Mr. Sanger's look; he seemed merely to be searching for words that might convey the truth without prejudice.

"THAT the Court might fully understand," he began in a tone that was a curious blend of the cosmopolite and the sober New Englander, "it will be necessary to state that Miss Crandall, my client, was a woman of exceptionally strong character—headstrong, I might almost say, without libeling a person who is dead, and for whom I had the greatest admiration. I had tried to persuade her to make a will for many years, but for some reason she seemed reluctant to do so. I assume that her affliction had something to do with it. People who are walking on the edge of the grave are often the least aware of their danger. However, some six months or so before—this thing happened she seemed to realize the wisdom of making some provision for the disposal of her estate, and brought the matter up herself."

The witness paused. Again his serious eyes moved to the face of the defendant, Merrill. Caxton nodded sympathetically. Here was a witness he couldn't hurry, so he let Mr. Sanger proceed in his own leisurely way.

"It was some time in the latter part of October, last year, that Miss Crandall brought the matter up," the elderly attorney resumed. "She asked me if it was safe to make a will in favor of a non-relative. I advised her that as she had no near relatives, and that if she would leave small, adequate sums to relatives who might see fit to contest the will, with a proviso that anyone who attempted to do so would automatically forfeit his or her share, she might safely make a will in favor of anyone she chose.

"She mentioned the matter once more when she called at my chambers early last spring—I think it was in March or April—and then on the morning of the eighteenth day of May, two days before her"—Mr. Sanger hesitated, fumbling for the ribbon of his pince-nez—"death, she called me on the telephone and made an appointment with me for eleven o'clock that day. Our conference lasted for nearly an hour.

"SHE said that she had decided to make her will in favor of a non-relative, and asked a most unusual question. It was to the effect that if she left the name of the legatee blank and inserted it later in her own handwriting, would such a will be legal and be admitted to probate? I advised her that it would be, provided she inserted such name herself before a notary in the presence of the usual witnesses.

"She remained silent for some moments, then instructed me to draw up a will in favor of this unknown person, leaving blank spaces for the name, and giving me a list of some half dozen minor bequests to relatives and servants, asking me to have the document ready for her at five o'clock that afternoon. It was rather short notice, but the instrument was very simple. She

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had given a great deal of thought to it herself, I saw, so I told her that I'd have it ready for her at five."

"Yes, Mr. Sanger?" Caxton urged.

"That is all I have to tell, I believe. Miss Crandall called for the document that afternoon. I had made a carbon copy of it, as usual, which I've brought into court as the State required me to do."

"May we see it, Mr. Sanger?"

The elderly attorney drew a large envelope from his pocket, which he handed over the railing to Caxton, who in turn presented it to Judge Farnham.

"I'd like permission to read it into the records, Your Honor," the prosecutor said.

The Court unfolded the document and perused it. After some minutes he laid it down and said to Caxton, with a glance at the senator sprawled at ease in his chair:

"In view of the fact that the principal legatee's name is left blank, I don't think it proper that its contents be known to the jury."

SENATOR ENDERLEY, evidently considering himself addressed, said:

"I see no harm, Your Honor, in having it go to the jury. Mr. Caxton has already brought out all the information that can ever be got out of it."

The prosecutor made a movement with his head that looked suspiciously like that of a man dodging a blow from behind. It was clear that he had expected a most strenuous objection on the part of counsel. His tightly closed hand relaxed. He looked very much like the historic burglar who was forced to accept a term in prison for safe-blowing because his only alibi involved himself as the principal at a highway robbery ten miles from the unfortunate safe.

"You mean that you have no objections, Senator?" Judge Farnham asked with a frown.

"None, Your Honor. In fact, I most urgently request that the document be read into the records, lest the jury get a wrong impression."

His Honor glanced perplexedly from one to the other of the two lawyers.

"The State may read it into the records," he said finally.

CAXTON did so, but with no great display of enthusiasm. The document merely set forth that Jane Crandall, a person in sound mind, et cetera, had this—blank—day of—blank—in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and—blank—made her last will and testament, by which she bequeathed to certain relatives certain nominal sums, and to Mrs. Bertha Flack, her cook, the sum of ten thousand dollars in cash; to Donald Collins, her chauffeur, a trust fund of twenty thousand dollars, the interest of which was to be paid to him for a period of four years, or as long as was necessary to complete his musical education. The balance of the estate was to go unconditionally to ——, designated merely as a very dear friend. Mr. John Scott Sanger was named the sole executor without bond.

Caxton returned the document to the envelope. In the silence that followed he seemed at a loss what to do next. He shook himself like a dog coming out of a cold bath, then he said to the witness, who awaited further questioning:

"An' Miss Crandall says: 'Is yo' goin' to make me publicate de shame of de man yo' loves to de worl'?'"

"Do you know the identity of the person whose name Miss Crandall intended to insert in the blank space of this document, Mr. Sanger?"

"I do not."

"You didn't ask her at the time you drew it up?"

"Hardly! Such a question would have been gross impertinence in view of the fact that her precautions showed that she did not wish me to know who this person was while she lived."

"She gave no hint of who it might be?" Caxton urged.

"Not the slightest. As I've said, Miss Crandall was a woman of unusually strong mentality. She kept her own counsel."

"I see. You don't know if it was Conrad Merrill?"

"Object!" counsel boomed. He got to his feet with the menace of an avalanche. "Your Honor, my disapproval is tempered with admiration for the ingenious way Mr. Caxton has of getting his pet ideas to the jury. Nevertheless, may I respectfully ask the Court to instruct the prosecutor as to the limitations imposed upon direct examination?"

"You may, and the Court shall! Strike out that last question!" Judge Farnham impaled the prosecutor with a glance. "Mr. Caxton," he said, "not once in the entire thirty years of this Court's jurisdiction has it found it necessary to remove a prosecutor from a case. I hope you will not force it to establish a precedent!" He turned to the jurymen. "You'll exclude the last question from your consideration, gentlemen! Proceed, Mr. Caxton, but remember—there'll be no more warnings!"

Caxton's face had turned the color of the under side of a toad.

"I beg the Court to accept my humblest apology," he stammered.

The Court rustled a sheaf of notes.

"Proceed!" it said briefly.

Caxton turned his now near-livid face to the witness.

"Did Miss Crandall ever speak with you of the defendant, Conrad Merrill?" he asked in a small voice.

"Never."

"Do you know him?"

"I had never heard of him until he was connected with the death of Miss Crandall," the witness replied.

"Do you know Miss Virginia Lansing, his co-defendant?"

"I knew such a person existed. I had met Mr. Phineas Lansing, her grandfather, on several occasions, through Mr. Gordon Crandall. They were very friendly. It was by association with Mr. Lansing that Mr. Crandall became rich, I understand. My client often spoke of how much she owed to the Lansings and expressed keen concern over the failure of Lansing and Company on the Cotton Exchange. If the person whose name Miss Crandall intended to insert in the will had turned out to be Miss Lansing, I should not have been surprised."

ONCE more the senator got to his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "this witness has shown himself a singularly fair and discreet one in spite of the State's almost superhuman efforts at making mountains out of molehills. I ask that the last part of his testimony involving Miss Virginia Lansing be stricken out. I'm asking this in the friendliest of spirit and with no taint of censure for Mr. Sanger, whose reputation and standing place him beyond the question of impeachability," he added with an inclination of his massive head.

His Honor concurred, and the witness said:

"I'm very sorry if I've broken a rule. My ignorance of criminal procedure is my only excuse. I hope the Court will accept it?"

"It's accepted, Mr. Sanger," Judge Farnham assured him.

Mr. Caxton's penitence for his witness' garrulity was colossal. Lack of opportunity alone prevented him from donning sackcloth, and fastidiousness only from pouring ashes upon his sleek, black head.

"The State does not propound for a moment the theory that *Miss Lansing* was the person Miss Crandall intended to make her heir!" he said virtuously, and with an elaborately casual glance at Conrad Merrill. Then, sure that he had left no doubt in anybody's mind, least of all in the jury's, whom Miss Crandall *had* meant, he released the witness for cross-examination.

"Mr. Sanger," Senator Enderley said, "I've just one question to ask you, but it's rather an important one. Will you give it your most serious consideration before you answer it? Did Miss Crandall intimate to you that she was going out of town with friends the next day—May nineteenth? And if so, that these friends had anything to do with

(*Continued on page 55*)

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Illustrated by Harry Davis

Rage filled him because the dog plainly had no realization that they both were going to die

The Life of a Dog

By William MacHarg

A Short Short Story complete on this page

THE steel schooner Christopherson capsized so very gently that Senter, who was the only man aloft, had merely an amazed feeling that the sea was rising toward him.

Then he was wet, submerged in water, and the rigging he grasped desperately was dragging him down; so he released his grasp, fought stifling water and came up, and there was no schooner there or even wreckage. Nothing was there at all.

He paddled dazedly, bewildered, like a man whose world had disappeared. Then a plank, shot from the depths as from a gun, leaped end first into the air and fell back with a resounding thwack; and he swam to it and hooked his arm about it.

Now something, someone else was coming up, and he wondered which of the eight men who had been his companions it would be; but when the head emerged it was only the dog.

Senter hated the dog; and the dog, since Senter had only just joined the schooner's crew, returned the hate. But now the dog, seeing the plank, struggled to it and rested his forepaws on it to support himself. When he did that, the plank sank deeper at that end and a wild terror came over Senter that it would sink. He jerked desperately at his end, and the dog's paws slipped off and he sank into the sea.

But when he came up again he swam, silently, without resentment or rancor, back to the plank and put his paws on it again. Senter again jerked the plank and the paws again slipped and the dog again sank and again swam back. A dozen times Senter did this, and each time the dog returned to his place on the plank without giving any evidence at all that he connected Senter with what was happening to him, before Senter, his arms tired with jerking at the plank, realized with terror and despair that the dog could keep this up longer than he could.

So Senter forgot the dog and rested his two elbows on the plank and hoisted himself as far as he could out of the water and looked around. When he did this, his end of the plank sank down and he could sustain himself only for the briefest instant so as to see; then he sank back exhausted and merely clung to the plank while the horror of his position rushed in on him and overwhelmed him.

He was a hundred miles from land, with, under the luckiest circumstances, almost no hope of being picked up; and he saw with despair what surely was going to happen to him. He would cling for a few hours, only a very few, then he would become exhausted, his weakened grasp would slip and he would sink to death in the sea. Probably several times before he actually died he would slide from the plank, struggle desperately back to it, cling again always a shorter time, slip and struggle back; but in the end he would die.

EVEN if he could devise some way of tying himself to the plank with his clothing so that he would not slip, that would have no effect except to make his end more horrible; without food or water, his sufferings would be terrible; probably they would be so unendurable that he would go mad.

Then his eyes met the patient eyes of the dog and rage filled him because the dog plainly had no realization that they both were going to die.

Now the dog's two paws rested on the edge of the plank with his muzzle laid between them so that the plank held his nose out of the water and he could breathe, and his body was relaxed and floated without effort. He was not tense, as Senter was tense; he was not straining to search the horizon for a steamer, or considering that they were without water so that soon he would suffer thirst, or realizing that soon his paws must slip off of the plank. He was merely doing the thing that had to be done at the present time.

Yes; Senter in the half-hour they had been clinging to the plank had already died, in thought, a dozen times, but the dog was going to die only once; and suddenly Senter became certain that, when he himself had slipped for the last time into the sea, the dog would still be there.

He grew angry, realizing this, and took off his dungaree trousers and knotted them around the plank and slipped one arm through the loop they made, and rested his head on the plank in imitation of the dog. Then triumph filled him because this way he could outlast the dog. But when he looked again at the sea, horror came over him. Then he fixed his eyes on the dog's patient eyes and tried to think as little about what was going to happen to them as the dog was doing.

On the afternoon of their second day the dog's paws began slipping from the plank. Several times he swam painfully back, but each time he was weaker; and now Senter knew that, although he did not understand it yet, the dog was going to die; but he also knew that he could not spare the dog. If he could not keep looking into the dog's eyes, he would think about what was sure to happen; and then he would go mad. So he took off his shirt and made his way carefully along the plank and tied the dog's paws to the plank.

On the third day it rained a torrent. Senter caught water in his hands and sucked it up, and felt delirium go away from him; and then he again made his way to the dog and held his hands so that the dog could drink.

ON THE fourth night a steamer passed them, all alight. Senter shouted as loud as he could with his hoarse, cracked voice, and the dog barked weakly, but the steamer did not notice them; and when it had gone away Senter, in despair and disappointment, kept on shouting; but then he realized that the dog had stopped barking, and so he stopped. After that he did not know anything about what occurred, even that time was passing, or whether he was alive or dead; but his eyes looked always for the eyes of the dog.

The ship's doctor of the liner Pernambo, which, to the delight and excitement of a full passenger list, picked up a man and dog floating in the sea, did not believe the fragmentary, delirious words of the man, because if they were true he and the dog had been floating in the sea six days, and that was manifestly impossible.

The doctor stood by the bunk, looking down at the man wrapped in blankets and with his arms around the dog so that one blanket went around them both. It had been impossible to do anything with the man until they brought the dog; but now both were sleeping quietly.

"Explain, if you can," he said to a steward, "why a man who expected to die took all that trouble to save the life of a dog!"

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The Château of Desire

By James F. Dwyer

The Hoosier Hawk defies an international menace and flies to the rescue of innocence

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

THE pompous conductor of the north-bound Pyrénées-Côte d'Argent Express committed a dreadful blunder. The poor devil, half crazed with excitement, mistook a tall handsome American for a prince of the blood royal!

The strange mistake occurred at Biarritz. The conductor had been informed at Hendaye that a royal passenger awaited him at the fashionable watering place. Four compartments had been reserved for the prince. There was an intimation that the conductor should grovel a lot. He was told to use the words "Your Highness" frequently and loudly.

Between the Spanish frontier and Biarritz the conductor combed his full black beard and brushed his coat. He was a little annoyed with his superiors for their hints regarding deportment. *Mon Dieu!* He understood royalty! He would show his tyrannical superintendent that he was familiar with the ways of the truly great. What a story he would tell to his fat wife at Bordeaux! She and the children would stare when he showed them how he bowed and how he led the royal voyager to the reserved compartments.

The train thundered into the station at Biarritz. A most important train is this Pyrénées-Côte d'Argent. A train de luxe. As it slowed down, the conductor swung himself onto the platform, and there, in the blinding light of monster arc lamps and in full view of a crowd of watchful loungers, the unfortunate fellow committed the blunder.

STANDING apart was a tall, well-built man of splendid bearing. A gentleman of quality, graceful and debonair. Clothes cut by crafty fingers sat beautifully upon his lithe body. Shoes and gloves were irreproachable. A hat carried that peculiarly rakish tilt that clever hats adopt on the heads of romantic owners. In short, he looked the ideal person to carry the purple and old-gold flag of that "Sweete Ladye of Mysterye" who leads men adventuring.

The excited conductor saw the handsome one. Saw him and no one else. The conductor knew! He had seen pictures and statues of Bayard, that knight without fear and without reproach. He rushed to the elegant one. He executed a bow. A superb bow. He murmured the words "Your Highness!" He waved a fat hand toward the reserved compartments.

The handsome traveler returned the bow. A puzzled look appeared upon his finely cut features. He glanced at a sturdy follower who carried two well-worn grips. The follower was grinning.

"What is the joke?" asked the debonair one, addressing the grip carrier.

" 'Scuse me for laughin', Captain," said the follower. "There's a dook or somethin' boardin' this rattler an' this little conductor guy thinks you're it!"

The words of the man carrying the valises, although uttered in a foreign tongue, created a doubt in the mind of the conductor. But surely he could not be mistaken. The tall man looked a prince. Again he repeated the sugary title. "Your Highness," he murmured, "the reservations—"

The tall man interrupted. In gentle French he spoke to the unfortunate conductor. "You have made a mistake," he said quietly. "I have no claim to the title Highness. There are two single compartments booked for me in number five. The name is Pride. Richard Clefeld Pride."

Dreadful for the conductor. He stepped back from the flyer from Indianapolis, that careless adventurer who was known throughout Europe as The Hoosier Hawk. The whole of Biarritz had seen the blunder of the trainman. Even as the fellow stepped back from Captain Pride he collided with the head of a little procession that came from the private offices of the station master.

The station master, in the gold-embroidered uniform that he wore only on great occasions, led the procession. He was supported by the assistant master and the mayor of Biarritz. Behind these tramped a bulky man in the thirties, a heavy-faced, sardonic person. He was Prince Remy of Schlannenwingen, known in every resort of Europe as a tireless and indecorous pursuer of fair ladies.

The station master had noted the blunder of the conductor. So had the assistant and the mayor. So had Prince Remy. The bulky and licentious princeling had overheard the conductor use the words "Your Highness" to Richard Clefeld Pride. Prince Remy was annoyed.

Penguin Murphy, war-time mechanician and faithful attendant of Captain Pride, tried to smother a grin as he carried the grips of his master aboard the train. Penguin had turned a shrewd eye upon Prince Remy and then delivered himself of a whispered conclusion. "That conductor geek is not such a fool as the other lobsters think him," he growled. "Not by a long shot."

He heard the heavy thudding of feet on turf, curses, a yelp of pain, the soft sobbing of a person running. Stumbling forward, exhausted, was Judy Haliburton

THE Pyrénées-Côte d'Argent, having collected a prince of pleasure and a prince of adventure, pulled out of the station. Richard Clefeld Pride stood in the corridor before the door of the compartment he occupied. The Prince Remy of Schlannenwingen, with his three personal attendants, was quartered on one side of him; two large Englishmen silently contemplated the dark Basque country through the large observation windows, while at the extreme end of the corridor a girl in her teens stood beside an elderly man. A girl sweet and fresh, and thrilled exceedingly. Her voice, soft and pleasant, came to the ears of The Hoosier Hawk. There was the slightest little drawl which defied her evident excitement: "Oh, Nunky, look at the lights of that little village in the hills! Oh, Nunky, isn't it splendid?" A Southern girl on her first trip abroad, thought Pride. Enjoying every minute of it. Her sharp squeals of pleasure delighted the flyer.

The door of Prince Remy's compartment was thrust open; the prince stepped into the corridor. His gaze fell upon The Hoosier Hawk. He frowned, glanced up the corridor to where the girl and the elderly man were standing, and, with a little cry of surprise, rushed toward them. Pride stood back to allow the princeling to pass. Remy made no acknowledgment of the courtesy.

The Indiana flyer watched the meeting. He heard the greetings exchanged, noted the expressions on the faces of the trio. He was a little puzzled. Obviously the girl had seen the prince board the train, but she followed the lead given by his cry of surprise and simulated amazement at meeting him. The face of the elderly man showed clearly that he was not pleased at the encounter.

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The answers he gave to the questions put by the bulky Don Juan were sharp and monosyllabic.

The prince seemed a trifle piqued. For a few minutes he fought bravely against the coldness of "Nunky," then he bowed, expressed his good wishes for a restful night for the girl and her uncle and came tramping back to his own quarters.

AGAIN Richard Clefeld Pride stepped politely out of the way. The prince paused and regarded the handsome adventurer from Indiana. There was a wicked grin on the royal face. The coldness of the old gentleman had annoyed him and he wished to bite someone.

"Monsieur was amused at being mistaken for me?" he said sharply, addressing Pride.

The Hoosier Hawk was surprised by the question. "I do not think so, monsieur," he replied coldly.

"But I saw monsieur smile at a remark made by his valet," persisted the prince. "I am sure that it was a remark concerning the stupid blunder of the conductor."

Richard Clefeld Pride regarded the royal personage with a cold eye. He told himself that he disliked Remy's face. He felt that he had always disliked it. The little chisels of vice had graved lines upon it. Little lines that told stories.

The Hoosier Hawk spoke. Quietly, coldly. "I have no wish to be identified with you in any possible way," he said. "I am an American gentleman bearing the name of Richard Clefeld Pride. The name means more to me than any title in the world. I think you are offensive."

A red-hot one, right over the plate, for the prince. Knocked him for a row. His thick sensual lips opened, but the words they expected did not come. For an instant it looked as if he considered striking Pride, then with a queer snarl he rushed into his own compartment and slammed the door.

The Hawk, perfectly calm, looked out into the soft night. He thought the conductor an idiot. So was the prince. A bigger one probably. Wonder what the sweet-faced girl thought of the fellow. He glanced along the corridor. The girl had retired, but the elderly man, who had overheard the little verbal exchange, was watching Pride with interest.

THE elderly man shuffled along the corridor till he was quite close to The Hoosier Hawk. His tired eyes were upon the flyer.

"Pardon me," he began, his voice strangely thin and weak, "did I hear you say that your name was Richard Clefeld Pride?"

"Yes, sir," answered The Hawk.

"Son of Bob Pride of Indianapolis?"

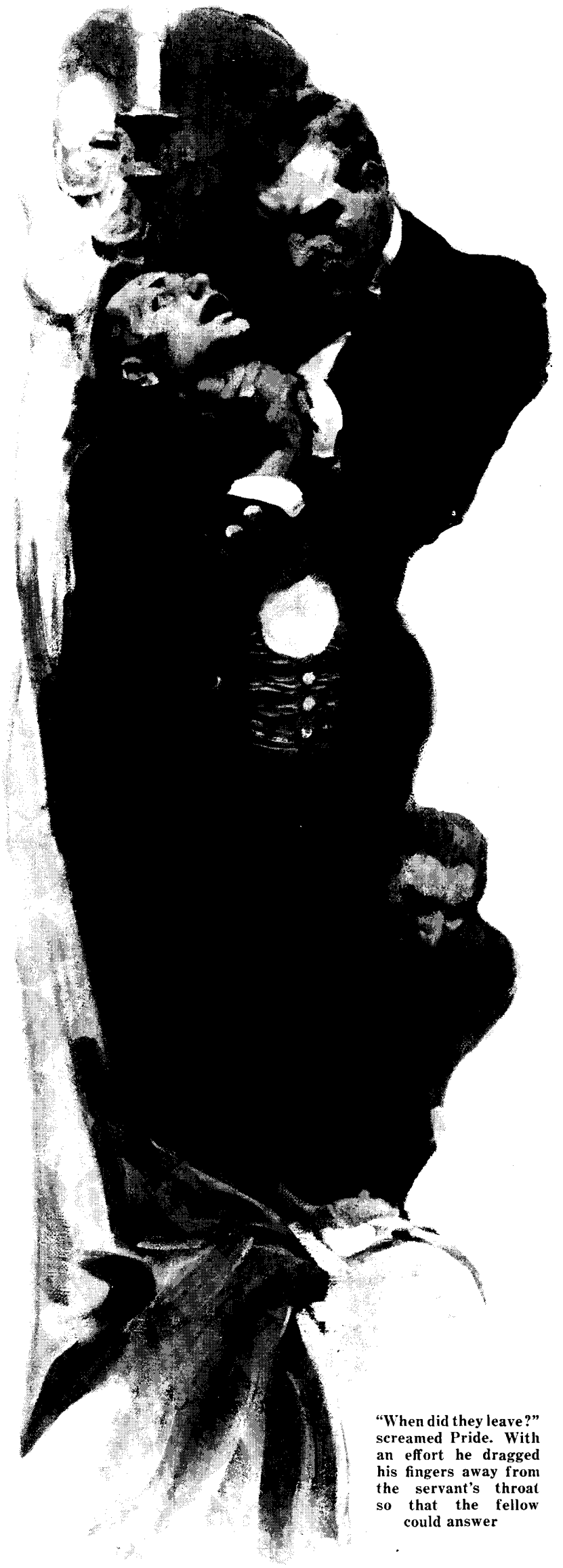
"Yes, sir."

"Then I knew you when you were a little shaver no higher'n my knee. I came once or twice to your daddy's house out near Military Park. You might have heard your folks speak of me. The name is Haliburton."

The Hoosier Hawk thrust out two strong hands and grasped the thin fingers of the old man. A flood of childish memories made him stammeringly emotional. "Why, why," he gasped, "you are John Haliburton, the Killer of Bulls!"

The old man looked astonished at hearing his title. Pride was amused. As the Côte d'Argent Express drove northward he explained how he and his sister had, in the long, long ago, added the words "Bull Killer" to the name of Haliburton.

"We were only kids when you came to our house," he said, "but we were imaginative. We had overheard Father telling Mother about bulls that were sending the stocks to the skies. It was whispered news and it frightened us kids. We knew that the bulls were after Father. He had told Mother that our house was in danger. Someone he knew, a friend, had committed suicide rather than face them. Why, we thought in the evenings when we were sent to bed, leaving Father and Mother still whispering, that the bulls were around the house! We did! Then along came a man named John Haliburton. That was you! It seemed to us that you had some magical way of dealing with bulls. Father came home and told Mother that you had settled them, so you became to us kids a heroic figure. Sort of King Arthur of Indiana."



"When did they leave?" screamed Pride. With an effort he dragged his fingers away from the servant's throat so that the fellow could answer

A GLOW of delight crept into the faded blue eyes of the old man. He grinned sheepishly at the finish of the recital. Protested that he did nothing. Not a thing. Just headed off a few crooked brokers who were running Father Pride into financial quicksands. In an effort to hide the emotion brought by the story he took the arm of The Hoosier Hawk and led him down the corridor.

"Want you to meet my niece," he explained. "Her first trip abroad. She's tearin' into Europe like a nigger into a watermelon." He rapped at the door of the girl's compartment. "Found a friend, Judy," he explained. "Want you to meet him."

Pride's belief that the girl knew of the presence of the prince before Remy spoke to her in the corridor was supported by a remark that immediately followed the introduction. "Oh, you are the gentleman who was mistaken for the prince!" cried Judy Haliburton. "I saw the conductor bowing before you."

"I'm afraid the conductor hates me now," said Pride. "He passed a moment ago and glared at me. He doesn't know that the incident was as painful to me as it was to him."

"But you must have been awfully thrilled!" cried the girl. "If someone rushed up to me and called me 'Your Highness,' thinking I was a princess, I would be dreadfully pleased."

"Princes and princesses are different," said Pride quietly, smiling down at her. "Princesses are just nice girls, and all nice girls are princesses. I will call you Your Highness from now on."

Judy Haliburton laughed delightedly. She was a childish, golden-haired thing, very sweet and fragile. The Hoosier Hawk, looking at her, was reminded of those wonderful sweets they manufacture at Geneva, confections so delicate that one crushes them with the slightest squeeze of the fingertips.

After a few further remarks the girl excused herself, and old Haliburton and Pride were left together in the corridor. The prince and his three attendants had retired, so had Penguin Murphy, the latter quietly cursing the European train system of sleeping crosswise instead of "U. S. fashion."

TEN leagues of dark Basque countryside slipped by the windows before the old man broke the silence that followed the "Good night" of the golden-haired Judy. "That fellow now," said Haliburton, moving his head slightly in the direction of the prince's sleeping quarters, "why, he worries me a little."

Again there came a little interval of silence. Pride waited. At last the old man added an explanation. "I thought I had given him the slip," he said plaintively. "Just certain I had. You see, we picked him up at Seville during the big fair in Holy Week. Staying at the same hotel, the Inglaterra. Got chinning to Judy. Followed her round like a car salesman after a new millionaire. I didn't like it a bit. She's just a child. Yes, sir. Just a child. Seventeen last month. No father or mother. I've looked

(*Continued on page 48*)

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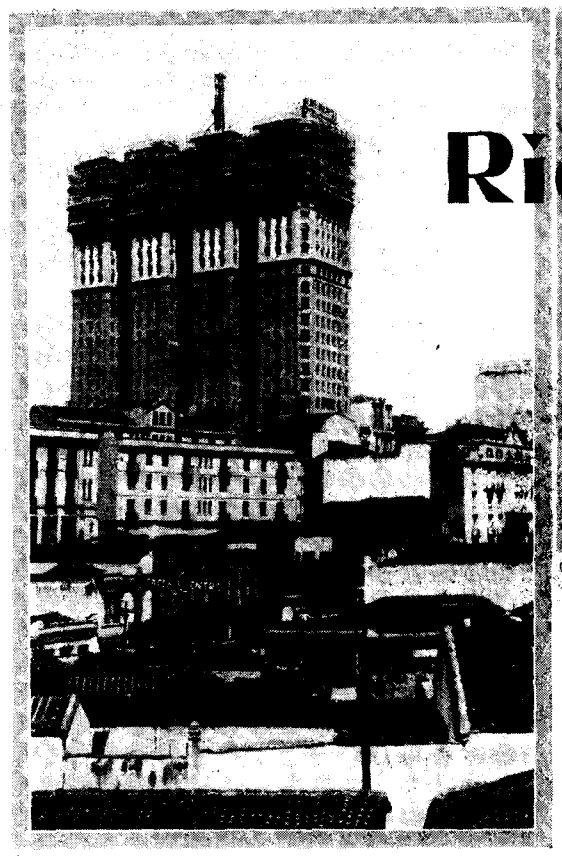
Riches back of Rio



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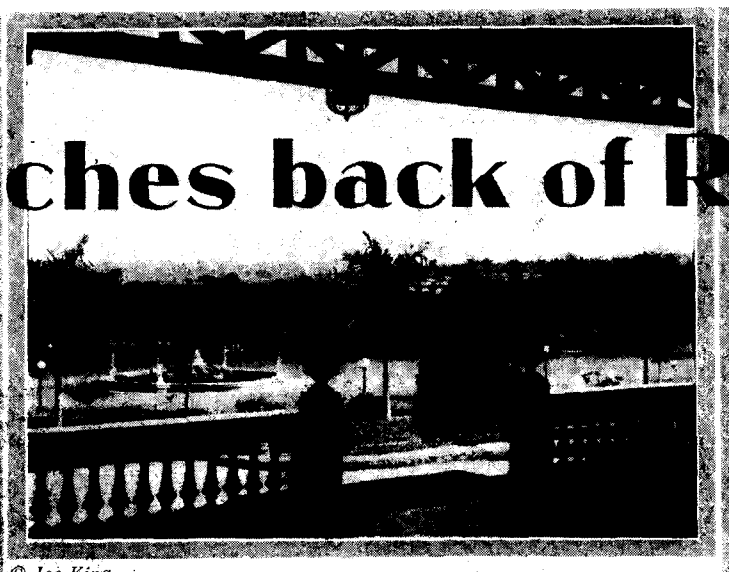
São Paulo boasts a modern office building, the tallest structure in South America



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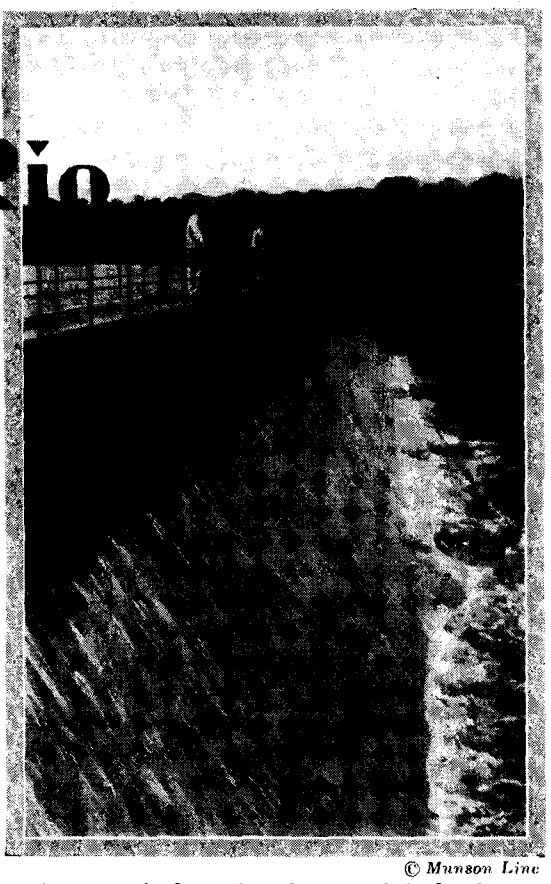
A coffee-grower's front yard, partly filled by 800,000 trees



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A part of the privately owned hydroelectric plant on the great Magalhaes plantation

"I want to be where the next great developments are going to take place; I expect to spend the next fifteen years in Brazil." That's what a United States official in São Paulo thinks about our immense and wealthy neighbor to the south. Here Mr. Tomlinson, noted traveler and lecturer, gives you a close-up of the wonders and the romance of Brazil

By Edward Tomlinson

ANY time is a hot time in the old town of Santos, Brazil. A perspiring traveler called it "Hell's Turkish bath." But hot or cold, its importance is secure. In one short block of a narrow little street half the world's coffee is bought and sold.

Here any day of the year may be seen the oddest assortment of men this side of Shanghai—traders from Sweden and Switzerland, from Texas and Turkey, and derelicts and ne'er-do-wells from the ends of the earth, all bearing scars of the tropical adventure and each imbued with the spirit of a fabulous land.

In this quaint old street I met a venerable codger who first saw light in ante-bellum Mississippi, but who was transplanted to Brazil in the years of tender youth. A veritable Southern colonel, he seemed, white mustache, trim goatee, gray sombrero and soft, musical drawl.

The younger, he said, of two proud brothers who couldn't stand the gaff after Appomattox and so betook themselves to this far-off clime to start life over again. The tradition of large acreage being in their bones, they acquired ten leagues of Mother Earth and went to work. Land was the easiest thing in the world to get in Brazil in those days—and still is if you go far enough away from the cities. The years passed, the soil prospered for them and social resurrection was complete, quite complete. My acquaintance, I discovered, while in appearance a perfect Southern colonel, was at heart a genuine Brazilian.

Adventures in Immensity

"Been here long? . . . No? . . . Well, stay a while and you probably won't leave. This country puts a spell on you after a few years. Its hot sun sorter melts you to it, I reckon. People have come from everywhere, good and bad. Look at them. A regular league of nations—white, black, brown and yellow. Yes, they come from everywhere and most of them stay. Something holds them . . . the country's so big and so rich."

That's it. "The country's so big and so rich." Things are, and are done, on such a big scale. Ten leagues of land, forty-four thousand acres, the old man had said. To the unacquainted this may seem a flaw in the story, not plausible. In this tremendous country it is a mere garden spot. Some of the largest holdings in the world are in Brazil. A single man with five thousand acres in cultivation is commonplace. There is a ranch in the north, in the state of Para, the size of England, Scotland and Wales combined.

A visit to Brazil is an excursion in immensity. Picture a country more than three and a quarter million square miles large, big enough to swallow the entire United States without the slightest discomfort, a country divided like our own into states, several of which would make Texas look small. Such is Brazil. Its seacoast stretches four thousand miles north and south. There are forty thousand miles of navigable streams, one of them accommodating ocean-going ships for twenty-five hundred miles, and waterfalls by the side of which Niagara is but an adolescent—enough potential power to light the hemisphere and turn the wheels of the continent.

And timber? One ambitious authority has the temerity to say that there are five thousand billion board feet of lumber, all hardwood, within the republic, and another tells us there are more than two thousand varieties of trees. It has a third of the world's visible supply of iron, of the finest quality, and a Yankee corporation is right now pouring out millions to exploit it. In treasures of the earth there seems to be almost everything from lead to diamonds. An Indian prince paid some $400,000 for one Brazilian sparkler. No wonder a cold-blooded Michigan engineer exclaimed, "Immense, fantastic! This country is a giant, an El Dorado, a promised land! Come to Brazil and learn how to be amazed!"

And my old Mississippi-Brazilian colonel must have had all this in mind when he said "this country puts a spell on you." It got him, and it lures others, not only soldiers of fortune, but serious and ambitious young men.

The World is Watching Brazil

Mr. Smith, and this is not his name, is a United States official in São Paulo—Harvard product, brilliant, an expert in foreign trade, author of several important manuals of the Commerce Department. I asked him, as one Yankee to another, what he thought of Brazil, and he confessed quite bluntly his intention of staying in it whether the government wanted him to or not.

"Things are going to be done here," he assured me. "Most of the populous countries, including our own, have reached the point of diminishing returns in raw materials. They must get them somewhere else if they are to keep the wheels of industry turning. Brazil has them, in larger quantities and more varieties than any other part of these two continents. Millions of Uncle Sam's eagles have migrated here since the world went mad in 1914, and millions more are coming every year. I want to be where the next great developments are going to take place, and I expect to spend the next fifteen years of my life here anyhow."

A new and undeveloped country, you say. Well, yes and no. It has its history. In the National Museum in Rio de Janeiro are hundreds of beautiful specimens, burial urns, pottery and trinkets, artistic remains of a civilization that flourished on the tiny island of Marajo at the mouth of the Amazon a thousand years before Columbus went looking for the Indias.

Then there are its present-day cities, twentieth-century metropolises with enough touches of the past to make them different from their North American sisters. Rio de Janeiro boasts more than two million inhabitants. Glorious Rio, where Kipling thought "life is really worth living," proudly bares her four centuries of tradition and parades her classic churches and palaces that have stood for half as long, even if they must forever after sit in the shadow of garishly modern skyscrapers. And the old man's remark about Santos being a "regular league of nations" might well apply to the whole country. I should say it's more nearly the melting pot of the ages than any other country today. Countless tribes of untamed Indians roam the interior, undisturbed by civilization. In the seaboard stretches live some thirty-five million souls, made up of all the races of Europe, Asia and Africa, and various combinations of these, representing the extremes of civilization.

Connecting the centers of life and civilization are all the means of communication and transportation from Adam to now. The Amazonian Indians beat out their messages to one another on the mystic jungle drums. Then, there is the far-flung telegraphic system, connecting the cities with the distant outposts of the far west. And one mining operator in Rio communicates with his field superintendent by radio.

The Richest Railroad

The cities and towns of Amazonia one reaches by river steamer, and even canoe. In the back areas the ox-cart is still a de luxe method of getting from nowhere to nowhere else. For many years the citizens of the great eastern cities have been able to travel by luxurious train or automobile and to go abroad on the most palatial liners. Now they fly to neighboring republics or distant continents and commute by airplane between city offices and country estates.

Senhor Guinle, who owns the great docks and warehouses at the port of Santos, lives in Rio and goes to business by hydroplane. And finding train or auto tedious riding from Rio to Terezopolis, the mountain resort where his great summer estate is located, he built a colossal dam across a stream between two mountains and, presto! a huge lake

(*Continued on page 53*)

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Boeing Airplane Co.

Boeing's Fun

By W. B. Courtney

Many men have been ridden by their hobbies: few have been lifted by them to a throne. That's what happened to Bill Boeing, head of the United Aircraft & Transport Corporation. But it's all part of his day's fun. His career is a story of daring—dictated by common sense

BILL BOEING on a summer's day cruised his flying boat high above the waters of Puget Sound, whereon the San Juan Islands were like emeralds floating in quicksilver. The widespread scene was faintly misted by heat haze, like a motion picture shot through soft-focus lens. From his altitude the picture quivered on the bottom of a milk-rimmed bowl formed by the Olympic Mountains on the peninsula to the west, the Cascades to the east and south, with Mount Rainier a heaping teaspoonful of whipped cream spilled on the edge.

Whatever beauty and poetry was in the panorama, Bill Boeing enjoyed it, every bit. For his was not the casual admiration of the professional flyer, but the true relish of a sportsman. Bill Boeing was not carrying air mail. He was just flying around. He was not barnstorming. He was not on a schedule; he'd stay up as long as his gas held out and then he'd go down and buy some more and go up again if there were time left before tea. He was not fretted by thoughts of an anxious field manager watching him from below, for Seattle had no airport in those days. Bill flew from the water near his own home and he owned the plane—of which so few had been seen in the Northwest that Bill's was still a rarity. For this was in 1915, when the European war was less than a year old, and all aviators were considered balmy—the more so when they were wealthy, like Bill Boeing, and "didn't have to do it."

What! No Pontoons?

It was all so nice and pretty that Bill was loath to descend; but the gas tank is the ruler of flying men's destinies. Bill nosed toward the Sound, which lay smooth as a platter of old pewter. It was too calm, in fact, for the amateur aviator's peace of mind. One needs a ripple to gain perspective and judge height. On broken water a flyer has wave tops; on land he has grass, fences and the like to help his perception of depth. But over unruffled surfaces—water or the desert floor—one might be leveling off at one foot or at ten feet, for all the accommodating power of his eyes can tell him.

Bill Boeing did his best, but for all that he came down too fine, dived in, and the water—which, after its initial "give," has a consistency greater than that of concrete—sheared off his pontoons and left the plane sitting on its breast bone, and Bill and his friends still sitting on the members and in the method prescribed by nature; unhurt, and if anything a little amused.

Wm. E. Boeing, one of the men behind America's swift development of commercial aviation

(Above) a Boeing mail plane which has flown 500,000 miles and outlived nine motors and one pilot

"Shucks," said Bill, after everything and everybody had been towed ashore, "all she needs is a new pair of pontoons. I'll buy them right away."

He got in touch with the nearest representative of the firm which manufactured his flying boat. What! Mr. Boeing had sheared off the pontoons? That was too bad, but—er-r-r—no, they didn't have a spare pair in stock—you see, as a matter of fact, this was only a side line!—oh, it would take several weeks or months to have new ones manufactured and delivered.

Whereas a few minutes before no superlatives could have overdrawn Bill Boeing's appreciation of the scenic and sporting delights of flying, now none could exceed his exasperation; the petulant and naïve exasperation of a rich man who has money enough to pay for anything he wants but cannot buy it.

"Well then," he declared firmly, "if I can't buy what I want, I'll make it. As a matter of fact, I'll make a whole new plane." Bill rubbed his hands and called into conference his airplane advisory committee and board of strategy: a little group of fellow hobbyists, which included one Chinaman.

That Bill Boeing was going to be "different" was apparent from the first, when he suggested to the hobbyists that so long as they were going to build an airplane it might not be a silly notion to hire someone who knew something about building airplanes.

A Financier Looks at Aviation

William E. Boeing had his own ideas of what an airplane should be; he was an experienced and accomplished business man and he had the simple directness of the trader who looks for a dollar's value for a dollar. Boeing had heretofore thought of flying as you might now think of golf—without much interest in the business organization, or lack of it, behind the manufacture of the implements with which he played. But a single mishap had thrown him face to face with the haphazardness and inefficiency of airplane manufacturing as then articulated, and he had seen a quick vision of opportunity. He had thought of himself as an amateur dabbler; now he had found that even those whose livelihoods lay in aviation were nothing more than amateurs, also. There was no professional aviation industry, from his point of view. And it is the opinion of most of us who have an academic interest in aviation that one of the developments which contributed most to the industry's growth was the little accident that brought the calm hand of a trained financier to the early slackness of airplane manufacture.

When the talk of the first aëronautical experts he hired got around to struts and stress analyses Boeing could take more than the usual share of the man-who-holds-the-bag in the discussion. He had got through his sophomore year in Sheffield Scientific School at Yale before he decided that he didn't want to be an engineer and go to the Gobi Desert in Asia to build bridges where there were no rivers to cross, and to Somaliland to build railroads where there lived no one with money enough to become a customer. He wanted to be a lumberman like his dad; and the classic elms of New Haven couldn't hold the heart of a youngster in whose blood resounded the crash of giant Douglas firs in far Pacific forests; a student whose tuition came from so many board feet of hemlock and spruce and pine.

William E. Boeing was born, about half a century ago, in Detroit, Michigan. Detroit that long back was not the automobile capital of the universe, but merely the local capital of the state's lumber industry. The elder Boeing had invested extensively in Michigan iron-ore lands and lumber tracts.

Lumbermen of an earlier generation being what they were—fellows who looked upon Woodman Spare That Tree as cotton plantation overseers looked upon Uncle Tom's Cabin, and upon conservationists, when they understood the word, as baseball fans of 1905 looked upon the sissies who played tennis—the woods of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin were desolated in short order.

Whereupon the Boeing axes were reëdged and laid on in a new country—the fir forests of the Pacific Northwest, where giants half a dozen centuries old

(*Continued on page 38*)

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Finding Your Voice

Continued from page 10

"What can people do, themselves, to cultivate beautiful speaking voices?" I asked her.

"They can do a great deal," she said. "For everyday life, most people don't need big, dramatic, inexhaustible voices. They don't meet, in their daily lives, the big, emotional situations which demand a voice that can run the whole gamut of human emotions.

"The great fault with most voices is the lack of breath. Most people breathe only enough to sustain life, by no means enough to maintain the degree of health they should possess. Almost anyone's health can be enormously improved by learning to breathe properly. Cultivating the voice is one of the best ways to improve health that I know. It absolutely demands correct and efficient breathing.

"It takes three and one-half hours of the ordinary sort of breathing to change the air in the lungs. This inadequate breathing is particularly bad for the heart. I couldn't possibly teach anyone to speak well without teaching him first of all how to empty his lungs completely and how to breathe properly. It is obvious that the air in the lungs should be changed more than once in three and one-half hours and only special breathing exercises will do it.

"As for the tongue and pronunciation exercises, they are invaluable. I have cured all sorts of defects in speech by means of these exercises—stammering, lisping, etc. One of Dorothy Gish's chief defects in producing her voice was the tension of her upper lip. It scarcely moved. These exercises completely overcame that difficulty in a short time. And no matter how beautiful the quality of the voice, it can be deformed by common and ugly pronunciation.

Sound and Fury

"The diaphragm is the seat of the emotions. Therefore, in order to vocalize our feelings, we must have the diaphragm under complete control. No great range of feeling, no delicate shadings can be expressed by a voice which does not have the complete coöperation of the diaphragm.

"And now as to coloring the voice—inflection, we call it. Most people use only three or four notes in their voices—a hopelessly inadequate range for even the most bovine existence. Yet every voice has the possibility of a full octave, and that much range is certainly needed for the life of a cultured and sensitive human being. True, some excellent actors have played all the rôles in their large repertoires on four notes, but that only proves how great they were. They had to make up for this inadequacy by drawing heavily upon every other medium known to the actor. Julia Marlowe, on the other hand, would have been a fine actress if she had been a disembodied voice. She was to the speaking voice what Caruso was to the singing voice. She employed freely and habitually in playing her rôles two notes more than an octave—the widest range of any speaking voice I have known. Most of us are like violins with but one string—and we could all easily have all the strings, though not many of us could be a Stradivarius like Miss Marlowe.

"I have developed a little device to help my pupils visualize and obtain the full range of the voice. The octave of eight notes which every voice can possess is, in my little chart, represented by eight letters, from low C to high C, although the actual note on which *your* voice starts may not be C at all. No matter what it is, we'll call it C for purposes of convenience; and your voice can rise from there seven notes higher to what we'll call your high C. Your range is, therefore, C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C, with G in the middle; that is, your middle note, whatever it *actually* is musically, we'll call G.

"My theory is that the highest note of *your* speaking voice is the note that will best express joy; the next note below, called B on the chart, is the best note for conveying hope, aspiration, or charm; and so on through the octave, each note representing a tone in your voice that is best suited for expressing a certain emotion. The whole scale runs as follows:

C—(high) Joy
B—Hope, aspiration, charm
A—Desire, description
G—Trumpet tone, keynote, commencing tone, impersonal
F—Church tone
E—Love, mother tone
D—Self-pity
C—(low) Tonic tone, power, argument

"The way to proceed to find these eight notes in your voice and to develop them is as follows:

"First, locate your G, the middle note in your voice. Say, aloud and naturally as you would over the telephone, 'Give me Circle 6500.' That is your impersonal tone. And say, 'Good morning, Mr. Brown.' The same note—G.

Passion's Key

"Now the next note below that is your devotional tone—F. Say the Lord's Prayer, aloud. You will quite naturally speak that one note lower than you will say, 'Good morning, Mr. Brown.'

"Next below comes E—the tone of love. Say, 'Darling, I love you—I adore you.' If you say it truly, with feeling, you are using your third note.

"Now say, 'Heavens, how tired I am! I wish I were dead.' Self-pity on D.

"Your lowest note—low C—is the one you would naturally use if you have any gift of expression, for hate, loathing, anger, as also for command, etc. Say, 'I hate you. I hate everything about you.' Say, 'Get out of my sight. Never let me see you again.' Use the lowest note you can reach—and you have the low C of your voice.

"Next we take the notes above G. Say again, 'Give me Circle 6500,' to get your G. Then, one note higher than that, say, 'I'd give anything in the world to be going to Paris with you.' That is your A. Then comes B—one note above that. Say, 'Oh, if I could only learn to sing like that!' If you say it with real feeling you'll find yourself naturally using one of the highest notes your voice can reach. There is only one note above that, high C—to express the culmination of joy. Say, 'I'm so happy. Never in my life have I been so happy.' Or say, 'Will you really come with me? Oh, that's wonderful.'

"That gives you your eight notes. It won't be difficult to sound one after the other by speaking these simple little sentences aloud. But you must put the right expression into them. Now, for the purpose of practicing these eight notes, read aloud the following passages on the note indicated. I would suggest reading them 'straight' first—that is, on the one note indicated, without inflecting. Later, when you are expert, you can, where necessary, inflect. But the keynote for each passage is the one beginners should use throughout in order to gain facility in the use of the eight notes.

"G—(impersonal) The Duke's speech in As You Like It beginning, 'Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile.' Also, 'All the world's a stage!'

"F—(devotional) The Lord's Prayer.

"E—(love) Romeo and Juliet: 'O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?'

"The following from As You Like It:

"D—(self-pity) Orlando's speech beginning, 'This is it, Adam, that grieves me.'

"C—(anger) Orlando's speech beginning, 'I am no villain; I am the youngest son.'

"A—(above G—desire, etc.,) Rosalind's speech beginning, 'Were it not better . . . that I did suit me . . . like a man?'

"B—(hope) Rosalind's speech, 'But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?' and her following speeches.

"C—(joy) Celia's speech, 'He'll go along o'er the wide world.'

"Such readings as this, practiced frequently, should soon make one proficient in using all eight notes of the voice.

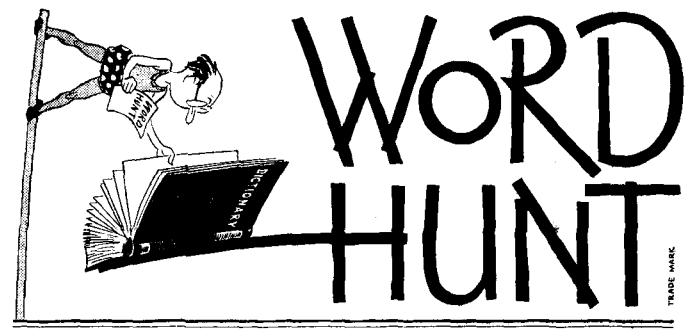
Easy Suppression

"Otis Skinner—there was a marvelous voice, colored like a Beethoven sonata played by Kreisler. And he wasn't afraid to use it. I remember once being enormously amused when a young actor in Mr. Skinner's company was reading his part in a dull, lifeless voice, to hear Mr. Skinner shout at him, 'Let yourself go, man! Put some life, color, richness into your voice.'

"'But, Mr. Skinner,' said the young man, 'I belong to the suppressed school of acting.'

"'Good heavens! What have you got to suppress?' shouted Mr. Skinner.

"Novices in the theater have the tendency to overinflect. They try to squeeze the last bit of meaning and of feeling out of every line. But watch a fine, natural actor like Roland Young. You will think he is throwing his best lines away. He seems scarcely to notice them. As they are spoken they have a casual, by-the-way air about them. But those are just the lines an audience never misses. A finished actor will sometimes treat the biggest lines in his rôle in this offhanded manner—and with what telling effect! My advice to my pupils is, 'Read a speech straight, without inflection if you possibly can. Only under the spur of necessary emotion yield to inflection.'"



In the English language there are just twelve words (each having just eight letters) that begin with the letters D-A-M. One of them is DAMASKED. You supply the others.

1	DAMASKED	Decorated with variegated pattern or color. Also, furnished with damask or damask hangings.
2	DAM	Moistened; made slightly wet. Also, deadened or depressed; made dull.
3	DAM	In a manner deserving to be execrated, condemned or reprobated.
4	DAM	Execrable. Deserving to be condemned or reprobated.
5	DAM	One who, or that which, makes damp or moist.
6	DAM	Injuring; impairing; harming; hurting.
7	DAM	Quality or state of being damp.
8	DAM	(Rare) Causing damage or loss.
9	DAM	(Scottish) A checkerboard.
10	DAM	Damask steel or blade.
11	DAM	The garden rocket.
12	DAM	A kind of damask or brocade made with gold and silver floral ornamentation.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Waited
2. Waiter
3. Waived
4. Waigle
5. Wailed
6. Waiver
7. Waikly
8. Wailer
9. Waivod

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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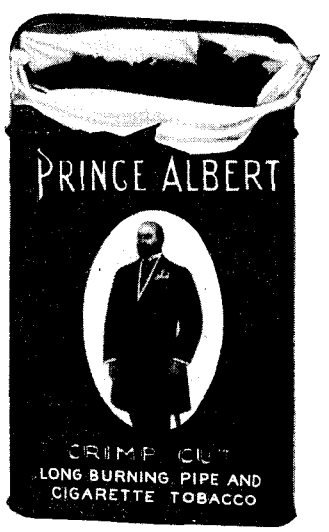
Get a load of this...

BACK your pipe up to a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and chute in a load of sunshine. Hold a match to the flue and pull that blissful blue smoke up the stem. You *know* it's going to be like that the instant you open the tin and get P. A.'s fragrance full in the face.

What a taste! What a joyous justification of the jimmy-pipe! Cool as a ticker-tape bringing bad news. Sweet as a rally that hands you a profit. Mellow and mild and refreshing, down to the last bit of ash in the bowl. A pipe-tobacco with a pedigree, Men, and no fooling.

Any way you take it . . . pipe or roll-your-own . . . Prince Albert promises the contentment that only this *better tobacco* can bring. Try it and *see*. You can load-up and light-up from shower to sheets, and enjoy every wonderful, joy-wadded puff.



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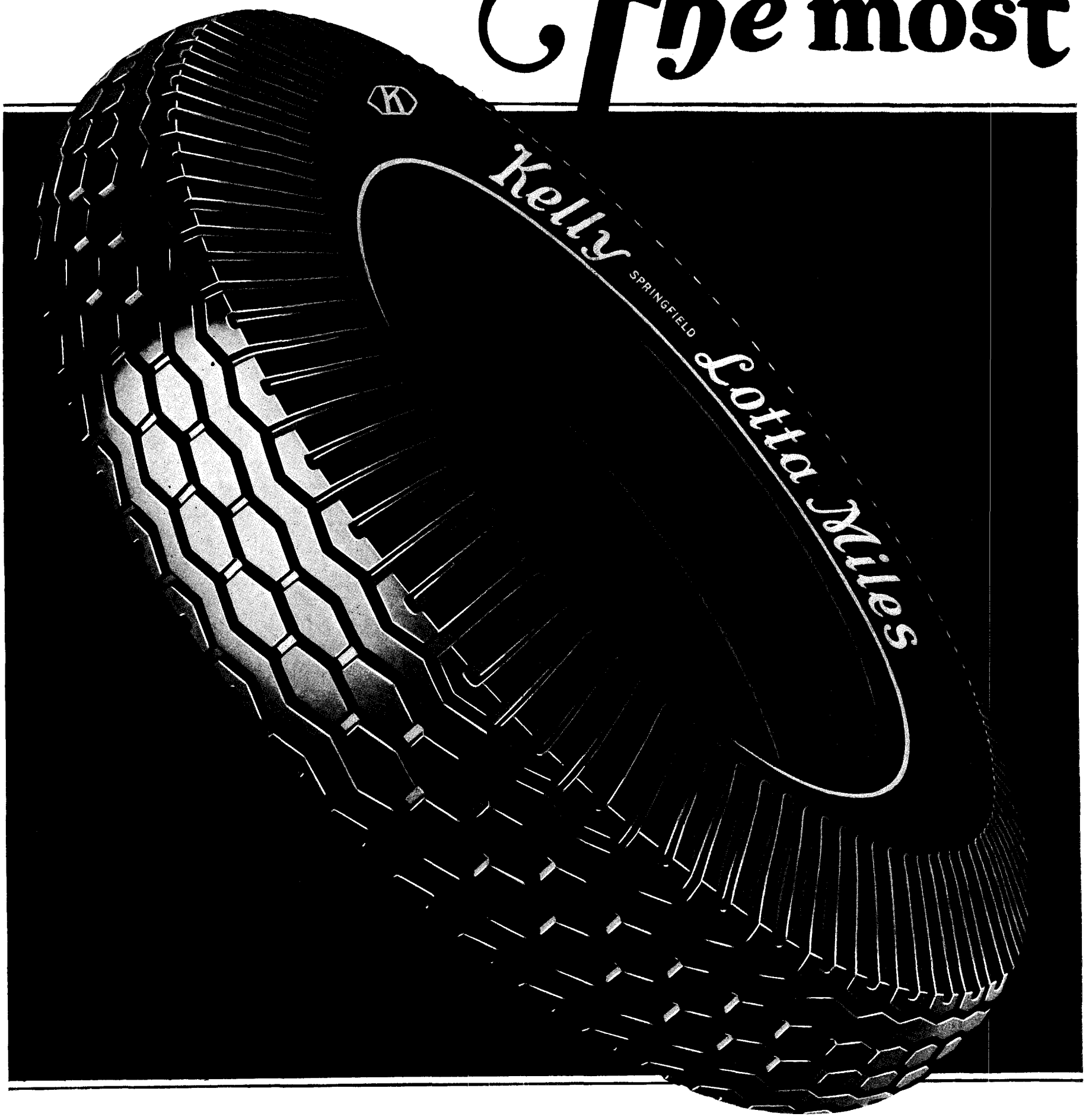
The most



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Women Overdo It

Continued from page 13

of Chicago. She was a palmist by profession; but her hobby was the accumulation of legal aliases through innumerable marriages that always ended unhappily for her husbands. So well had she covered her tracks in New York that we were unable to supply the Western police with anything incriminating. They didn't need it. For out there it was established that she had married no fewer than seven times. Within not more than two months of each marriage her husband had expired, leaving a substantial although not an impressive amount of insurance. The lady used arsenic and bichloride of mercury, alternating these poisons with each change of address made at each marriage. She died in prison.

A Triple-Threat Family

Next to the Nack case the most brutal and, incidentally, the most difficult murder mystery we solved was not in New York but in Ohio, although the dénouement of the story occurred in the Eastern city.

Three women were involved in this killing. The average male victim is completely out of luck when one lady has made up her mind that it would be more convenient if a man went to the hereafter than if he remained here.

I must qualify this at once by stating that one of the women—the youngest of the three—was an unwilling accessory: an attractive girl, stepdaughter of the victim; unless stronger minds had dominated her she would have emerged from the case totally unscathed.

Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland, was the scene of this tragedy. Daniel Kaber, a local publisher, was a typical hard-working, prosperous business man. He owned a thriving concern and made his home in a capacious frame dwelling in Lakewood, a home in no way encumbered.

In mid-life he had married a woman named Breckel, who had been previously married to a man named McArdle, and who had an adult daughter. The lady also had a mother, who, as things developed, played an important part in the drama that suddenly became public property.

On a night in late July, 1919, the Kaber home in Lakewood was invaded by two thugs, who made their way to a sickroom in which Daniel Kaber was lying, stricken, as was supposed, with neuritis. They stabbed him seven times and then robbed the house of silver and other valuables and escaped.

Kaber's moans awoke his nurse, a man named F. W. Utterbach, who went to Kaber's assistance, and was at his side when he died.

Such was the bald report of the case given to the Lakewood police when they investigated. Appearance indicated that here was a common case of housebreaking, of felonious assault with robbery the prime motive, the crude viciousness of the attack resulting incidentally in homicide.

An inquest was held as required by law, the usual coroner's verdict given, and insurance amounting to $6,800—surprisingly low considering Kaber's reputed circumstances—was paid to the widow. The Lakewood home was sold, and Mrs. Kaber quietly departed—to whither, nobody knew.

Later on the Lakewood police began guessing. The savage attack on the sick Kaber by two assassins had aroused tremendous feeling in Cleveland.

The ostensible motive of the police was to trace the movements of the thugs who had attacked the invalid Kaber. After the fatal stabbing of the invalid publisher, his house had presented the usual scene of a violent robbery. Furniture had been knocked over, and a locked chest containing the household silver had been pried open with an ice pick. The fingerprints on that pick were not those of the ruffians described by Kaber's nurse. They were obviously female prints.

Grandma Makes a Slip

Withholding this important detail, the police went to work on Mrs. Breckel, Mrs. Kaber's mother. She was a most interesting character—old and wrinkled and with a reputation for belief in the occult. It was found that one of her closest friends was a midwife named Emma Covelletti, who practiced palmistry as a hobby. This worthy woman was closely watched and her acquaintance with several undesirables in the Italian section was established.

Mrs. Breckel was a hard customer to catechize. The police obtained no "leads" from her, save an impression that she had wasted no affection on her son-in-law, Kaber, during his illness.

The old lady lashed her inquisitors with a furious tongue and alleged that Kaber had probably made enemies in his business as a publisher. Not a wise statement for her to make, when the apparent reason for Kaber's slaying was robbery.

But the workings of the female mind, once crime has been determined upon, are simple in the extreme. Burglars do not kill in the course of robbery unless they are resisted. What resistance could a bedridden man offer?

That was the theme question I hammered at Mrs. Kaber's daughter, Marian McArdle, when, at the request of the district attorney, I picked her up in New York. A canvass of dressmakers and milliners had revealed Mrs. Kaber's whereabouts with more than usual speed, because it was easy to consult the rental lists of the owners of retail stores, and a simple matter to conclude that a millinery shop recently opened in mid-New York under the name of McArdle was Mrs. Kaber's.

Fear Plays a Part

I elected to question Miss McArdle before her mother because what I learned of the young woman's character led me to believe she was unhappily situated as a result of her mother's second marriage. Mrs. Kaber did not know that where, ordinarily, watch would have been kept to catch her in the flat she rented in upper Manhattan, this time watch was kept to catch her out.

Her daughter was surprised when a detective entered with a request that she accompany him to police headquarters. A fine-looking brunette, she paled at first, but seemed to take courage when no papers were formally presented and I advised her that we were interested in checking up her recollection of the events of the night of the robbery.

She said nothing all the way downtown; but when she found herself in the rather forbidding atmosphere of the Homicide Bureau, her every word recorded by a stenographer, she lost her complacence.

"Isn't it true," I asked her, "that your grandmother disliked your stepfather?"

"Well," she smilingly replied, "there wasn't much love lost between them."

"Do you realize," I asked on the heels of that admission, "that you are in the dangerous position of being an accessory to your stepfather's murder?"

"In what way?" she inquired, not smiling.

I took a shot in the dark:

"Because that ice pick used in the robbery reveals your fingerprints!"

The young woman trembled; her brow moistened. Quickly I left the room on the pretext of answering the telephone. She glanced about her uneasily, stabbed by the significance of my last statement—which had been made at hazard.

When I returned she was quite composed.

"I'm going to tell you all I know of this affair, Inspector," she said.

She revealed that her stepfather had lived a few days longer than was planned by those who instigated his murder. The midwife Covelletti had put Mrs. Kaber and her mother in touch with two thugs named Salvatore Cala and Vittorio Piselli. These gentlemen were incredibly dumb, for a few days before the murder was actually committed they had gone to Kaber's house prepared to do their hired job, but found that Mrs. Kaber had not left the side door open, as agreed.

The next trial was successful. The brainless thugs, who had been balked by a locked door, went through with the assassination, receiving $500 between them for their efforts. Miss McArdle's part on that terrible night was to help make evidence of robbery by breaking the silver chest with an ice pick.

On the strength of her testimony Kaber's remains were exhumed with the result that it was established the dead man had been fed arsenic over a long period. It was the effects of this poison from which he suffered, and not from neuritis. He must have been a man of sturdy constitution. Consider: he was fed arsenic over a period of three months, and survived; he was stabbed no fewer than seven times—and even survived that savage butchery for thirty-six hours.

The Ladies are Thorough

Mrs. Kaber and her genial old parent were both sent to prison for life, while Miss McArdle was released—the poor girl having suffered unbearable mental torture under the domination of her mother.

Never before or since have I encountered a case in which the female psychology in murder was so thoroughly exemplified. The victim literally died a dozen deaths.

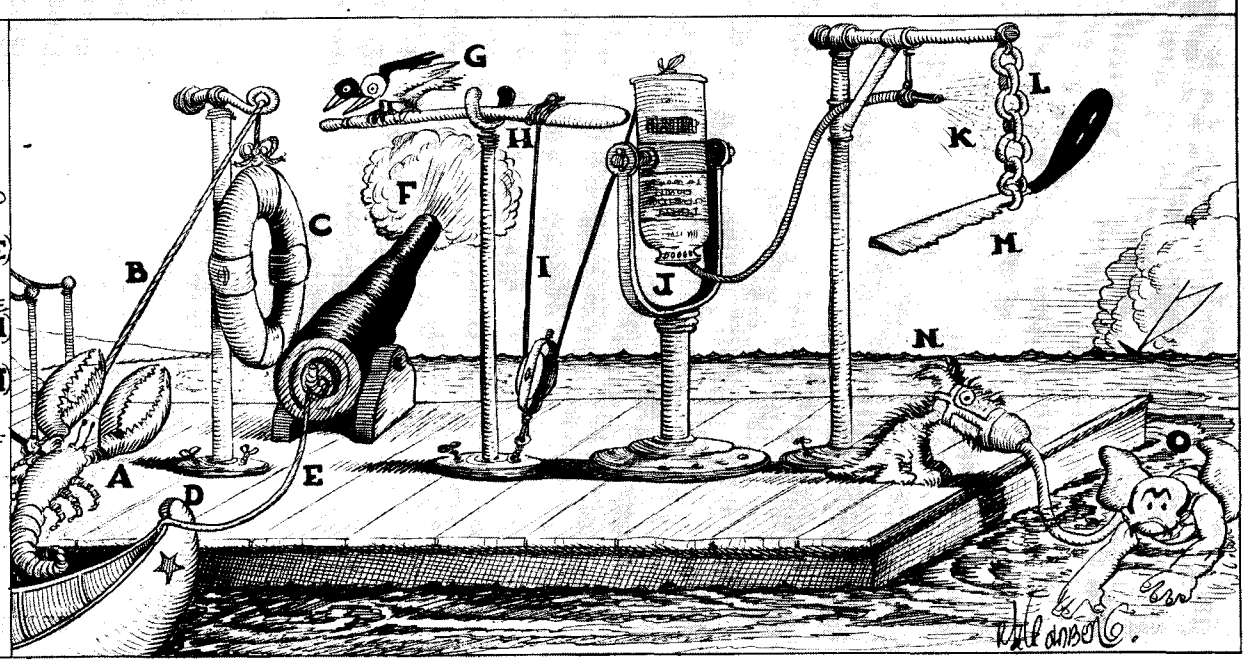
We are fairly familiar with violent

(*Continued on page 34*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

SOME ONE SENDS PROFESSOR BUTTS A BOMB THROUGH THE MAIL AND WHEN HE COLLECTS ALL THE PIECES HE FINDS AN IDEA FOR BLOWING UP WATER WINGS. LOBSTER (A) CRAWLS UP ON FLOAT AND BITES ROPE (B) IN TWO CAUSING LIFE PRESERVER (C) TO DROP AND ROLL AGAINST CANOE (D) FORCING IT TO DRIFT AWAY FROM FLOAT AND PULL ROPE (E) WHICH FIRES SALUTE (F). SEA GULLS (G) MISTAKE REPORT FOR THE SIGNAL OF SUNSET AND COME HOME TO ROOST. WEIGHT OF BIRDS ON OAR (H) CAUSES IT TO TIP AND PULLS CORD (I) WHICH REVERSES POSITION OF FIRE EXTINGUISHER (J) (ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS) FORCING ACID (K) TO SPRAY ON CHAIN (L). LINKS RUST AND EVENTUALLY BREAK, DROPPING RAZOR (M) WHICH CUTS HAIR OFF BRAZILIAN SPANIEL (N). SPANIEL CATCHES COLD, SNEEZES AND BLOWS UP WATER WINGS (O). IF RAZOR KILLS SPANIEL, THEN YOU WILL SINK AND NEVER KNOW THAT PROFESSOR BUTTS HAS FAILED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE.



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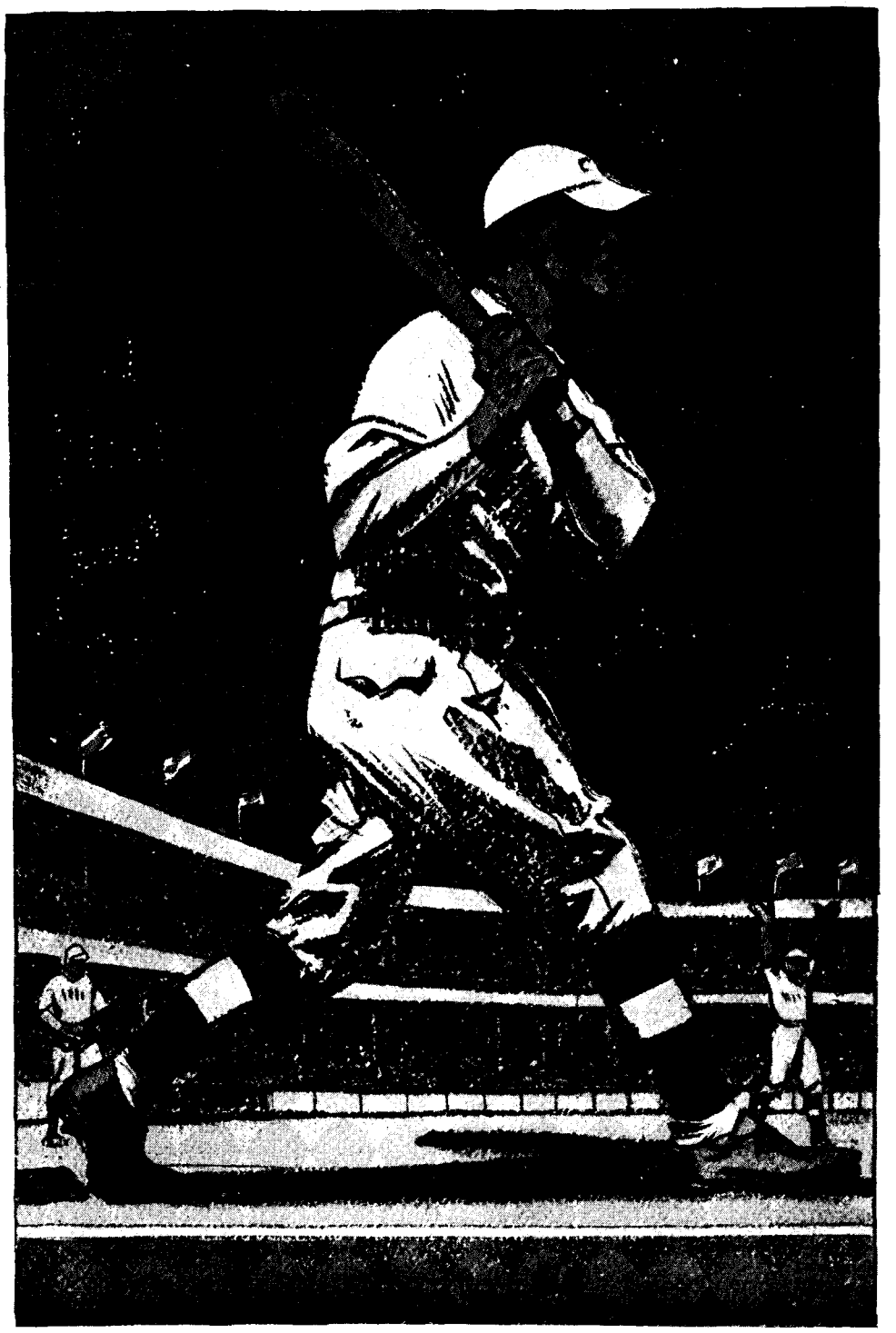
Last half of the ninth—nothing to nothing—three men on base —two out—two strikes—and he knocked a homer! *Where in those final exhausting moments did he get that nerve—cool, smashing power? Only from his* EXTRA QUOTA *of* STAMINA.



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It is the extra quota of stamina in Monogram Oil. It stands up because it is refined *only* from premium paraffin base crude, the *only* crude that can be refined to Monogram's standard of 25 percent more stamina. Monogram's quality is never sacrificed for quantity production.

It is easy to test the long-lived stamina of Monogram Oil. It is easy to prove the enviable reputation which it has enjoyed for thirty years. Have your crankcase filled with Monogram. Notice the immediate smoothing of your motor, whether cold or hot.

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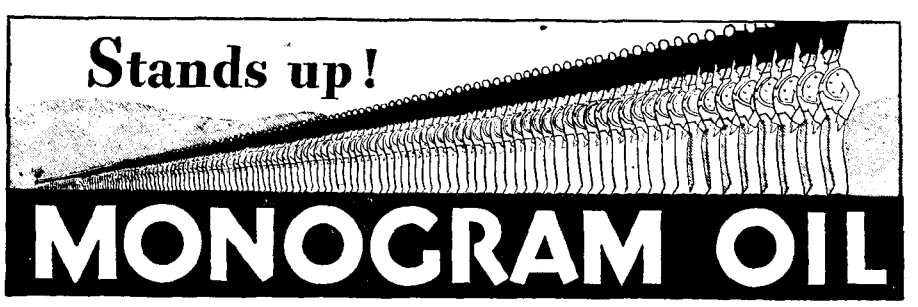
Jobbers and distributors in open territories are invited to communicate with us. Monogram is one *oil that never cuts the distributor out of the picture, when you build up a Monogram business it is yours to keep.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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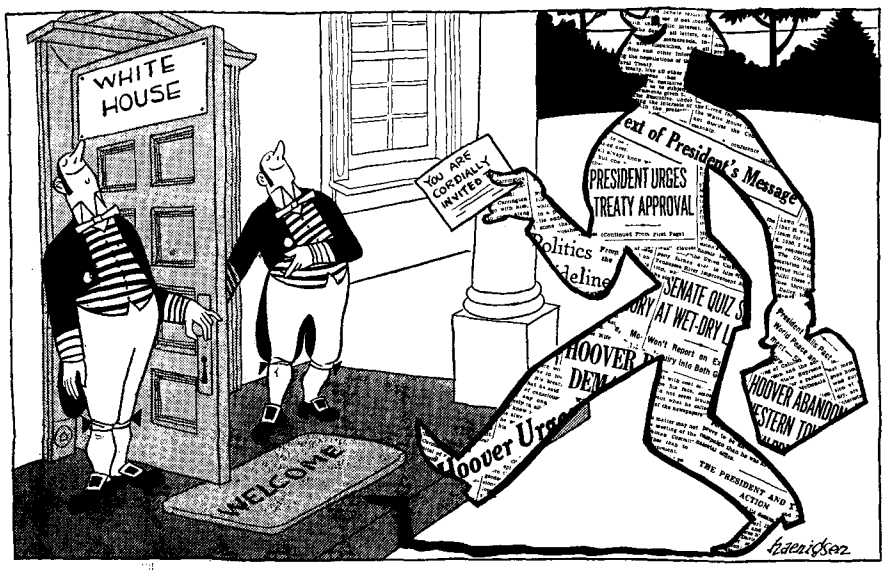

Feeding the Press

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE habit of entertaining newspaper men at the White House has been very greatly extended under the present and the previous administrations. President Wilson disliked newspaper men, and, being a Democrat, suffered a good deal from the partisan writing in the dominant Republican press. He had a few more or less personal organs whose editors were occasionally guests at the White House. But on the whole newspaper reporters were rather severely excluded.

Mr. Harding had a small-town friendliness for everybody, including newspaper reporters. He even went to the Press Club once to play cards with the correspondents who had been stationed in Marion after his nomination. That incident illustrates his attitude, an uncalculating, democratic freedom, something like what I imagine existed in the past. There was in his day little cultivation of the press, such as the suspicious might regard as calculating.

But the Great War had given enormous importance to publicity. Nations fought as much with their typewriters as with shot and shell. Publicity men, some of them, were on their way to be millionaires. And it was Mr. Coolidge who first perceived the new opportunities in publicity. I suppose more newspaper editors and proprietors slept between the White House sheets, enjoying the food at what President Taft called "the best hotel in the world," in Mr. Coolidge's all too short six years in the Presidency than had been similarly entertained there in all the previous existence of the nation.

A Host of Friends

The editor could write letters to his friends on White House stationery and, when he got back, tell the home folks what he had said to the President and that only the rule that one was not to disclose a President's conversation kept him from imparting confidences of great importance. The President's "Well, it looks like rain tomorrow," discreetly unrevealed, made the editor a great man to be envied and looked at open-mouthed back in his own town.

Naturally the boys writing for or handling copy on his paper said to themselves when any piece of news came from the capital, "The boss is a guest of the President," and judged its suitability accordingly.

Mr. Hoover has carried the custom of entertaining the press much farther. He has individual Washington correspondents in to dinner now and then, or takes one or two of them occasionally to his Rapidan camp.

The new development is easy enough to understand. Mr. Hoover has been in Washington a long time and knows more of the correspondents personally than any of his recent predecessors did. Mr. Harding had been there as senator from Ohio but he was not an important senator and was known only to the correspondents from Ohio. Mr. Coolidge, when he became President, had been here a short time as Vice President but the correspondents had not foresight enough to become acquainted with him; so he was known only to those who had come in contact with him in Massachusetts.

Returning the Compliment

Mr. Hoover, moreover, affects rather democratic guests. Not so many millionaires grace his table as sat about Mr. Coolidge's board. He entertains college presidents, educators, engineers, scientists and newspaper correspondents, as well as, of course, editors.

Somehow there has been a great softening of newspaper manners in recent years. The partisan slam-banging of the old days is over. You will find as many boosts for Mr. Hoover in the Democratic press as in the Republican press. And in spite of the fact that some people in Washington, when they read a rather friendly dispatch in a newspaper that might be expected to be critical, remark, "Oh, he was down at the Rapidan last week," I doubt whether the present abatement of partisanship is so simply explained.

Party lines have broken down. Mr. Hoover himself, it will be remembered, once appeared in doubt whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. Newspapers return the compliment. A good many of them are regularly in doubt whether they are Democratic or Republican. With the reduction in the number of newspapers, party lines on editorial pages and in news columns have broken down too.

The nominally Democratic newspaper has many Republican readers to think of. And conversely, this is true of the Republican paper. One has only to go back and read what was said of Mr. Cleveland in the press during the panic of 1893 and compare it with the sympathetic treatment of Mr. Hoover in the press during the present depression.

Mr. Wilson was the last President to look upon the correspondent of an opposition newspaper as a viper. There is no opposition press today. Which makes possible the new and pleasant hospitality at the White House. But if partisanship revived it would be awkward. There would have to be a great packing away of dress suits.

Women Overdo It

Continued from page 32

love crimes committed by women, and men match them in this respect. But when a lady of a household determines to be rid of a gentleman of the household whom she no longer loves—there you see feline ferocity at its worst.

This was never more strikingly exemplified than in the Snyder-Gray case—an atrocity that stirred the world's horror. That story's outlines are too familiar to need filling in. Ruth Snyder, oversexed wife of a prosaic magazine editor, rebelled at the monotony of life in Queens Village. She insured her husband's life without his knowledge and then, with her corset-salesman lover, plunged into a spuriously gay career, which ended with a lurid night. Albert Snyder, driving her home from a drinking party, went to his bedroom, unaware that Gray, the corset salesman, was lurking about the house.

Evidence Made to Order

Early the following morning, a Sunday, Mrs. Snyder's little daughter raised the alarm that her mother had been gagged and bound and her father killed by burglars.

A few hours after the first alarm I went out to the little brown cottage on a quiet suburban street. Ruth Snyder lay on the bed in her room, where she said burglars had attacked her. The celebrated sash weight and picture wire were already in police hands.

No amazingly scientific instinct, but the common shrewdness of a police detective, convinced me at once that this disheveled blonde with the powerful jaw was guiltily implicated, if not actually the killer.

Her eyes were pale and as hard as granite when she told me how she had been suddenly overpowered by a large, dark man—an Italian laborer. There was a crumpled Italian newspaper to prove it!

"He was fierce-looking," she said, "with a heavy black mustache."

"That sounds like something right out of the movies, Mrs. Snyder," I told her.

She glared at me—and that was a mistake. Not because a glare or two can ever hurt a detective's feelings, but a woman emerging from felonious assault who could be alert enough to resent a bit of sarcasm was a trifle too self-contained.

Mrs. Snyder's brazen defiance began to crumple when we confronted her in her bedroom with a policeman of the village, who could tell us nothing about Italian assassins but a great deal about Mrs. Snyder's local notoriety as a lady with, at least, queer notions of domestic tranquillity. Snyder cats had been known to dash out into the highways and throw somersaults after drinking Snyder milk; one Snyder dog, fed on prune whip, had charged head first at a passing truck, so emboldened was he with strychnine.

This immediate gossip from those called in during our first examination shook Mrs. Snyder's iron nerve a little. Within an hour she shifted from bristling suspicion of the police to frightened submission; then back again to stubborn defiance, which was not broken until her lover, the little corset salesman, broke down on the trip back from Syracuse to New York and told the whole frightful story.

Having had hours of conversation with both Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, there is no doubt in my mind that she dominated him throughout. The stamp of feline ferocity was upon that killing. When vicious thoroughness marks a murder it is not a case of *cherchez la femme*, but take the lady nearest the victim and the scene at the time of the murder; the rest is invariably easy.

I recall the cold determination of a recent murderess, which again exemplifies the utter recklessness of the woman killer once her mind is made up to kill.

Two women met in a department store on a certain morning, and appeared to be chatting quietly. One was Mrs. Oscar Martelliere, the other a Mrs. Saludes.

Anybody eavesdropping would have been surprised at the calmness of that conversation, considering its topic. Mrs. Saludes was proposing that Mrs. Martelliere divorce her husband so that she—Mrs. Saludes—might marry him.

The women parted. Mrs. Saludes went to Martelliere's insurance office and was shown in to Mr. Martelliere by his stenographer. This young woman, a Miss Gertrude Thompson, was newly hired that day. Busy assimilating the details of a new job, Miss Thompson did not observe much that was going on in her employer's office, nor overhear any important details of conversation. She remembered that Mr. Martelliere left the office first, and Mrs. Saludes did not leave until several minutes after. When Mrs. Saludes did leave she puzzled Miss Thompson by leaving a message with her for Mr. Martelliere's wife.

"If she calls," was the message, "tell her that Mr. Martelliere wouldn't listen to me."

Perplexed at this curious relationship of a third woman between her employer and his wife, Miss Thompson was more alert to see and hear when Mrs. Saludes returned that afternoon and again was ushered in to Mr. Martelliere.

Miss Thompson related that Mrs. Saludes, after a long argument, suddenly challenged Martelliere with the question:

"Are you going to do it?"

To this Martelliere replied:

"My office is no place to discuss such a matter."

Precise and Thorough

Then Miss Thompson heard two shots and turned around to see her employer crumple to the floor. Mrs. Saludes then bent over the stricken man and with the utmost deliberation fired three more shots into his chest.

Placing her revolver in her purse she bowed to Miss Thompson and left the office.

She proceeded to her attorney, where she recited, logically, the chain of events that led to the murder. How her husband had been an insurance client of Martelliere's. How she and Martelliere had lived together for months and she had in vain attempted to persuade Mrs. Martelliere to divorce her husband when Saludes had definitely gone to Paris to divorce her. Martelliere refused to bring action against his wife at Reno or anywhere else, and this led Mrs. Saludes to pronounce sentence of death on him, which she executed in cold blood.

If ever a murder was more systematically planned and carried out, I don't know about it. There was motive, there was malice aforethought, and there was the atrociousness of pouring five bullets into a defenseless man when the first had inflicted a fatal wound. A jury found Mrs. Saludes guilty of second-degree murder. I should like to know precisely what that jury thinks would constitute first-degree murder!

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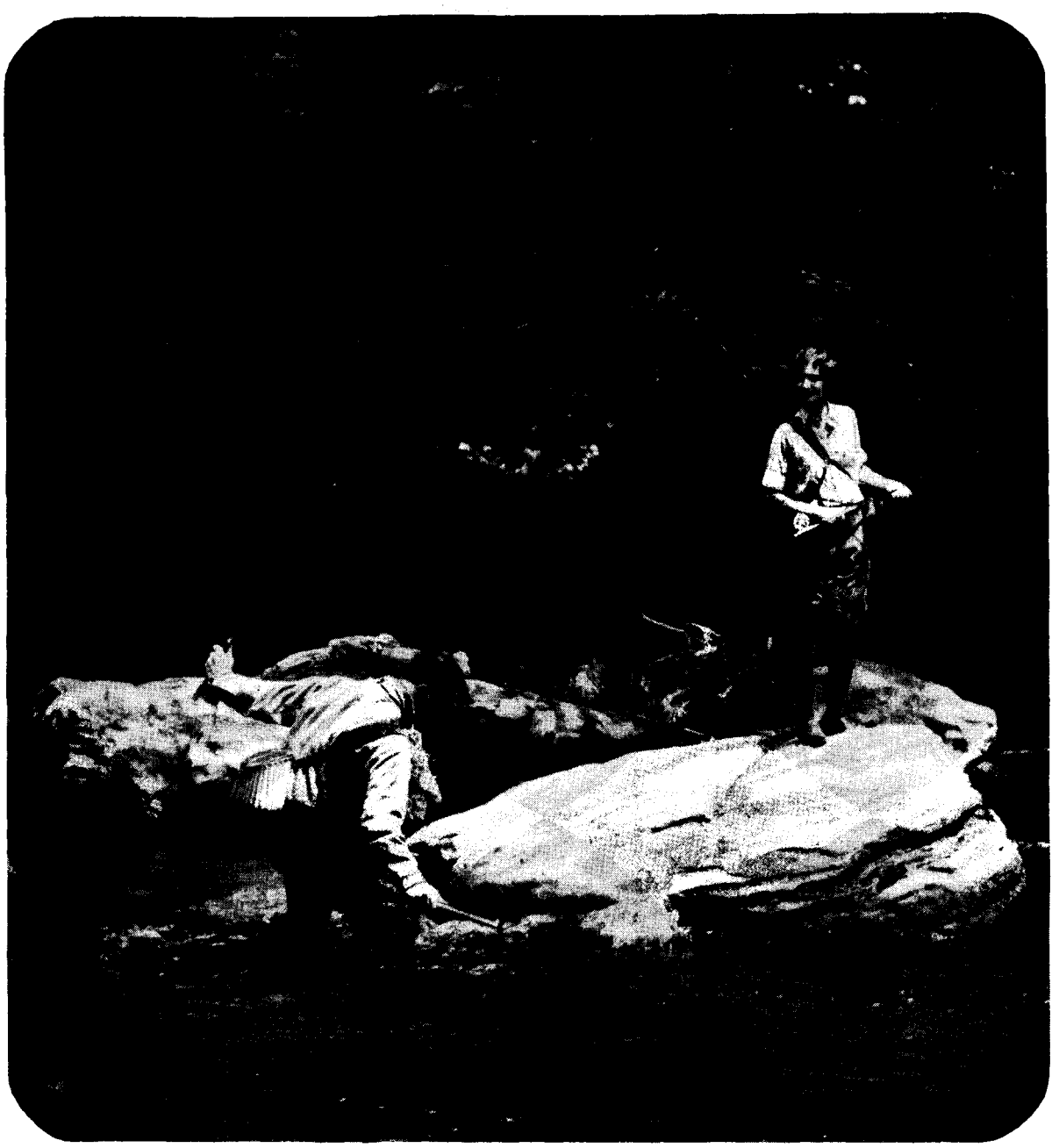
The Zip and Sing of a Taut Line

...the Sparkle and Coolness of a Clear Stream



THE rushing water is shadow-flecked . . . the wind stirs the leaves of the trees, the only sound. Poised he waits, and then the high, thin click of the reel as he casts. Here is a sportsman, finding vigor and exhilaration in the great outdoors.

Do you wonder that he, and countless others like him, drink "Canada Dry," the sportsman's beverage? For in its sparkling, cool, clear depths he finds the vigor of sport itself.

You, too, are a sportsman. You know the thrill of exercise. And you value excellence above all qualities. Then you probably drink "Canada Dry." For, like sportsmen, it has basic excellence.

The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. The method of carbonation is secret.

Such careful methods produce a ginger ale of matchless flavor. No wonder it has won world-wide acclaim! In famous New York clubs . . . in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . in the great hotels of London, Paris, "Canada Dry" is the choice of many, many people.

And in countless homes throughout this country this inimitable beverage adds its distinction and zest to dining. The Hostess Package of 12 bottles is an easy way to order it.

HAVE YOU TRIED — ?

Canada Dry's new Golden Ginger Ale. Never before have you tasted a golden ginger ale with such a marvelous flavor. The secret of its delight comes from a secret and exclusive process of beverage making. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

Canada Dry's new Sparkling Lime. This wonderfully refreshing beverage brings you the lure and romance of the tropics. Let it win you with its keen, cooling lime taste as it is winning countless others daily. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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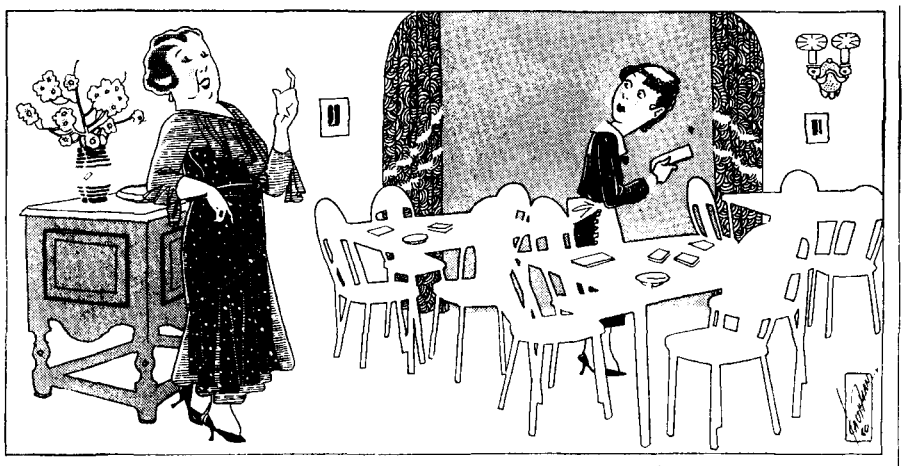

"Oh, and, Jane, you might remove the price marks from the bridge prizes. The inexpensive ones—that is"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. J-6 H 8-5-3 D. 3-2 C. A-10-9-6-5-3	
West S. Q-9-5 H. A-10-7-6-4 D. K-6-5 C. 4-2		*East* S. 8-7-4-3-2 H. Q-2 D. 10-9-8-4 C. K-7
	South S. A-K-10 H. K-J-9 D. A-Q-J-7 C. Q-J-8	

WITH the above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, played at Auction Bridge, South would bid one No Trump, which would obtain the contract.

At Contract Bridge, South, having all four suits safely stopped and a count of 21, would bid three No Trumps and there would be no other bid.

The hand was played at twenty-three tables in one of the many Duplicate Progressive Contract contests that were staged by Eastern clubs during the spring season and attracted attention because of the big differences between the scores at different tables. The hand was played upon the basis of both sides being vulnerable, which of course increased the opportunity for big "swings."

The Play

In the play, all twenty-three original leaders (the players sitting West) started with the Six of Hearts; in every case East played the Queen and at nineteen tables out of twenty-three South won with the King. At those nineteen tables the Declarer then led the Queen of Clubs from the South hand and finessed. The finesse losing, East returned his partner's Heart through the Jack-Nine in the closed hand; and as that Jack-Nine was forked by West's Ace-Ten, West was in position to capture without difficulty four Heart tricks which, with East's Club already won, made five tricks for the adversaries and the Declarer was set one for a penalty of 100.

It was interesting to note that at all of those nineteen tables the consensus was that the hand was a "pianola" defeat for the Declarer, and some thought that North, with a top-heavy Club hand, should have bid for game at Clubs instead of permitting South to wrestle with three No Trumps. Of course this was a purely post-mortem opinion and those who expressed it overlooked the patent fact that at Clubs the Declarer would surely have lost one Club, one Diamond and one Heart; so that bidding for game in Clubs would have produced neither game nor contract.

The loss which these players were seeking to avoid was not caused by North's bidding, but by South's play at all but four of the twenty-three tables. At four tables the Declarers (sitting South) noted that a Heart lead by East through South's Jack-Nine would be fatal if West had five Hearts, because West's lead showed that he must have Ace-Ten-Seven of that suit. The Four and Deuce of Hearts could not be located by Declarer, but if East held one and West the other (a probable distribution), and if East held the King of Clubs with which he would get the lead, winning the first trick must spill the game-going beans. These four Declarers also saw that if South ducked the first trick, playing the Nine under East's Queen of Hearts, he still would have a Heart stopper which must win the second or third round of that suit. Even with the Club finesse losing, one Heart trick would be all Declarer would need for game and if East continued Hearts after winning trick 1 with the Queen (which was to be expected) and West ducked the second trick, East would have no more Hearts to lead after the Club finesse if the adverse division were the dangerous 5-2. If East had three Hearts, West might duck the second Heart effectively, as in that case East would have a Heart to lead when he won with his King of Clubs—supposing that he had that King. But with a 4-3 Heart division East and West would be able to make only three Hearts plus their Club and Declarer would make game with two Spades, one Diamond, one Heart and five Clubs.

At the four tables where the respective Declarers played the Nine of Hearts on the first trick they made 105 for tricks and 500 for a vulnerable game in one hand; a total of 605 and a net gain of 705 over their nineteen rivals, who were penalized 100 points each.

It was interesting to note one more necessary play made at those four tables. After manipulating the Hearts as above described and losing the King of Clubs, every Declarer refused the tempting Ace-Queen-Jack finesse when a Diamond was led by East; only one Diamond trick was needed for game, and a lost Diamond finesse meant letting in West's Hearts.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. A-7-5 H. 7-6-5-3 D. 8-6-2 C. 8-4-2	*East* S. K-Q-J-4 H. Q-J-10-8 D. A-J-7 C. A-5
West S. 10-9-8-6-2 H. 9-4-2 D. 10-9-4-3 C. 3	*South* S. 3 H. A-K D. K-Q-5 C. K-Q-J-10-9-7-6

Dinner Guest

Continued from page 18

Three months later Westbrooke "Brooke West" Moore again walked down the Avenue. He passed Remsen's and with a cursory wave said, "You see? I said you'd be sorry." Then, standing carefully placed on the sidewalk in front of their door, he hailed a taxi. Fifteen minutes ago he had been made second assistant manager of the Hotel Gloucester. He felt he could not possibly wait until a bus could get him to Washington Mews and Priscilla.

Brooke West had been to the little house often since that first evening. For the last month he'd dined there almost three nights a week. Priscilla had come to look on his arrival after work in the evening as the rising of the sun and on his leaving as the waning of the moon. She had felt sure from the beginning that he cared the way she cared, but except for that one moment the day after he had, as he said, "given up the catering business to learn the hotel business because there was more future in it," he had never so much as held her hand.

Twice she had been on the point of asking him questions that should lead to an explanation of his reserve. Twice she had stopped because she had been afraid of what she might hear and felt happier knowing he would stop by each evening to visit for a moment at least on his way to wherever he kept his lair.

The taxi hurtled into the Mews and lurched to a stop before the little house. Brooke flung the driver a dollar and opened the door. In one bounce he had off his hat, crossed the room and grabbed Priscilla's hands.

He said, "I'm assistant manager now!"

"Brooky! You're not!"

"My worth," he said, "has just been recognized."

"Just?" said Priscilla.

"Come on," he said. "We'll go out and celebrate!"

Then for the second time he kissed her, because he felt that a man who has just been made second assistant manager of one of the biggest hotels in the city had a right to kiss a girl he is just about to ask to marry him. In a flood of words he got it out—a lot of stuff about a white house with roses in front of it and how from the moment he'd first seen her he'd known she belonged in it. And Priscilla, holding him close, was too happy to speak.

THEY stood so for perhaps a minute before the sound of a car outside in the Mews brought Brooke and the world he lived in back to their natural juxtaposition.

"Priscilla," she heard the catch in his voice as he said her name, felt something clutching her heart as she knew the thing that was keeping them apart was coming out of its hiding. "Priscilla, I—" Then the door opened and her father was standing there in the living-room.

Brooke started back guiltily, feeling the way he thought he'd feel if old Buzzbie had happened suddenly to pop downstairs that first night when he was saying good-by to Priscilla.

"Dinner guest, dinner guest, dinner guest. *You're* a *hired* dinner guest—and you're making love to *my daughter!*"

The chantey had been dancing through his head for months. At last, get it over with—glad the time had come—always scared when you went to the post—better, when you saw the first fence rushing at you.

He turned and said, "Hel-lo, Mr. Buzzbie!"

Buzzbie pottered on into the lighted part of the room. He said, "Hello, Brooke—stopping for dinner?"

"I—" said Brooke.

"There's plenty," said Buzzbie. "Besides, I want to talk to you."

"Urrooo," said Brooke. (He meant. "This is the end of everything.") He followed Buzzbie into the little tumbledy topsy-turvy sort of a room that Priscilla called the study.

"I've been checking up on you at the Gloucester," said Buzzbie.

Dinner guest—dinner guest—dinner guest!

Given a little brine in his system, Brooke's blood would have turned to ice. Almost unconsciously, he said, "Great hotel, the Gloucester! Two to eight dollars! You simply can't equal the place anywhere in the city!"

"I don't want to," said Buzzbie.

"What?"

"I don't want to," said Buzzbie again. "Wortly-Brown and two other men and myself are putting up a much better hotel than that on Long Island—south shore. Be a big resort. We had a meeting this afternoon and decided we want you to take over the management."

BROOKE shut his eyes and tried hard to think of Horatius. Then he took a deep breath and stood up. He hunched forward the way he used to when he'd be going at a big fence in a cup steeplechase. He said, "Mr. Buzzbie—I—there's something I've got to tell you."

"About Priscilla?" said Buzzbie. "I rather had her in mind when I suggested you to my associates, you know, but I had to wait until I was satisfied you'd earned the thing."

"No," said Brooke, "about—" It stuck in his throat. "About myself."

Buzzbie laughed. He began to root about in his desk among its teeming pigeonholes. He pulled out a clipping and handed it to Brooke. He said, "Take a look-see."

Brooke looked at the clipping. It was from one of the Sunday rotogravure sections. There were two pictures. One was of himself, taken in the old days; carnation in buttonhole, limousine in background, arriving at Bailey's Beach. The other was of a little boy in khaki uniform blowing a bugle.

"The one with the flower is you," said Buzzbie. "I'm the Boy Scout."

For a second the room spun.

"You mean," said Brooke, "that you knew—that night at—" He got stuck again. "At dinner?"

Buzzbie got up and came over and put his hand on Brooke's shoulder.

"Why wouldn't I?" he said. "I own Remsen's—the people who put you in bankruptcy."

"You?" Moore could hardly believe his ears. "You—put—me in bankruptcy?"

Buzzbie patted his shoulder.

"Sure," he said. "Sometimes bankruptcy is the only chance a man has to get square. He can't do it so long as everybody can get at him for money. You were too damn' square to put yourself in and you were a good customer. Why shouldn't I do that for you?"

Brooke didn't answer. He was seeing things again that had once seemed a long way off. He said, "Am I still a good customer?"

Buzzbie looked away. "Sure," he said. "Why?"

"Because," said Moore, "I'd like to send my fiancée a dozen roses in the morning."

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A "VERY GOOD DIET. . . AND SO TO BED. . ."

Wrote Samuel Pepys after his stay at the Sign of the George in 1668

Travelers on the Exeter Road in old England drove hard to reach the Sign of the George in Salisbury before nightfall . . . for at the George the feasting was famous and long-drawn-out . . . even the very particular Samuel Pepys commended the George in his famous diary . . . But those are bygone days . . . Now we live speedily, eat speedily, recognize the need for vitamins.

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

And so today we enjoy our "double-rich" malted milk at the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond

For the top quality—that extra richness of Borden's Malted Milk—has taught us that the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond is worth looking for. When fatigue creeps upon us in the wane of the afternoon, we drink a Borden's. How quickly we rebound with new-born energy. When more substantial fare is needed, how delicious a sandwich with a brimming Borden's tastes. No wonder the best fountains are eager to display the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond!

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Boeing's Fun

Continued from page 26

were then as yet untouched by the steel blight, and where today there still lives the only virgin stand of lumber available to timbermen in the United States.

Boeing the elder had plenty of latitude in Washington for whatever genius it takes to hire some men to knock down trees and other men to saw them and still other men to sell them at a profit. Young William E., when he turned his back upon the severe Sheffield quizzes, found wealth and power and social position—in short, a capitalistic career—already hewn out for him.

A Runaway Hobby

Thus he might have dallied and prospered indefinitely if an engineering microbe—implanted, perhaps, by Sheffield Scientific School but certainly not suspected there—had not turned his mind from trees to tappets. This new thing of flying seemed to offer an outlet to the imagination and energy of a dilettante engineer, and Bill Boeing became a Saturday-afternoon aviator. In 1915, when he was in his mid-thirties, he took a course in aëronautics somewhere in California and bought himself a flying machine.

Boeing, when he and his fellow hobbyists were busy upon that first seaplane, had no idea that his hobby would soon be wagging him. The trouble was—he can see it all now, as he reflects—that having lots of money, a condition from which few of his competitors suffered then, he was able to design and build a very good flying machine. The aviation world heard about it and, led by the United States army, beat a path to the palatial doorstep deep in the heart of the Highlands, Seattle's nobbiest residential park. And Bill Boeing suddenly found himself building a small factory, hiring thirty men and turning out Boeing flying boats with an enthusiasm and pride excelling those he had felt for the lumber business. After all, this was his own idea.

Ruskin's famous eulogy of warfare as the source of a nation's vigor and of scientific progress finds a fulsome echo in the aviation industry. Here is one science that owes its bones to the vitamins of war, its sinews to the peacetime drills of armies and navies. Aërial pioneers turned naturally to the military for backing. The first impulse of the Wright brothers was not to publicize their Kitty Hawk achievement in the hope of interesting Wall Street, but to convince the army that here was a new weapon worth putting under contract. Wilbur Wright canvassed every important army head in Europe when our own yawned.

In 1916, however, with the lesson of the first year of war in Europe before them, the skepticism of the intellectuals comprising our general staff had changed to panic, and the aviation industry became the stepchild of an army that was spending freely for anything that would stay in the air long enough to come down without breaking—too much. This spectacle constitutes what economists call "military encouragement of commerce." And Bill Boeing's little one-room factory hurried along with the general flood of encouragement.

It was then that his emphatic traits of personality and method made Boeing known at large to the industry of which he was to become a great leader. He did not think that flying was romantic. It was just another kind of business to him. He did not think that pilots were heroes; they were just skilled workmen in his cool eye. He has never submitted to the belief that there is anything secret or mysterious or magical about flying. If he had, he would have waited for his pontoons and been grateful for them whenever he got them. These radical ideas caused some lifted eyebrows and hurt looks among aviators; it has been difficult to disabuse many old-time flying men of the notion that they are super-beings privy to secrets beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. Besides, barnstorming gate receipts depended upon the general fostering of this notion.

But Bill Boeing went his quiet way. He is patient—an attribute common to lumbermen who, while they know that great oaks from little acorns grow, also know that for every little acorn that germinates a dozen rot; that even after growth has started precautions must be vigilantly exercised against forest fire, blight, drought, weed-choking and sundry other obstacles or there won't ever be any great oak tree.

Therefore, Bill Boeing—now, as at first—thinks before he plans. The hobbyists of fifteen years ago have been replaced by a factory wingful of smart, imaginative, young engineers whose sole task, in return for liberal pay checks, is to let their minds run riot in blueprints—and send these up to the boss. There is an engineer's millennium!—getting paid to dream.

"Do you have any suggestions, Charles?"

Next, Boeing plans before he builds. There are other engineers in another wing who take the soundest of the notions from the idea wing, combine them with accepted practices, polish them off for the boss and his advisers, and when approval has been obtained, make practical drawings for the manufactory. One illustration of Boeing's thoroughness in planning will suffice: whenever a design has been accepted for production, he causes a complete and full-sized model of it to be made up in wood. Nothing is missing from this model; even the pilot's controls and navigating instruments are in place. When it is ready Boeing calls in his pilots and has them sit in and size up the ship. The designers may have thought they had struck the last note in cockpit design, but the practical flyers will find, perhaps, that the fire extinguisher mounting interferes with the free movement of the stick to the right; or that the seat is too straight for comfort. The ship is an eight-passenger cabin job, say. Eight big fellows are selected haphazardly to come in and sit in the wooden airplane. Several complain of want of leg-room. The eight-passenger ship then becomes a six-passenger one. And so on. When the model is finally released for manufacture it has been thoroughly carped over and grouched in and revised to suit all the factory's malcontents.

All the foregoing seems an obvious industrial credo; yet anyone who visits much in the factories of America knows how rare are its beautiful simplicity and sweet reasonableness, particularly in newer industries. Here is another Boeingism—also absurdly obvious, but a precaution not amiss in an industry upon whose manufactured product human lives depend. In- and outside his factory there are tacked up placards reading: "Don't Cover Up Your Mistakes."

These idiosyncrasies did not add quick luster to the name of Boeing in aviation; but they did engender a reputation which added some profitable contracts to the Boeing ledgers, including one—just after the war, when aviation languished again—from the army for two hundred pursuit ships.

A year later, in 1920, Boeing made his first commercial venture. Eddie Hubbard, one of the original band of Seattle hobbyists and a bold-minded and brave-hearted young man who was to become an important and colorful figure in the aviation industry and in the Boeing Company especially, before his untimely death, took a contract to carry international mail. The Post Office Department was flying its own domestic air mail in those days, but it couldn't cross borders; and a feeder line from Seattle to Victoria, the lovely capital of British Columbia, was in order. Bill Boeing furnished the seaplane, and Eddie Hubbard did his own piloting, beginning on October 15, 1920. It is one of Boeing's most prideful reflections that the original seaplane is still capable of flight, having outlived nine motors and its pilot.

In the optimism aroused by his army contract and by the signs the air-mail service was beginning to write across the skies, Boeing pushed the walls of his factory over more and more of the flatlands near the head of Elliot Bay. However, seven years were to intervene before the May night when a young man was to set his wheels down in Paris and tell those who ran out to meet him, "I'm Charles A. Lindbergh." And some of those years were mighty lean for the men who were building airplanes and wondering what to do with them.

Drought times in any industry test its business brains and courage. Many of the names painted on ships in those days are no longer in the airplane blue book. Bill Boeing could have quit aviation and gone back to the profitable seclusion of his fir forests, but his hobbyist's enthusiasm had been succeeded, evidently, by a businesslike vision of the future possibilities of flying, and he chose not to run. He looked around his listless shop and said this won't do. Forthwith he put his idle machines and employees to manufacturing furniture in between the hours they were processing a casual airplane or two. The furniture carried the overhead, and Bill was even considering adding the manufacture of children's toys to his repertoire when the turn was reached.

Bidders Got "Cold Feet"

In 1927 the Post Office Department, which was finding its wings a trifle unwieldy and as apt to get tangled in politics as in mail bags, was seeking private contractors to carry on the air-mail routes. Some transfers, indeed, had already been effected; but there remained, prominently, the Chicago-San Francisco division. Many would-be bidders, thinking optimistically of the hundreds of miles of level prairies and of the pellucid atmosphere of the Far West, where on clear days a one-eyed pilot might spot a gopher hole at fifteen miles, rushed into specifications. Most of them withdrew, however, when mature reflection brought in the rest of the picture—the scores of miles of jagged mountains and lifeless deserts, the fogs and blizzards of the Rockies and the cyclones of the plains.

Bill Boeing, while the rush was on, sat back in his patient way and when he wasn't making figures on his desk pad he was staring dreamily into space, searching for the courage to believe the thing his business brains and experience were telling him he could do. He found it; and the bid he sent in was so much lower than that of any competitor that the Post Office officials, grinning cynically as they remembered what it had cost the government to operate that stretch, felt it necessary to impose two additional stipulations before they gave him the award, automatically, as low bidder: First, he must agree to continue operation of the route for a certain period even though he sustained losses. Second, he must begin full-scale operations with-

(*Continued on page 41*)

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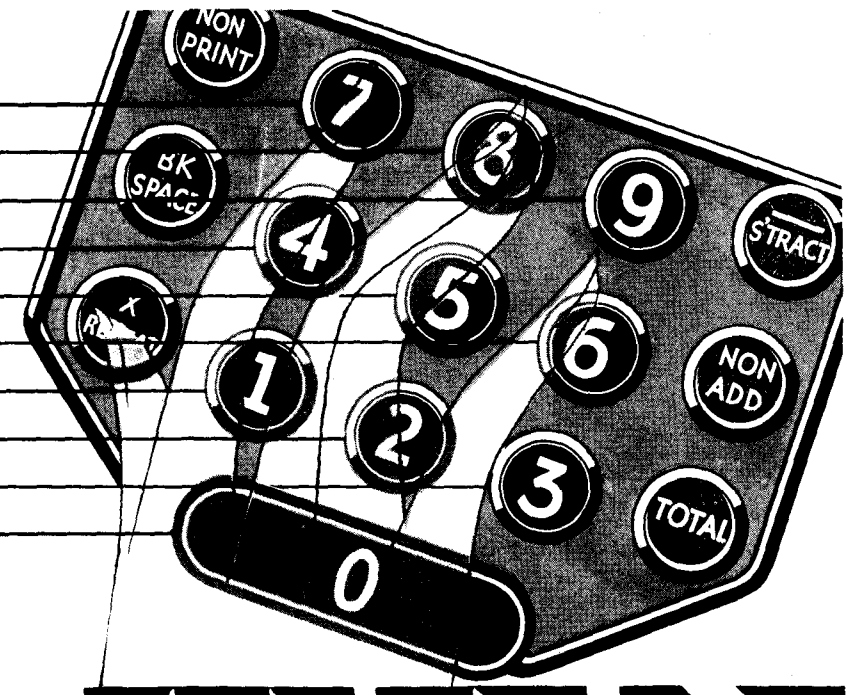

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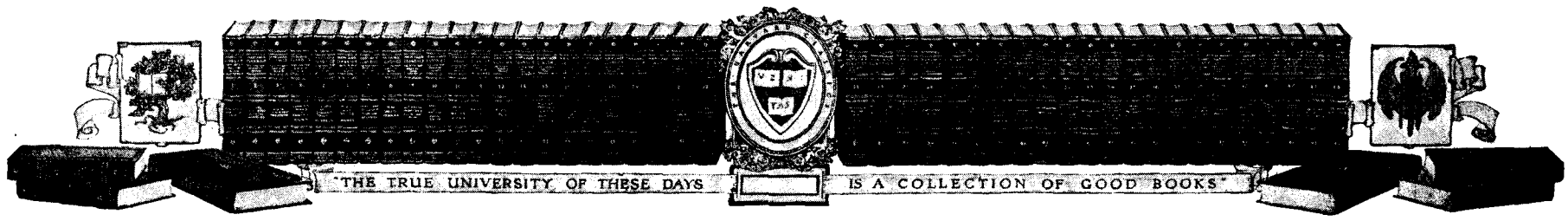

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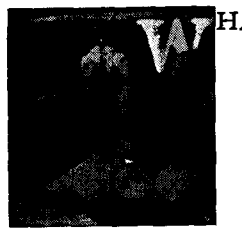

WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

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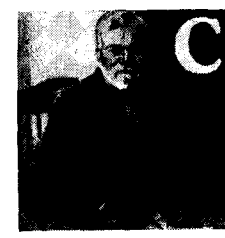

CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

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Why some people are always welcome

MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."

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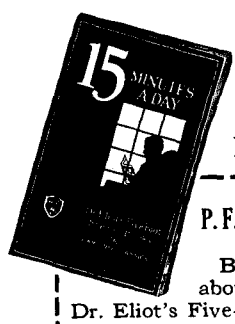

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Boeing's Fun

Continued from page 38

in 150 days. Mind you, he had nothing then but the idea. Yet he accepted.

The aëronautical industry sat back to see its foremost exponent of business efficiency and short cuts, as opposed to romance and daring, take his first licking. It had predicted lickings for Bill Boeing before; notably when he was low bidder for the 200 army planes immediately following the war. It had been fooled then. But it could not be fooled now, for he had undershot reason.

The route with which he had undertaken to joust stretched 1,943 miles over extremely varied terrain, where temperatures range from 20° below to 120° above. The ships he would have to build must be capable of lifting heavy loads from sea level at Chicago to 10,000 feet over Sherman Pass near Cheyenne, and the Wasatch Range, near Salt Lake, and at 12,000 feet over the Sierras west of Reno.

This Business of Flying

Boeing had some earnest conferences with his executives—he is what is known to professors in schools of commercial science as an "organization man." For 149 days the place hummed. On the 150th day the last of twenty-five mail planes had been specially designed, constructed and placed at strategic points along the San Francisco-Chicago route, and a ground organization had been fabricated. At midnight on the 150th day Boeing took up his contractual job. When the next designated day came due—the end of the period for which he had guaranteed operation regardless of debits, he was so far from being in the predicted hole that he was pocketing profits. He has never lost money on his air-mail operations. He has never built any more furniture.

And the aëronautical industry has accepted Boeing as a symbol of what can be done with commercial flying when business sense rides the wings and leaves romance to the story books. For instance, the old fable that "the air mail always goes through" will bring a quiet smile to Bill's face. For he knows that there are days when the mail cannot go through without serious danger to the pilot and the sacks. And he knows that dead pilots and lost mail mean weakened public confidence; that smashed planes mean red figures on the books. His business sense tells him that in the very nature of modern flying, with the equipment and facilities now used, it cannot be as clocklike as railroading. He knows that air travel offers some advantages the rails cannot match; but that to gain these the customer must pay a chance—perhaps two or three in a hundred—that he won't keep up to schedule. Boeing's caution has filtered down the ranks to his flyers; only one of them has been killed in the 10,000,000 or so miles that the company has flown to date. He was a new man.

Of the twenty-five mail planes Boeing put into operation in 1927, nineteen are still in everyday use because one of the features his business training dictated was an efficient service department. It was the policy of the government when it operated the air mail to destroy a plane after it had 1,000 hours of flying; some of Boeing's have now had more than 3,000 hours.

Boeing, thinking of the virtues of mobility, had told his designers when he explained the sort of airmail plane he wanted: "Put in two seats in addition to the pilot's and to the mail cockpit. Then we can have mechanics go along or extra pilots who are needed elsewhere."

The two seats were built in but the mechanics rarely got a chance to ride; right at the beginning a woman showed up at the western terminal and said she had heard they had seats in the mail planes and she wanted to fly to Chicago. She must have told her friends. Before Boeing built a single passenger ship he had flown more than 8,000 passengers. Today he has regular passenger service with four-seat ships between Seattle and Los Angeles, and with twelve-seat ships between San Francisco and Chicago.

Successful with his own mail venture, he presently bought up the Pacific Air Transport, which shuttles mail the 1,100 air miles between Los Angeles and Seattle. He was growing steadily in power and influence and still had army and navy contracts in addition to his commercial activities. Other air-mail operators were beginning to buy whatever ships he could spare to them. Then, with the sudden post-Lindbergh mushrooming of commercial aviation, his business mind dictated another step, and what he did set the fashion in aviation mergers. He realized that the industry, be its leaders no matter how heavily pursed, was not financially self-contained; and that its loose articulation and unrelated factories made for disastrous and expensive running around in circles. So he modestly took his ideas to the National City Bank in New York, and with the connivance of fellow leaders in aëronautics such as Fred Rentschler of Pratt and Whitney, and Chance Vought, the United Aircraft & Transport Corporation was formed—the first air trust. The bankers were in, and aviation had become big business.

Boeing has a spare, strong figure, somewhat above average height, and he is pleasant-looking, fair of hair and skin, boyishly freckled. His professorial manner surprises people who have known him only through his business feats. He is genial, affable, and polite.

He knows all the sixty or more pilots who fly his lines and he thinks they are all nice fellows, while he is their ideal of a great man and a gentleman. Whenever he wants to fly, a hurry call goes out from Seattle for "Slim" Lewis, the chief pilot of the Boeing lines. Slim is the second ranking airmail pilot of the United States and he has had nearly 10,000 hours in the air.

Careers in the Air

So Slim, wherever he may be, puts on his spectacles and his soft fedora hat and gets into a plane and flies sedately up to Seattle.

Bill and as often as not Mrs. Boeing and the three little Boeings, too, get into the plane and Slim flies them wherever they want to go, and back.

Boeing has established his own school of aëronautics in California and he awards scholarships to graduates of recognized engineering colleges, seeing them right through to transport pilots' licenses. He is a great believer in the opportunities open to smart young people for careers in the air.

His airplane building plant in Seattle is one of the largest in the world. Eight of the ten ranking air-mail pilots in the United States fly his ships. His original thirty factory hands have grown to 1,500. Half the nation's air-mail poundage is carried in ships he builds. And as he flies benignly from place to place with Slim Lewis he reflects upon what a hobby can do to a sportsman, if he doesn't watch out.

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Unaccustomed as you are to sending notes to the companion of your joys and sorrows, please place the coupon below in her lily white hands!

For in all probability it is she—*and not you*—who buys the tooth paste you are using!

For women, you know, buy 84 per cent of all the tooth paste sold. They direct, if they do not dictate, the tooth brushing habits of men!

If you are not now getting Ipana, you may be missing the tooth paste you'll prefer above all others.

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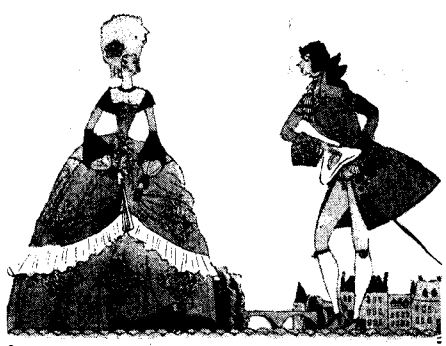
Even if your gums bleed rarely—if your "pink tooth brush" seldom bothers you—use Ipana. Its two-fold protection is good common sense.

So ask your wife to get a tube the next time she buys the tooth paste. Whiter teeth; sturdier, healthier gums will be your reward!



To my more than Better Half:

As the head of my household and bursar of the budget, may I respectfully suggest that, on my behalf and yours, you include upon your list of drug store necessities, one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*_____

Fall Guy

Continued from page 14

Truex's discovery took weeks, in which time his wardrobe slackened, although he pressed his clothes by the mattress method—inefficient in his case, for he's a slight sleeper—both ways.

Finally, he suspended his hope of becoming a New York show sensation. He hoofed it all the way from a hall-bedroom uptown to an arcade on Fourteenth Street, where two mercantile young men named Marcus Lowe and Adolph Zukor operated, with the aid of another young man named Al Kaufman, a huge penny arcade. For twelve hours a day, seven days a week, Ernest Truex, boy tragedian of the great West, sold pennies: his pay a dollar a day.

"And a dollar a day," he muses in current affluence, "keeps nothing away—not even hunger."

Lulls occurred even in the thriving penny arcade, lulls due to a growing public appetite for store shows in which moving pictures portrayed the familiar runaway train in the Alps. During these lulls Truex had a praiseworthy habit of reading plays. His employers caught him at it.

"You're here to sell pennies," they said, in chorus. "When trade is dull, practice counting. It makes you quicker making change."

"I want to be an actor," pleaded Mr. Truex.

His employers said something that may freely be interpreted as: "Yeah?"

Spot the time ten years after the penny arcade. The scene is a large, luxurious office filled with great men of the soaring motion picture industry. All the great men were smoking huge cigars—except the two great men who ran that division of the industry; namely, Messrs. Zukor and Kaufman.

Mr. Belasco was there with his twin fox-tails of hair and his unpunctuated collar. He had just announced that a certain promising actress, named Mary Pickford, was quite satisfied with the picture people's terms for her services as leading lady in The Good Little Devil. He likewise nominated the actor who would play the lead opposite her.

"Trot him in," barked one of the big executives.

Strong men pushed back the doors and there entered a dapper, pleasant young gentleman, who bowed with a shade of noblesse. He stated his terms while Mr. Zukor scrutinized him. The terms were substantial, some of the great men thought they were too substantial. One of the great men uttered:

"He thinks he's worth his weight in gold."

"Platinum," said the sage Mr. Zukor.

Adoption of "Boy" Proffered

Mr. Truex married a charming lady who was one of the original "Hello" girls in the popular Havana. He had two lusty sons, and there is point to this, for his portrayal of the sleuthing kid in The Dummy deceived even astute critics—and there were a few of those in New York, the headquarters of the drama, at that time. They praised him again as a boy wonder.

Doris Keane, a romantic actress then at the height of stardom, saw the show at a matinée. She was much impressed. On her embossed notepaper she wrote the manager of the play, inquiring about the bright boy in the leading rôle, confessing that she sympathized with him greatly—so greatly, that she wanted to adopt him and care for his future.

A meeting was arranged. Mr. Truex met Miss Keane.

"I'm flattered beyond words," he said, using the only words anybody can use for such an occasion. "But I'm not all there is to adopt."

He waved a hand and his sons toddled in.

"Oh," said Miss Keane.

From The Dummy, Ernest Truex made his foray into motion pictures, having the benefit of direction by Edward Potter—who made Mary Pickford's first picture and smoked, talked and cranked a camera in every picture he made, all three at the same time.

He escaped pictures and there followed a string of successes with Very Good, Eddie; The Very Idea and another in the title of which he tried to insert "very" and might have but for a stubborn author. They called it Six-Cylinder Love and it ran for ages.

"William LeBaron wrote The Very Idea," says Mr. Truex, "and he had much to say in direction. So much to say that he rediscovered me for myself. In one scene he confessed dissatisfaction, and rather irritated me.

"'You're talking to the girl,' he said, 'and I get the idea that she's a very nice person, but somehow she loses my sympathy while she's talking with you.

"'The trouble is,' said he, 'that you arouse more sympathy than the girl.'

"'That's my mistake,' I said, eager to agree.

"No,' said LeBaron. 'It's your forte.'

The Making of a Jockey

"He rewrote the bit to stress this quality of helplessness he had found in my portrayal of the character—and the bit clicked. To a degree that sent my mind back several years to Lillian Russell.

"I was in Toronto at the Woodbine track. Plunging, I lost all my twenty-three dollars and was most despondent. There came a vision of beauty.

"'My boy,' it uttered in a rich, sweet voice, 'I think you're lucky.'

"Naturally I blinked, and rubbed fingers and thumbs in empty pockets.

"'I mean,' said the vision, 'that I'm going to back whichever mount is yours this afternoon.'

"'Lady,' I said, 'I'm not a jockey. I'm an actor.'

"Miss Russell took me in tow.

"'You'll be a jockey,' she said. 'If I thought you were a jockey so will any audience.'

"And just like that she made me the jockey in Firefly, the worst and most successful race track play ever produced."

Anybody who saw him in that delicious morsel called The Fall Guy will agree that he had the spirit, whether or not he carried it into business beyond the footlights.

The Prince Approves

Truex's portrayal of the little badgered clerk pitifully grilled by detectives who had caught him in the act of conveying dope was a masterly tug at heartstrings.

He took that play to London. A bold thing to do, for it was American genre of the rawest quality.

But the Prince of Wales made the play fashionable. He saw the play twice and confessed back stage that he relished American slang.

"And I'd like to know, Mr. Truex," said His Royal Highness, "something that mystifies me. What is the distinction, in your slang, between bozo and bimbo?"

Mr. Truex couldn't answer that one.

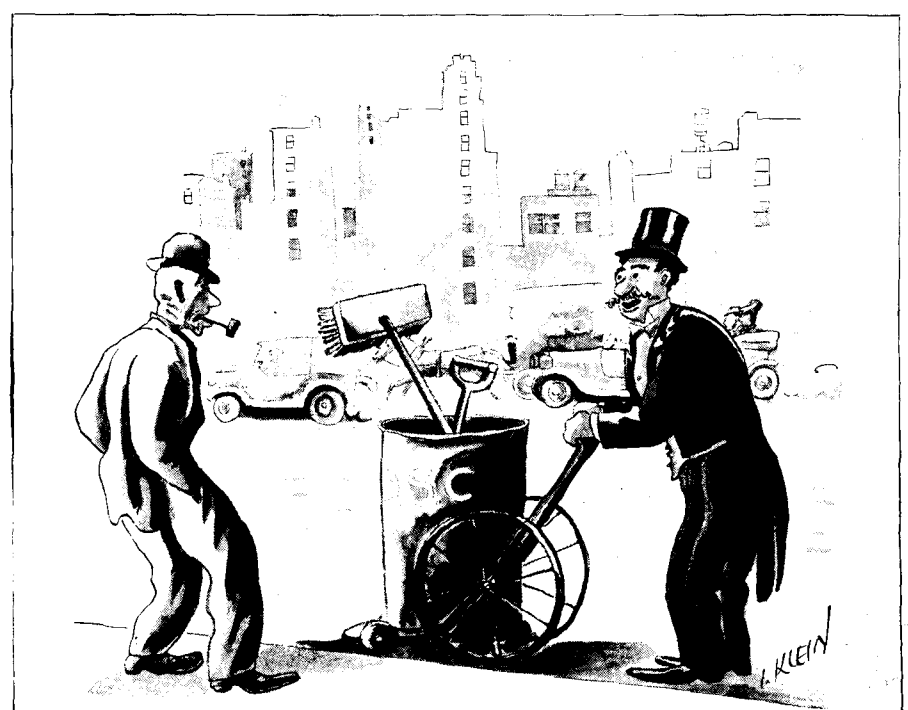
"I played three years in England, where I had been booked to play three months," says Truex.

Just as he had established himself as a light comedian in England, Mr. Truex will tell you, fate caught him napping. He saw an elegantly sad play called Still Waters—a piece of quiet, poignant drama, entirely gunless. In London he made people weep—in New York, too, but not enough people wept.

"That's the trouble with being a 'natural,'" he philosophizes as he gazes over Central Park from a totally adequate apartment. "You can't escape it. From boy Hamlet to transatlantic star—a fall guy's a fall guy."

And as he puckered eloquent brows over an extravagant telegram he sighed—and satisfied his visitor's curiosity. It was a bid to play the militantly amorous lead in the classically naughty Lysistrata.

What complaint has a fall guy who always falls on his feet?



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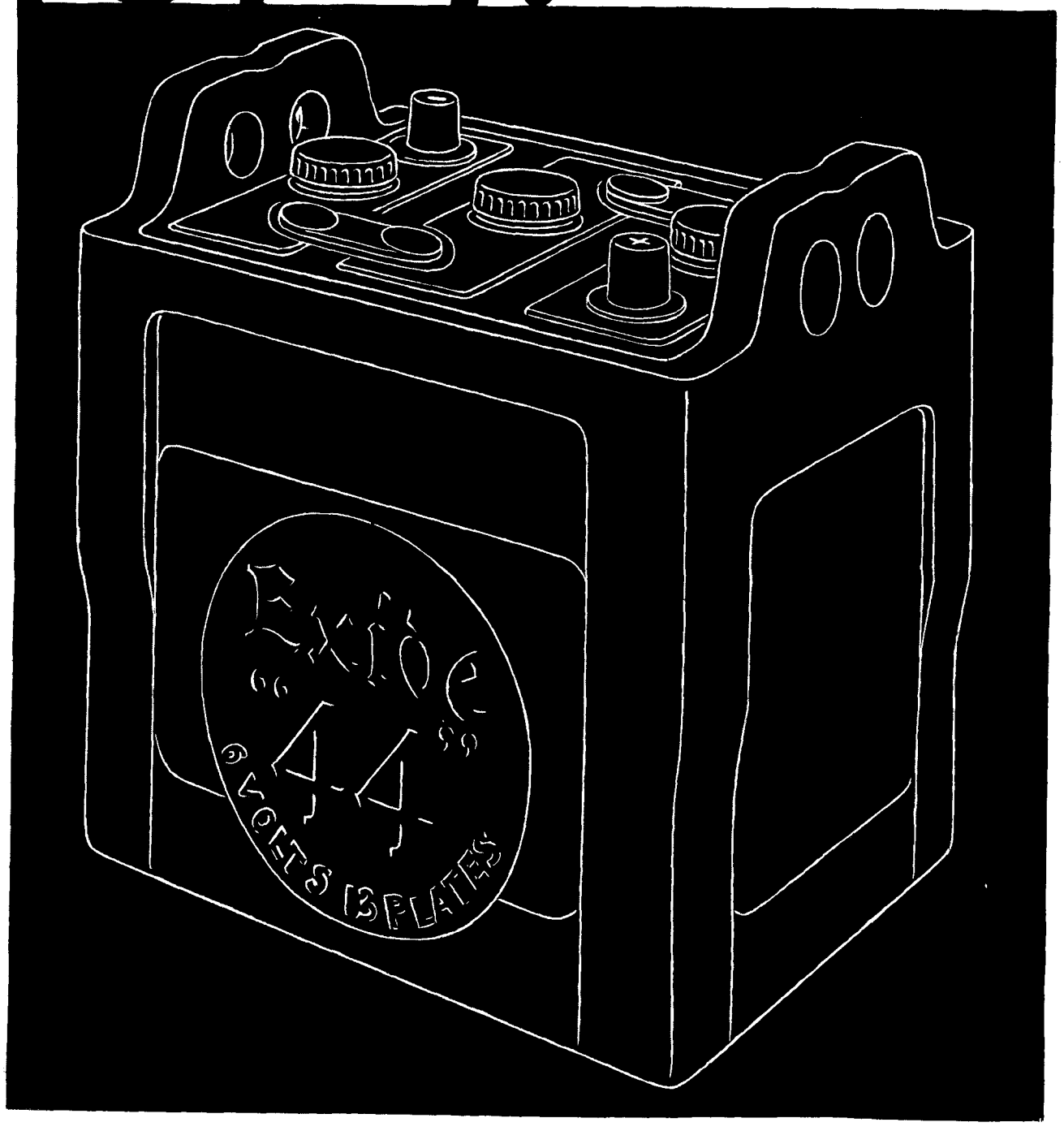

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ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.

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5¢ the cigar WITH THE 10¢ TASTE

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If dealer can't supply you, send 25¢ for trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York.

Atchison Always Wins!

Continued from page 9

she protested and pleaded with him; but when she saw her efforts were in vain, and with a relentless alternative fixed in her mind, she induced him by some ruse to sign the suicide agreement, if indeed his signature is not a forgery. That was to be her defense. I charge that when she wrote that paper, murder was in her heart; and that when Paul stood by his determination she unhesitatingly carried her dark purpose into effect.

"But she had not time to set her stage fully before she was interrupted by the knocking of the policeman on the door. Faced then by the many discrepancies between her story and the obvious facts, she attempted to harmonize them by this wildly improbable tale of the open door, and the suggestion of an intruder.

"BUT it doesn't hold water, gentlemen. That sleeve of hers was not torn on a doorknob, or the scratch inflicted on her arm by the jagged end of a latch. That was done by the sharp corner of a ring worn by Paul Barber, as shown by the fact that this ring was jerked down by some pull to the second joint of his finger. Paul Barber certainly did not commit suicide. The nature of the wound and the fact that the pistol was lying on the table half a dozen feet away from him definitely establish that. The woman's fingerprints were the only ones found upon the weapon. Hers was unmistakably the hand that shot him.

"In view of all the circumstances then, and upon the plain evidence of premeditation as indicated by the alleged suicide pact, I can ask on behalf of the people nothing less, gentlemen, than a verdict against Myra Winslow of murder in the first degree."

The lawyers inside the railing glanced uncertainly at Atchison. There were many telling points in the district attorney's exposition to which he could properly have objected. Ordinarily he would have been on his feet at almost every word, thundering his protests. But he had sat through it like a tongue-tied tyro without once lifting his voice, literally allowing his client to be crucified in advance. What was his game? What advantage did he hope to gain from such abject passivity?

And their bewilderment was not lessened as the case proceeded, and the prosecutor buttressed up the assertions he had made with the testimony of his various witnesses, while Atchison still remained a study in inaction.

With only one point did the defendant's attorney seem at all concerned—how Amos Barber had been dressed on the night of the murder. Of the patrolman who accompanied him to the flat, and of all others who had seen him that evening he inquired with the utmost particularity what sort of suit Mr. Barber had worn, what sort of overcoat, what sort of shoes, what sort of hat, what sort of gloves, what sort of tie.

"What is this?" the district attorney sarcastically interrupted, when Atchison started on this line of interrogation for about the fourth time with the police captain of the precinct. "A murder trial, or a disquisition upon what the well-dressed man should wear?"

There was a snicker in the courtroom, but Atchison proceeded unperturbed with his questions:

"What sort of suit did he have on, Captain?"

"Dark brown, I think."

"And what sort of overcoat?"

"Also brown."

"Hat?"

"A soft brown felt."

"Tie?"

"I couldn't say definitely as to that. My impression is that it was a brown and yellow striped four-in-hand."

"Did he wear gloves?"

"Yes, sir. Tan suède."

"On both hands?"

"Of course. Or, no; come to think of it, I can't swear to that. He had his right hand in his overcoat pocket. I remember that, because when we shook hands he gave me his left."

"Ah? He kept his right hand in his overcoat pocket, and shook hands with his left? Why?"

"I don't know, sir. Perhaps he is left-handed."

"It wasn't because he had a gun in that overcoat pocket, was it?"

"I don't know, sir. I couldn't say."

"You didn't search him for a gun then?"

"We did not."

The jury and spectators stirred impatiently. This was too palpably a red herring drawn across the trail. The gun with which Paul Barber was killed had been lying on the table; and, anyhow, Amos had not arrived on the scene until after the murder.

Nevertheless, Atchison followed the same futile line of inquiry when the elder brother himself took the stand, quite disregarding all that damning testimony with which Amos substantiated the story given in the prosecutor's opening speech.

Finally he said:

"Let me see your hands, please."

The witness hesitated a moment; then extended them.

"I observe that you have grown a new nail on the little finger of your right hand. When did you lose the old one?"

"Some time last winter. I caught my hand in the door of my car. It was after the death of my brother."

"That is all," said Atchison unexpectedly; and the witness stepped down.

With that the prosecution rested; and so rapid had been the action of the trial, owing to the laxity of the defense, that the entire case for the people had been presented in a single day.

As court adjourned for the night a buzz of disgusted comment broke out among the spectators. They felt cheated. Atchison, the spectacular, had failed them. The consensus was that the great advocate had simply thrown up his hands in the face of a certain verdict against him, and was relying upon a later appeal to executive clemency to save his client from the chair. Jake Gottschalk was so disheartened by the expressions he heard all about him that he crept glumly out of the courtroom without so much as a glance at his old friend.

A FEW trusting souls there were who still believed that Atchison would spring one of his celebrated surprises during the course of the defense—produce a rabbit from the hat, so to speak—but even these were silenced when he closed the next day, without any new developments, after putting a single witness on the stand—the defendant herself.

She did not make a bad showing on direct examination. Under Atchison's expert guidance, aided by her own skill as an actress, she appeared a wistful, distinctly appealing figure as she described her life and her association with Paul Barber.

She made no attempt to minimize or excuse herself for the prodigality with which she had wasted her opportunities. Then she paused.

"I wanted another chance." Her deep, lovely voice thrilled through the courtroom. "I was so weary of herding with the husks and swine. The managers were unwilling to trust me. But Paul had promised me, when he came into his money, to back me in a fresh start on the stage."

"Yet that was not your sole incentive in marrying him?" prompted Atchison.

"No. Oh, no."

"You loved him?"

"What is love?" A tender, madonna-like smile curved her lips. "He was ill, lonely, unhappy when I met him, recklessly throwing his life away. I knew that I could help him. I knew, in spite of what the doctors said, that I could nurse him back to health and strength, if I had him solely to myself.

"He was forlorn, sick; craving affection more than anything on earth. Derelict though I was, he needed me. No woman with a spark of the maternal in her could have resisted the appeal. If that be love, Mr. Atchison," her voice quivered and broke, "yes, I loved Paul Barber."

"That is all," said Atchison softly. "Take the witness."

The actress did not stand up at all well on her cross-examination. She appeared nervous, frightened, unsure of herself. So it was a relief to everybody when her ordeal was finally concluded, and the prosecutor, making no effort to conceal his satisfaction, told her she might step down.

"Er—just a moment." Atchison raised his hand to stay her. "In that interview between them at the apartment, did Amos Barber voice a threat of any kind against Paul?"

"Yes. Paul had said something about being a free man the next day, able to control his own money; and his brother answered him with an ugly laugh. 'You'll never touch a penny of that money except through me,' he told Paul. 'Try it, and I'll railroad you into a booby hatch or, if necessary, into a coffin.'"

THIS ended the defense; and Atchison, anxiously watching the district attorney to see what he would do, hurriedly shaded his eyes with his hand to hide the gleam of elation that slid into them as announcement was made that Amos Barber would be called in rebuttal. The prosecutor was walking into the net that had been laid for him.

"Did you make any such statement as you have heard ascribed to you?" Barber was asked.

"I did not."

"Did you think it?" asked Atchison.

"No; not in any sense injurious to my brother. In order to save him from this woman, I was willing to have him placed under temporary restraint."

"Yet in view of his prospects for an early demise you as his sole heir had a natural expectation of coming into his property within a short time, did you not—unless he married?"

"I never gave a thought to that phase of the matter, sir."

"What is the present condition of your brother's estate?"

"Intact, and in excellent shape."

"What is the condition of your own estate?"

Over strenuous objection from the other side, the witness was finally instructed to answer; and in response to Atchison's probing reluctantly ad-

(*Continued on page 47*)

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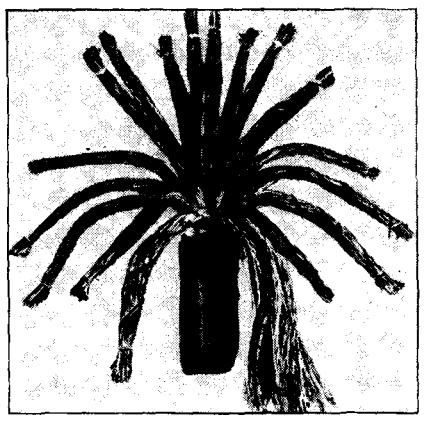
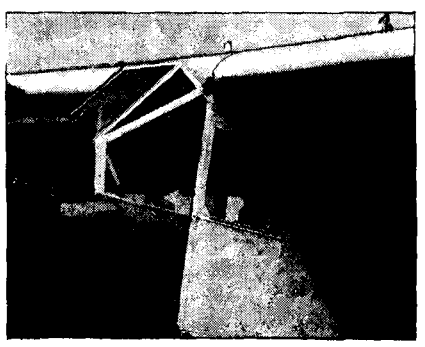


1818 conversations at one time can be carried on through this new type cable. It contains 3636 insulated wires within a diameter of 2⅝ inches.



The flying telephone laboratory in which Western Electric airplane telephone equipment has been developed by the Bell Laboratories. Provision for communication between ground and plane marks a great forward step in flying.

One of the 18 materials in your telephone is rubber from the plantations of Sumatra. Western Electric goes to market in every corner of the world.

In fair weather or foul...

Western Electric backs up your telephone service

In foul weather, just as in fair, Western Electric backs up the Bell System with all the apparatus and supplies needed to restore, maintain or expand your telephone service.

This Company manufactures telephone equipment of every sort, with a skill acquired through 50 years' experience.

At 32 warehouses it holds great reserves of telephone material available for shipment day or night. It delivers and installs all of this apparatus when and where needed.

The large scale manufacture of standardized equipment, too, is an economy. So is the concentrated purchasing—a responsibility that Western Electric undertakes for the telephone companies of the Bell System.

All in all, here is a work of mass production, purchasing and distribution which for size and complexity has no parallel in the world of industry today.

Western Electric

THE MAKERS OF BELL TELEPHONES

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Proved by

Swan PENS

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

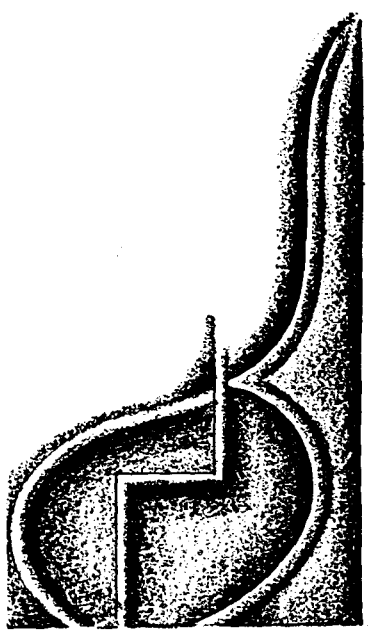
SWAN PEN placed Collier's among publications to receive first consideration because of its performance for other advertisers in their field. EDGEWORTH picked Collier's because it reaches "people who appreciate editorial matter of the most intelligent sort." They describe their choice of Collier's to their dealers and salesmen as follows:

"COLLIER'S was a first choice in selecting the list of publications to carry the greatest Swan Pen advertising campaign ever launched.

"The editorial character of this great American weekly is tuned to reach the very people who will be most strongly appealed to by the distinctive advertising message of Swan Pen.

"It is a matter of record that Collier's showed a gain in advertising of 45% in 1929—while manufacturers in our own field increased their Collier's advertising 113% in 1929 over 1928. This is additional proof to us that the Collier's market contains unusual sales values for Swan Pen dealers."

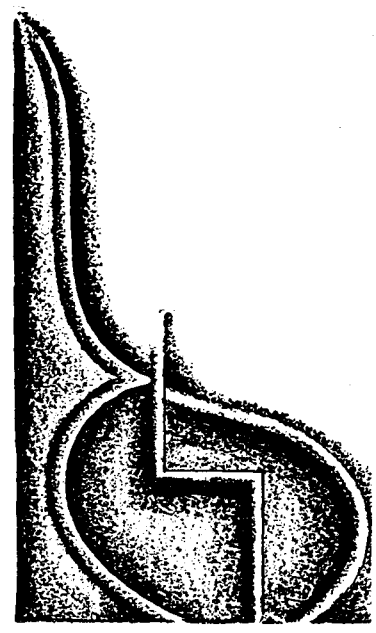
MABIE TODD & COMPANY



"WITH our editorial type of Edgeworth advertising, it is natural that we should use Collier's—particularly because it caters to people who appreciate editorial matter of the most intelligent sort. We feel that the huge Collier's audience—more than 2,200,000—are interested in reading matter of the highest grade, in advertising of only the sincerest calibre.

"We selected Collier's Weekly for advertising ACTION among men who have proved their mettle by intelligent, thoughtful, economical buying."

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY



Collier's for Action!

now more than 2,200,000 paid circulation

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Atchison Always Wins!

Continued from page 44

mitted that, owing to heavy losses in the past two years, he was rather seriously involved.

"But with your brother's estate to fall back on that doesn't make much difference?" suggested Atchison.

"I have never touched a penny of my brother's property," snapped Barber angrily.

"Perhaps not. Nevertheless, the mere handling of so extensive a property must have been of distinct advantage to you?"

Barber simply tossed his head, without answering.

"To lose control of it, and the anticipated reversion of it to yourself, would have been a staggering blow to you, would it not?"

Again Barber declined to answer.

"Will you still swear, then, that, with such a vital consideration in your mind, you did not in the heat of argument give voice to the threat Miss Winslow has reported, or to some similar expression?"

"I said nothing of the kind," declared Barber through his set teeth.

"Will you swear," thundered Atchison, "that, with such a vital consideration in your mind, you did not on your departure from that apartment purposely leave the door unlocked, and returning enter when the coast was clear with the intention of taking your brother away by force; and that when he resisted, tearing your glove in the struggle, and crushing the nail on your little finger, you did not shoot him, and then, descending to the street, hunt up a patrolman, and with the pretense that you had just come from downtown ask him to accompany you to the apartment?"

The district attorney was shouting objections at the top of his voice; but Atchison had the lead on him, and got the question fully out and heard by the jury before the court could interpose.

Barber went white and then red and then white again as the accusation was hurled at him; and sat tensely gripping the arms of his chair.

"You need not answer that, Mr. Barber," instructed the judge.

"I prefer to." Barber flung up his head haughtily. "I deny the charge absolutely and in toto. There is not a word of truth in it."

"That is all, then." Atchison bowed graciously. And with a glare of offense at him the witness stepped down and started over toward his seat.

BUT as he passed the corner of the counsel table Myra Winslow, who had sat a composed and stoic figure throughout the trial, suddenly sprang at him, her eyes blazing, her lips drawn back from her white teeth.

"Liar! Murderer!" she flung at him; and sweeping her curved fingers out in a leopard stroke raked her nails down across his cheek.

Atchison, marvelously quick on his feet, was instantly between them, thrusting the woman back, proffering apologies to Barber, jerking out his own handkerchief to wipe the blood from the scratches.

Barber, muttering a curse, pushed him roughly away, and moved on to his chair; and Atchison started to return the blood-streaked handkerchief to his pocket, but paused before he did so as if at a sudden suggestion, and with a dramatic gesture flung it down instead upon the counsel table.

"If Your Honor please," he said, "I wish to place this handkerchief in evidence, and ask for an analysis and comparison of the blood spots on it and those on the table cover to determine if they are not both from the same person."

As he spoke his eyes were fixed steadfastly on Amos Barber; and although Barber attempted to meet that gaze with sneering defiance he was unable to do so. In spite of himself, his own eyes shifted and wavered like those of a trapped animal.

Then the steel-like composure he had maintained buckled and cracked.

His throat moved convulsively. A ghastly, gray pallor swept up across his face, bringing into livid relief the scarlet scratches on his cheek. He clenched his hands in a futile effort to recover his self-control—and broke.

"You devil!" he shouted hoarsely across at Atchison. "You led me on with your 'possum tactics, didn't you, to prepare the way for this? I'll bet you've rehearsed this whole scene a dozen times, you and that hell-cat you're defending. And I might have known you'd think of those blood spots on the table cover. Yes, I did it, if you want the satisfaction of knowing—did it just as you described. And, now lock me up." He held out his hands to the officers who were approaching him. "Take me away—anywhere, so that I can get rid of the sight of his fat, complacent face."

ATCHISON sat that night in the chair that had once belonged to Richelieu, a stack of evening papers beside him all blazoning his triumph in front-page headlines. His supremacy was restored, his genius everywhere acclaimed. His expression was a happy one.

Thoughtfully fingering his full chin and turning his classic profile toward the light, he glanced across at Jake Gottschalk.

"Jake," he said, "was I as good as they say I was?"

The manager blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "Well," he grunted, "I could have staged that scene better, if you'd asked me. But you acted very fair, for a amateur."

"That wasn't acting," denied Atchison. "That was mental sleight of hand."

"Yes," Gottschalk nodded: "I guess you kind of played it on Barber. One of the newspaper boys, Bloomer on the Gazette, was telling me how that blood test ain't no good. He says you can't identify two samples of a man's blood taken six months apart; not positively."

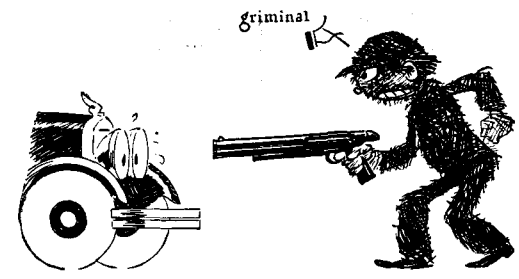
Atchison smiled. "Authorities differ on it, I grant you," he said. "Yet, with the rapid march of science today, who can speak positively on any point?

"And that, Jake," he explained, "is what I relied on to catch Barber. Like the conjurer with his audience, I led him to expect one thing, and surprised him with another. I hammered away at his gloves as if intending to raise the question of finger-prints, and then suddenly flashed the blood-stained handkerchief at him. If I had asked for a sample of his blood, he would have been prepared and have withstood me; but taken without warning, and bluffed by my air of assurance, he caved. Simply an adaptation of an old trick, Jake; mental sleight of hand."

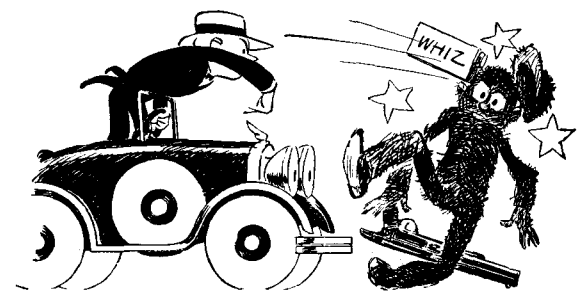
"Well, they've got to give you credit, anyhow," commented the manager, puffing at his cigar. "Absolutely."

"No," disclaimed Atchison, smiling; "I pass the laurel wreath to another." He rang the bell for the butler. "Bring a saucer of cream for Selim," he ordered; "he has earned it."

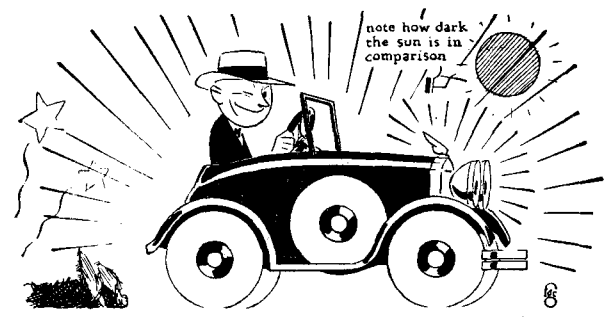
don't let the grime wave kill the beauty of your car



The discovery of Duco and other new lacquers was once supposed to do away with dirt on cars—but alas it's with us still! For notice the number of motorists whose clothes are spotless from hat to shoes, driving cars as dirty as overalls! Modern lacquer does add beauty to your car, and it needs less care than old-time paints, but Whiz Polish for Duco and other lacquers gives its finish a lasting flash!



Whiz Polish is the polish which cleans while it polishes. It routs dust and grit, banishes that dull coating, fights off traffic grime. It works with one quick rub. One polishing lasts over 20 days, costs less than a dime, and Whiz does all the work! Chromium, too, was first hailed as ever-stainless. But smart and glistening as Chromium is, it needs primping up now and then to keep its glitter alive.



To dispel Chromium dullness, caused by exposure, Whiz struck upon a cleaner that snaps up its lustre like new! Whiz Cleaner works quicker than any other polish and is far handier to use. In 5 minutes you can make Chromium dazzle with a polish that lasts for three whole weeks!

Whiz products are sold everywhere. Whiz is the best known name in the world to those who take care of their cars and are proud of their beauty!

One quick cleaning with Whiz lasts 20 days!

whiz

"WHIZ" FOR DUCO AND LACQUER
"WHIZ" FOR CHROMIUM

The R. M. Hollingshead Company, Camden, N. J., and Toronto, Canada.

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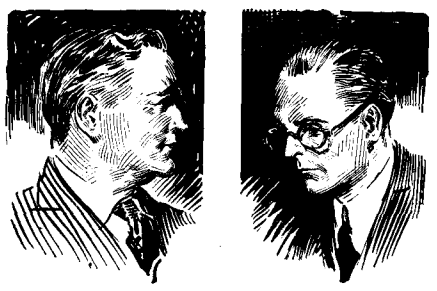
A Word to the Man with $500 to invest from the Man who Handles Millions



HOW would you like to sit down across the table from a multi-millionaire and get his honest, candid advice on how to invest your $500 or $5,000?

This is what he would tell you:

Establish a backlog of good, safe bonds. Then buy seasoned dividend-paying stocks of the highest grade in established companies. Good bonds are safe and they bring in a *regular income.* A well diversified list of common stocks offers an excellent opportunity for future profits.

Diversify your investment. Own a number of different kinds of bonds, and stocks in 25 or 30 different companies.

Own your securities outright. Let the market go where it will. Hang on and wait.

Today, almost anyone can follow this advice. For good, safe bonds can be bought in denominations as low as $500 to yield as high as 6¼%.

And Super-Corporations of America Trust Shares, representing an interest in each of 30 of the most successful corporations whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, can be purchased for as little as $100.

In addition to ready marketability, safety, wide diversification and convenience, the trust shares offer attractive possibilities of profit. They make this millionaire's method of investing available to every one.

Our new free booklet, "The Road to Wealth," tells the entire story. Send for your copy . . . today.

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Straus Buildings . . . New York, 565 Fifth Avenue . . . *Chicago,* Michigan Avenue at Jackson Boulevard . . . *San Francisco,* 79 Post Street. Offices in 36 principal cities.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of "The Road to Wealth," booklet C0-110.

I am considering investing .....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

The Château of Desire

Continued from page 24

after her from the time she was three. Her father and mother were drowned in Louisiana. This trip now, it's her first, it's sort of—sort of got her excited.

"Well, I was tellin' you about that fellow. We slipped away up to Madrid. Dash my buttons if we didn't run into him the first morning on the Puerta del Sol. Yes, sir. Wanted to take Judy out to see the Escorial. Got mad when I wouldn't let her go with him. You see, he's got a line of talk that annoys me. It's polite and all that, but it's stuff we don't use back home. Get me? It's taffy stuff. Sort of makes me feel sick.

"I was going to stay in Madrid for a spell, but he ran me out. Got between me an' my food. We couldn't poke our heads outside the door of the hotel without him bleatin' out good-day to us. I told you Judy was only seventeen and ten days, didn't I? Well, I bolted. Went up and stayed a day at St. Sebastian, then rode on here. And who is here? Why, old timber wolf! Never expected to see him again. He's worse'n a timber wolf! You can stop a timber wolf by showin' him you don't like his manner of sneakin' after you, but you can't stop that fellow."

A NOTE of dreadful weariness crept into the voice of the old man. The old man who had once chased away the bulls that were worrying the Pride family.

Suddenly he flung a question at The Hoosier Hawk. "Know him?" he growled.

"By sight," answered Pride. "I've seen him here and there in Europe and I've heard he's considered rather dangerous with ladies."

Old Haliburton stared at the dark landscape. "That fat timber wolf had the nerve to propose an elopement to that kid!" he growled. "Yes, sir. I happened to overhear him. At Madrid it was. Darned skunk! Took her behind a bunch of palms an' turned that goose grease of his on her. She's only seventeen an' ten days. He's about thirty-five."

Again the curtain of silence fell. Richard Clefeld Pride was running the life of Prince Remy of Schlannenwingen before his mental eyes.

Hot stuff was Remy. Moral paprika. The clarions of scandal had marched with him. He had won the red cap of profligacy when in his teens.

From a little castle in the Balkans left him by his mother there had come unbelievable stories, while tales of still stranger happenings were connected with a place in Picardy. The former owner of this place had christened it the Château Désirée in honor of his wife, but when Prince Remy bought the property a Parisian weekly alluded to it as the Château of Desire.

Old Haliburton roused Richard Clefeld Pride from his review of the sordid life of the prince. "I'm going to turn in," said the ancient. He put his thin fingers in the strong hand of the Indiana flyer. "Your father, boy, was a fine man," he said softly. "I'm darned glad I met you."

Two hours later the train was at Bordeaux.

The Hoosier Hawk climbed out of his berth. He wrapped a dressing gown around himself and stepped into the corridor. Before a door at the far end of the carriage stood Prince Remy of Schlannenwingen!

Pride knew the door. It was the one to which old Haliburton had led him when making the introduction to Judy. There could be no mistake. As The Hoosier Hawk watched with startled eyes the knuckles of the burly Lothario tapped gently against the panels!

The prince saw that he had attracted the attention of the American but he was defiant. The heavy, brutal face was thrust forward, ear close to the door. The girl had evidently asked a question, and in the silence of the stationary train Pride heard the answer uttered by the sensual lips: "It is I, Prince Remy!"

The train started.

The fat knuckles of the hairy hand rapped again on the panels. Again the voice of Remy came down the corridor: "Please open the door! I wish to speak to you on a matter of importance. Yes, yes! It is to make arrangements for tomorrow evening!"

The door remained shut. The Hoosier Hawk came to a sudden decision. He moved swiftly up the passage.

The prince swung back from the door as the American approached. Pride spoke, coldly, quietly. "Miss Haliburton might think it imprudent to open her door at this hour," he murmured. "If your business is very important I would advise you to rouse her uncle."

The prince brushed angrily by The Hoosier Hawk, tripped on the cord of his dressing gown, swore fiercely and stumbled through the door of his own compartment.

Pride returned to his former position in front of his door. . . .

At breakfast in the restaurant car The Hoosier Hawk met John Haliburton.

"Judy and I are going to the Continental Hotel," said the old man. "Now I wonder if you'd give me your address? Somehow I feel that I'd like to have the address of a friend in Paris. I'm getting old, I guess. Sort of lonesome."

Richard Clefeld Pride wrote down the address of the small hotel in the Rue Richer, Le Chapeau Vert, where a room was reserved year in and year out for the dashing flyer from Indiana.

"I'm at your service day or night," said Pride.

IN a traffic jam near the Obelisk of Luxor the face of a girl in a taxi caught the eye of Pride. A face alight with joy. A sweet childish face whose look of indescribable happiness at being in Paris would waken a city of the dead. It was Judy Haliburton!

The Hoosier Hawk shouted a greeting. The girl turned her head and waved her little hand frantically.

"It's beautiful!" she cried. "It's lovely! Lovely! Lovely!"

The Hawk laughed. Old man Haliburton leaned forward. "Good-by, Dicky Pride!" he yelled. "Good-by!"

The Haliburton chauffeur found an opening. The taxi leaped forward. Just for an instant The Hoosier Hawk had a feeling of depression. "Dicky Pride," the old man had called him. The sweet-faced mother in the old home in Indianapolis had always called him "Dicky Pride."

"That girl with the old duck is the prettiest thing that Paris has seen for a year," said Penguin Murphy, as the taxi swung up by the Madeleine.

"There's a reason," quoted Pride. "She's a sweet, pure American girl, with a golden dream in her little head."

Paris sang its Night Song to The Hoosier Hawk. But all the while within his brain danced the words that Prince Remy of Schlannenwingen had uttered outside the door of Judy Haliburton's compartment in Bordeaux station: "*It is to make arrangements for tomorrow evening.*"

What the devil did the prince wish to arrange? Who could tell? But if Remy had arranged anything at all it would be something that would lead to mad Montmartre.

Into Le Paradis in the early hours went The Hoosier Hawk. A head waiter sighted him. He rushed across the room. He bowed low before the American. There was a front table. Monsieur must sit there. Nowhere else.

THE HAWK obliged. The head waiter leaned down and murmured to his distinguished-looking customer. "Monsieur le Hoosier Hawk never changes," he murmured. "Me, I am old, but monsieur remains the same. Monsieur le Hoosier Hawk does not remember me. I am Pierre Bonnay, who flew with monsieur at Martigny. Ah, no, you shouldn't have known me! I fly no more! I walk on feet of lead! Sometimes, sometimes, monsieur, I pray for war!"

Richard Clefeld Pride sympathized with Pierre, then after a suitable interval he asked the question that he had asked a half dozen head waiters during the night. "Pierre," he said, "do you know Prince Remy of Schlannenwingen?"

"I have reason to know him, monsieur!" cried the head waiter. "Once he hit me on the head with a wine bottle! The pig! Tonight I have been made sick because he was in here and I had to wait on him!"

"In here?" snapped The Hawk. "Alone?"

"No, monsieur. He was with a pretty little American. A girl of seventeen or so. Pretty as a dream. She looked as if she was frightened of the pig. No wonder."

"When was this?" Pride demanded.

"Just before midnight."

"Where did they go?"

"I don't know. I'll ask the doorman."

The Hoosier Hawk ran with Pierre to the door, not waiting for change of his hundred-franc note. For an instant he felt physically sick.

The big doorman remembered the visit of Prince Remy. "He had a private car," he said. "He gave no order to the chauffeur. The driver told me that the prince himself is staying at the Plaza Athenée. That's all I know. Thank you, sir."

Pride was out in the soft night. The May night of Paris. Paris of the Open Arms. He tried to control the mad surge of passion that swept up in him. Then, as he flung himself at a taxi, he was halted by a thin yelp of anguish that came from the sidewalk. A shrill voice cried his name. "Dicky Pride!" came the high-pitched call. "Wait! Wait! *Help me, Dicky Pride! Help me!*"

Old John Haliburton, the Killer of Bulls! Poor old John! Leaning heavily on the arm of Penguin Murphy as he stumbled toward The Hoosier Hawk.

"Came to our hotel, Captain," explained Murphy. "Wanted you badly. Brought him up here, thinkin' we might run into you."

Old John Haliburton acted like a madman. He stammered and stuttered in an effort to explain all that had happened. The roof of the world had fallen in and knocked the old chap senseless.

Pride pulled him into a quiet corner and tore a few facts out of the crazed chatterings. Old John had gone to the tourist agency alone, leaving Judy at the hotel. When he returned at five o'clock there was a message from the

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girl saying that she had gone to tea with Prince Remy, who had called for her. She would be back in an hour.

The hour passed without news. At seven o'clock the prince telephoned, asking permission to take Judy to dinner. Haliburton objected. The burly Don Juan was impertinent. Old John was convinced that he heard the voice of Judy begging the prince to let her speak to her uncle.

A little vague was the old man about the hours that immediately followed. He wasn't certain what he did. He telephoned the Embassy and spoke to someone who was very kind. This person advised him to wait.

He waited. Around him throbbed Paris. Paris of the Million Mysteries!

THERE came a message brought by a boy from Le Perroquet. Haliburton thrust it into the hands of The Hoosier Hawk. A nervous scribble:

Nunky dear, Prince Remy wants me to marry him tonight. Oh, Nunky dear, I don't know what to do! I feel so upset and silly. I wish I could talk to you so that you could advise me, but Remy is afraid of you. He says that later we will see you and that everything will be all right. Dear Nunky, I am so upset. Your little Judy.

"Ten minutes after midnight the phone rang!" cried the old man. "It was Judy! Little Judy! Merciful God in heaven! She just shrieked something that I couldn't catch, then—then it seemed as if she was dragged away from the telephone!

"Someone answered my cries for Judy. It was a man's voice. He said that the person who spoke to me had got the wrong number. The liar! The damned liar! I told him that the voice was that of my niece, Judy Haliburton! He said it wasn't! I told him he lied! Screamed it at him! Then he hung up on me. That's all! That's all, Dicky Pride! But it was Judy who called! My little Judy! Judy in trouble!"

Richard Clefeld Pride got to his feet. A stern-faced Pride at that moment. The fine-cut lips were only a gray line in his handsome face. Gently he laid his hands upon the thin shoulders of the old man. He spoke softly to him.

"I'll bring Judy here by daybreak safe and sound. Rest quietly! Murphy will stay here with you."

A floor clerk in evening dress wished to know the name of the person sought by The Hoosier Hawk. The Hawk brushed the fellow aside. He stepped into the elevator. "The suite of Prince Remy of Schlannenwingen!" he ordered.

Up dashed the elevator. The operator had taken one glance at the face of his passenger and asked no questions.

The door of Prince Remy's suite was opened by a man-servant. Before the fellow could protest The Hoosier Hawk was inside the reception-room. He slammed the door behind him; the snout of an automatic was thrust into the ribs of the servant.

"Your master, where is he?" demanded The Hawk, as the fellow tried to back away from the gun. "Talk fast, I'm in a hurry!"

The servant's gaze shifted for an instant from the face of Richard Clefeld Pride. His eyes had seen some movement in the rear of the American. Pride understood. He ducked with amazing suddenness. Another of Remy's servitors, leaping at the back of the American, missed his mark and struck with terrific force the servant who had opened the door. The two crashed to the floor.

The Hoosier Hawk stepped back. He jammed the gun into his pocket. Both servants appeared unarmed, and The Hawk was a fair fighter.

The man who had sprung at him from the rear got to his feet. A big, muscular Albanian. He rushed clumsily, swinging as he bored in. Left and right flailing the air.

A catapulting right, moving with the speed of a flying javelin, went through the fellow's clumsy guard. His extraordinarily long jaw was the reception seat. For an instant he remained limp and upright, then collapsed like a suddenly deflated bag.

Pride didn't glance at him. Time was precious. The other servant had not recovered from the collision.

Pride leaped upon the servant who had opened the door of the suite. He dragged the fellow upright. Fingers of steel fixed themselves upon the fat throat of the menial.

"Where is he?" cried The Hawk. "Quick! Quick! Shout!"

The steel fingers relaxed an instant. An instant to let a word dribble out. "Picardy!" he said.

"With whom? Did he—did he take the little American girl?"

The fellow couldn't speak. He bobbed his head frantically.

The stunned man on the floor lifted himself and unloosed a queer animal-like howl. The sounds of hurried feet and raised voices came from the passage outside. Someone beat upon the door.

"When did they leave?" cried Pride. With an effort he dragged his fingers away from the throat of the servant so that the fellow could answer.

"At midnight!" gasped the other. "His—his private car!"

The Hawk dashed through the adjoining bedroom into a bathroom beyond. His quick eyes had marked a possible escape during the hurried search of the suite. He had to get to Picardy with all speed. It was two o'clock. Prince Remy and Judy Haliburton had started for the Château of Desire at midnight!

He climbed through the window of the bathroom. Upright he crawled along a ledge not more than twelve inches in breadth. In through the open window on the stair landing. An angle of the passage hid him from the servants who pounded on the door of Prince Remy's apartment. With flying feet he took the stairs.

A taxi slipped down the Avenue Montaigue, came to a momentary stop. A human panther sprang into it. "Le Bourget!" came the crackling order. "Five hundred francs! Step on it! To hell with the cops!"

THE chauffeur had a sick child who longed for the seaside. The shrill whistles of protesting police only accelerated his flight.

Along the Rue La Fayette! Little gendarmes whistling! Up to the Rue de Flandre, dropping a night bicycle-cop who tried to cling to the car! The Hoosier Hawk sitting upright. Before his eyes a picture of a burly abductor carrying little Judy Haliburton to that out-of-the-way château.

They found a plane for Richard Clefeld Pride. A plane and a youthful companion who knew Picardy. Knew the road between Peronne and Albert on which was the Château of Desire. Flyers clustered around the tall American. A weather-beaten war pilot knew Pride. Whispered his name to the others. "The Hoosier Hawk!" he cried. "The American Ace!"

Three hours behind on a run of one hundred and twenty miles. One hundred and twenty with a car. Twisting roads, turnpikes, bridges, railway crossings, slow-downs in little towns. With a plane a clear, free run over God's Highway! Crow-flight! The Path of the Eagles! Let her go!

A course over Creil, Compiègne, and Noyon. Into the head of The Hoosier Hawk lurched a couplet that he had

(*Continued on page 50*)

Film
is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth disorders. You must remove it twice each day to keep teeth lovely.

Each year New Millions Discover this priceless secret

of removing film from teeth

THE public at large is learning much about the care of teeth. Diet, it knows, plays an important part in developing resistance to decay and other troubles.

Frequent visits to the dentist have become a widely practiced safety measure.

And, in the care of teeth at home, people by the scores of thousands are discovering the miracle that follows a new and modern method.

Film must be removed from teeth

On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth become cloudy and unsightly.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, *film must be removed.*

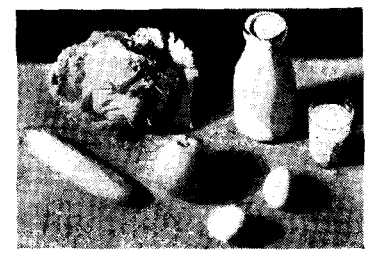
To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is SAFE . . . Yet it removes film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovely, healthy teeth through life.

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p.m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time.

DO THESE THREE THINGS
to have strong, healthy teeth



1 *Follow this diet daily: one to three eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk.*

2 *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*

3 *See your dentist at least twice a year.*

Pepsodent

the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program

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IT'S Sir Walter speaking. What, Sir Walter Raleigh? The same.

Some months ago he offered pipe lovers a free booklet on "How to take care of your pipe." And the poor chap's been buried under requests ever since.

However, we've succeeded in engaging two of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting to help the old boy out with his mail—so don't hesitate to send for your copy. It tells you how to break in a new pipe—how to keep it sweet and mellow—how to make an old pipe smoke smoother and better—the proper way to clean a pipe—and a lot of worth-while hints on pipe hygiene.

If you're a real pipe smoker, you'll want to read this booklet. If you're not a pipe smoker, you'll be one after you read it. A post card or letter asking for it is all that's necessary. It's free. Just write to the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN on "The Raleigh Revue" every Friday, 10:00 to 11.00 p. m. (New York Time), over the WEAF coast-to-coast network of N.B.C.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's 15¢ and it's milder

(*Continued from page 49*)

learned as a schoolboy in Indianapolis. A forgotten couplet that came back as he zoomed over the sweet old town where Charlemagne was crowned king of the Franks:

"And sleepless watchers they did see
Black terror creep through Picardy!"

Black terror was creeping through it that morning! Terror in the heart of little Judy Haliburton. Pierre, the head waiter, said that she looked frightened. Pierre knew. How many girls had Pierre watched eating the sweets of bribery at Montmartre?

Swinging a little to the north. Over Nesle. The silver streak below is the Somme! All quiet now along the Somme! Memories came to The Hoosier Hawk. Wonder if the roar of his engine would wake the sleeping dead.

First streaks of dawn. He had promised old John Haliburton that he would be back at daybreak. Old John, the Killer of Bulls. Queer how the mistake of the silly conductor had brought them together. Someone had said that no good deed ever becomes a bad debt. Twenty years ago John Haliburton had chased a black shadow from the old home in Indianapolis. Now—

That's Peronne! The highway to Albert quite plain in the mystical light. Swing off here. The youth said that the Château of Desire was two kilometers back from the main road. Two kilometers! Black clump of woods in front. Château beyond the woods. So! See it now. The Picardy boy sees it. Nodding his head. Grinning too. Damn' young fool senses a fight. Well, there'll be a fight!

Throttle her and dive. Taking a chance in that faint spectral light of the dawn. Groping for a landing place. The engine waking the countryside. Dogs howling. Half a score of them. Remy was a fancier of dogs. Pride recalled seeing the prince at a dog show in Monte Carlo. Remy and his Borzois.

The ground flashed up and hit the machine. Bump, bang, bumpety-bump. Steady now. The Picardy boy still laughing.

"Stop it!" cried The Hawk. "Stop, confound you! *Listen!*"

The dogs! Not the crazed howling now. They were in chase! They gave out the whining cry of pursuit. Running hounds! Running after what?

Richard Clefeld Pride set off across the level stretch of ground that lay between him and the gardens of the château. Behind him ran the young man. From the gardens came the cry of the dogs. Pride fancied that the noise welled up into the dawnlight, a band of vicious red that he could see.

A DOUBLE hedge of cactus laced with barbed wire slowed up the two runners. Pride fought a way through it, the youngster at his heels. The Indiana flyer raced across a close-clipped stretch of turf toward a box-hedge. From somewhere beyond the hedge came the yelps of the dogs.

The century-old box-hedge was four feet thick and as high as Pride's shoulders. The Hoosier Hawk crashed through it, stumbled down a slope and found himself in a sunken garden. A medieval garden, laid out probably in the days when Catherine de Poix defended Peronne against the enemy. Startling in the pale light. Trees and shrubs had been trimmed into weird and bizarre shapes. Tortured by the shears of gardeners till they had turned into peacocks, prancing stallions, and legendary monsters.

Pride paused for an instant, in doubt as to the location of the dogs. Their wild yelps of pursuit had ceased suddenly. Then, as he stood listening, there sprang from the very center of that strange wilderness of tormented trees a scream of terror. High, piercing, fear-breeding. It shot up into the quiet like a rocket, remained a shivering, quivering whisper of pain, then died away, slowly, sobbingly.

The Hoosier Hawk hurled himself in the direction from which the sound came. Crackling noises made by snapping twigs came to his ears. The heavy thudding of feet on turf, curses, a yelp of pain, the soft sobbing of a person running.

THE Hawk burst through a screen of lilac into the heart of the sunken garden. With one flashing glance he took in the scene. A pool some thirty feet across occupied the center of the clearing. A dank, slime-covered pool, jade green in the dawn. On the far side of the pool, stumbling forward as if nearly exhausted, was Judy Haliburton. Quite close to the spot where Pride broke from cover, and also running, were two servants and Prince Remy of Schlannenwingen!

Prince Remy, blinded by lust, thought for an instant that one of the tree-made monsters had suddenly become flesh and blood to attack him. Terrible was the rush of The Hoosier Hawk. It carried Remy against the balustrade of stone that guarded the pool. It lifted the burly profligate over the parapet. It hurled him six feet into the green slime!

A bullet seared the neck of the Indiana flyer. He turned and floored the fellow who had fired the shot. The second servant rushed. Pride tripped him, then turned him over to the Picardy youth, who wanted a share in the fun.

Prince Remy had come to the surface. The thick slime gave him the appearance of a sea monster as he struck out for the stone coping. The dreadful filth sat upon him like a close-hanging shawl.

The Hoosier Hawk waited for him. Remy clawed at the stone wall. The Hawk took him by his fat shoulders and hurled him back again into the green stew. Pride was enjoying himself.

Second time up for Remy. A veritable pyramid of slime now. Choking, spluttering, snorting. Features invisible. Slime in his ears, eyes, mouth. Green slime of the centuries.

A grandfather of bullfrogs, not recognizing the prince as anything human, used Remy's head as a springboard.

A third time under. The servant that Pride had floored howled for mercy for his master. The other servant had fled before the vicious attack of the Picardy youth.

It was the youth who saved Prince Remy. The Hoosier Hawk had become an automaton whose sole ambition was to hurl the Don Juan of Middle Europe back into the slime whenever the fellow reached the coping. "You'll kill him!" protested the youth. "He's got a crust of that stuff on him a foot thick."

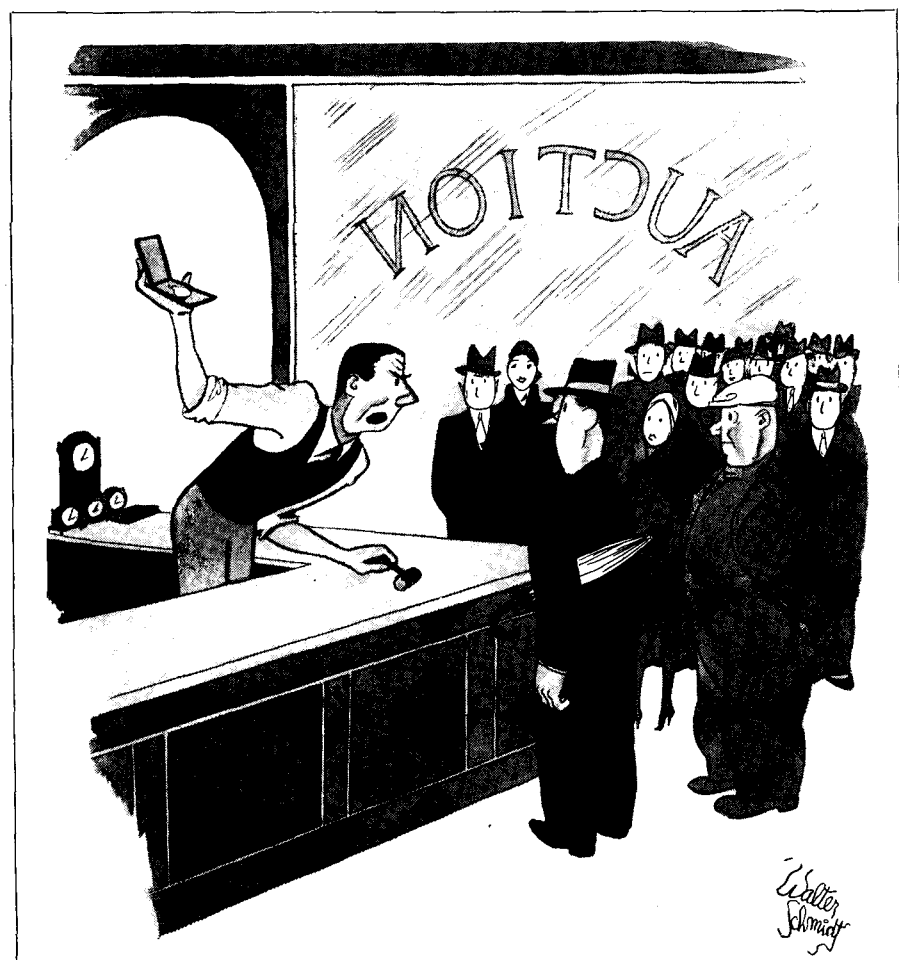
Pride allowed the servant to pull him out. Remy fell on the turf, a stranger-looking monster than any represented by the tortured trees. The flunky was busy scraping the slime from the prince's face as The Hawk sought Judy Haliburton.

HE FOUND the girl crouched in the bushes on the other side of the pond with fear in her big eyes.

Richard Clefeld Pride lifted her up in his strong arms. She seemed very small and fragile. He started through the trees in the direction of the plane. Curiously, he thought that Judy knew very little more than he did at the time his childish fancy made John Haliburton into the King Arthur of Indiana.

She started to speak but he halted her, "Just lie quiet and you'll be all right in a moment," he said softly. "Lie quiet and—and I'll tell you a perfectly wonderful story about a man who was a Killer of Bulls."

Another Hoosier Hawk story will appear in an early issue of Collier's



"Now you don't think I'd lie to you, do you?"

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Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 16

They were in deep, cool chairs in a uiet alcove now. Mont turned his deep- et blue eyes toward her, their melan- oly brightened into his wistful, hurt, ttle-boy smile.

"Could you do that, Dina?"

"Of course I could!"

"But suppose—" he objected, "suppose ou don't get your money?"

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked, aston- shed.

He hesitated.

"Well, where is it?"

"It's in the Bank of Squidgett."

"It might just as well be in the Bank f Shanghai," he said, in his character- stic quick discouragement.

"Oh, Mont!" she reproached him. She eflected, frowning, her unpowdered, hining face still pale, her hair still dis- rdered, her hat pushed to its unbecom- ng angle. "How much money have we?" he asked.

HE TOOK some change, and a bill, from his pocket. Dina also produced shabby old purse, and emptied it.

"Three dollars and five cents," Mont nnounced.

"Then we had more to start with than ix dollars," she commented, in pleased urprise.

The man laughed.

"You're the limit!" he said.

"We'll have to write to the bank at Squidgett," Dina said boldly.

"Saying what?"

"Sayin' that I would like to know how uch I got, and please to send it to me," he answered, undaunted. Mont laughed gain.

"We wouldn't git an answer for about wo days," she mused. "We'll have to git to work for a few days."

"At what?" he said.

"Well, I don't know! We ought to git a room somewheres," she suggested briskly, "and git our stuff into it, and hen we could go out and look for work. And if we saw a real good studio some- where, we could find out about it—"

"What are we going to do with the Swede's car?"

"Well, you know, thinkin' about that," he answered hopefully, "don't you think we'd oughter jest drive it down some side street somewheres and leave it?"

"You can't do that!" he said, startled. "I don't know why you couldn't—" he added, on reflection.

"We could git a mornin' paper right here," Dina said, "and look up some jobs. But I don't know but what we'd ought to git a room first."

An hour later they approached the 'Mhoon House," the flimsy cardboard box and the imitation alligator suitcase once more in their possession. Dina looked exhausted now; the day was hot. There would be a wild trade wind blow- ing in another hour or two, but now the air was still and shadowless, and the tar pavements of the street at the crossings were soft underfoot.

At the Mhoon House the rooms were fifty cents single, seventy-five double. Double merely meant that a flat three- quarter bed was wedged into a dreary oblong space too small even for the single bed that signified "single." At the foot of the bed a bureau was wedged in; there was a chair, and a washstand with a china pitcher and basin, and two limp, red-striped towels. The wooden floor was painted an opti- mistic red and adorned with a strip of dirty carpet and a spittoon. That was all.

"We'll be glad to git out of here!" Dina observed cheerfully.

Mont made no comment; he sat on the bed, sunk in despair. Outside, the merciless summer sun burgeoned in O'Farrell Street, and a hundred whistles shrilled noon.

Dina, when they were alone, sank back against the flat, hard, lifeless pillows, almost spent. She was pant- ing, her face waxen white, her brown eyes heavy.

"Let's rest a little while!" she said.

"I'll be damned if I see how we can! That is, if we're going to *eat*, if we're going to send that letter to the bank," Mont said.

"Well—" She was up again. She squinted her eyes to see herself in the cheap mirror that reflected a hundred queer lights from the room and the glar- ing street and the gray-painted walls of the alley outside.

"We had an awful early breakfast, Mont; let's have lunch first."

"Gosh, that gets us down to less than a dollar!" he said.

"Oh, well, we'll go to a cheap place! This room is paid for until tomorrow," Dina answered, carefully. Carefully, because her feet hurt, her throat hurt, her face felt queer and stiff and her eyes were blurry.

They went down to walk the hard un- familiar sidewalks; turned into Market Street. They could see the ferry build- ing again, down at the water front, and the tower upon which the rising sun had shone so hopefully. Dina was glad when Mont picked a big cafeteria for lunch; they pushed their trays about in a long, slowly moving line—goulash for Mont, coffee and buns; coffee and salad and a pudding for Dina.

"Bread pudding looks so cute, 'way up here in the city!" she said cheerfully.

"Food'll rest us!" she predicted, sit- ting down to a circle of saucers and bowls, among tables so crowded that the patrons' arms all but touched each other. The air was close in here, and there was a reflected glare everywhere from the street, from the drifting crowd on the sidewalk outside. A radio droned from a balcony.

But somehow, after all, she was not hungry, and played languidly with the food. Mont added the two pale pink slips together; one-ten.

"And we ought to send that letter to the bank."

"We've *got* to send that letter," she agreed.

"Well, then, that means get to work," he said, with distaste.

AFTER lunch they wandered down Market Street, and Mont said half- heartedly that they might go into a newspaper office and look at want-advertisements.

At a stationery store they bought a quire of paper and a ten-cent package of envelopes, and wrote old Mr. Parsons, the cashier of the Squidgett Bank.

"And please hurry up because I need it awfully badly," Dina urged. "My address for the time being is 'General Delivery.'"

When they had stamped and posted it, it left them with fifty-five cents.

"Here!" Mont said suddenly. "This is what we ought to do. We can't do anything more today."

He drew her, delighted but fearful, into the bright doorway of a ten-cent movie house. She cried happily at the sentimental parts of the picture, and when they came out, into late harsh afternoon light on Market Street, Mont told her that she looked as if she had been in the Great War.

"Every girl I see shows me that I need

(*Continued on page 52*)

You can tell there's

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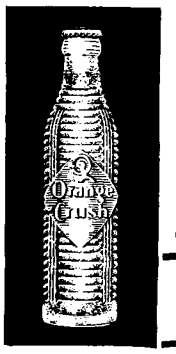
THE NEW Orange-Crush



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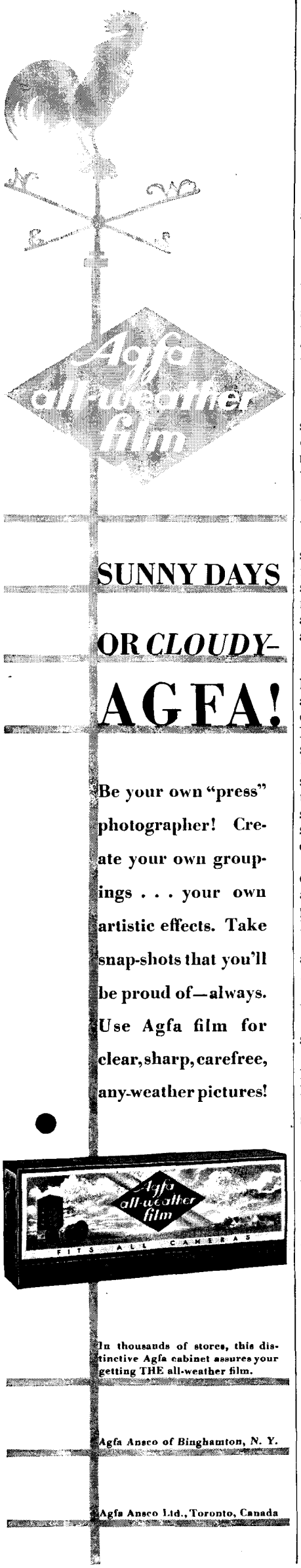
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(*Continued from page 51*)

clothes!" she answered, unconcernedly. "Mont, are we going back to the hotel?"

"We can't," he said uneasily. "Gosh, I hate to be as close to the ragged edge as this! Seems as if this city takes money every time you turn around!"

"One thing, I feel as if I'd never be hungry again!" Dina observed cheerfully.

"When we got here," he said, "when we got here this morning, I thought we'd go to the Chinese theater tonight, and everything!"

"But think, Mont, we've been married since, and it's all come true; your five hundred and my getting away from Aunt Floss!"

"That's a hell of a hotel!" he said sulkily, standing still in the gritty, windy street, staring into a shop window without seeing anything, kicking at the pavement boyishly with his foot.

"We won't stay there!"

"I'll say we won't stay there."

"Mont, why don't you try that?" Dina said, delaying him at a restaurant window on lower Bush Street a few moments later. "Maybe they could use me, too. We'd get our dinners, anyway."

IN THE window a great salmon was displayed in a bed of curly parsley, embellished with thick little crimson steaks, pearl-white onions, trimmed carrots, apples, oranges, apricots. The sign said "Solasso's Fashion Restaurant." Down modestly in a corner was a card, stained by a buttery thumb, and lettered with the words, "Waiter Wanted."

Mont gave her a surprised, irresolute look, shrugged, and plunged at once into a mirror-lined foyer that was filled with empty hat hangers, Dina at his heels. Idle waiters, hovering over carefully set tables in the gloom, directed them to the back of the place, and to the oily, stout, suspicious-looking little proprietor, who interrogated Mont. His office smelled of stale wine and stale tobacco smoke; he looked up from a greasy book of table reservations.

He wanted, it appeared, an experienced waiter for a big night. There was a convention in town, every table in the place had been engaged for weeks ahead. Mont laughed and shook his head.

"But I know you could do it!" Dina assured him anxiously, in an aside. Mont seemed not to hear her.

"I'm afraid that's not the kind of work I want!" Mont said.

Dina smiled an appealing, weary smile at Mr. Solasso.

"But I know he could do it!" she pleaded. Again Mont spoke quickly and proudly, almost in irritation.

"I don't *want* to do it!" he murmured sharply.

"You'd get onto it in tenna minute," the man said.

"I'm afraid not," Mont said, trembling with anger and disappointment and humiliation. He made a movement, a gesture, of departure.

"You get sixty centta an hour and tips."

"Oh, Mont, Mont!" Dina breathed, her whole face a study in eagerness, "that would be three dollars for five hours, and tips! That would carry us until—you won't?" she interrupted herself, her voice, her expression changing to match the expression on his face.

"Why, it's ridiculous!" Mont said bitterly.

"Look here, lady," said Solasso, who had been watching this little byplay shrewdly, "why you don't come in and helpa my girl in the kitchen, we want couple extra dishwasher tonight."

"Oh, I will!" Dina accepted it, thankfully. "Oh, Mont," she exclaimed, "I can help that way! When do you want me?"

"Wanta you now," Solasso said, "they're 'way behind down there. Deeshes, my God, nothing but deeshes! You tell George that you're on—I take you down—"

"Dina," Mont protested, "you can't do that!"

"But, Mont dear," she answered, trying to laugh, "it's only for a few days—maybe only for today! It's money," Dina argued, with an apologetic little smile for Solasso, "and it's dinner—"

"Nonsense!" Mont said briefly, in displeasure. "You can't do it."

"Why can't I?" she asked, shaking her head at him, trying to say to him without words that he must be gracious, that he must not spoil their chances. "It's the one thing that I *can* do, Mont—wash dishes."

He had her arm in his grip as in a vise.

"Listen," he said, his face dark, "come out of here, there's a reason, I won't have it—"

"Oh, *please*," she said as he paused, her voice still more amused than serious.

"I knew it would be like this!" he said furiously, gritting his teeth. "I knew we'd have to starve, or get into this kind of thing."

"Now, listen, dear," she pleaded, guiding him toward the big dim vault of the empty dining-room again, "you go on, go back to the hotel, get work somewhere, if you can, on the way—get some rest, if you can't, and then come down here, and we'll have dinner somewhere and go home, and I'll have enough for our breakfast and lunch tomorrow. Maybe they'd give us our dinner here; they prob'ly would me, anyway."

"You are making a serious mistake!" Mont said fiercely. "I'm not going to fight here with you—the whole thing was crazy, anyway, and we were fools to get into it, but I'm not going to be shushed out of here like a kid—like a fool—"

"Oh, sh-sh-sh!" she whispered, trembling but laughing too. "You go on, and come back for me."

He looked angrily at her for a minute, his teeth locked. Then with a brief ejaculation he turned, and strode away between the waiting tables and idling waiters. Dina's heart stood still for a moment with fear; then she turned and went briskly back to her new employer.

Once downstairs in the big, hot kitchen her fatigue, her sleepiness, vanished like magic. There were two Chinese cooks there in dirty white, two or three Filipino boys helping in still dirtier raiment; there was a long range with a hood and a brave display of copper pots and pans; there were enormous trays loaded with cold pale little broilers stacked like firewood; there was one long table filled with pastries, which a colored woman was frosting and decorating rapidly, expertly. Smells—more smells—of heat and soap and grease and food and bodies.

AND at one side there was a long sink, before which a shabby gray man and an enormously fat, greasy girl, with dyed blond hair, were moving irresolutely. The sink was heaped with glassware, plates, knives and forks; there was not a place to lay a teaspoon; indeed, the overflow had reached the floor.

Dina had hung up her coat and hat in a lavatory under the stairs that was merely an odorous black hole; she was trembling a little from the agitation Mont's unexpected anger and Mont's good-by had caused her; she was wearied almost beyond endurance, confused, the endless procession of the day's events moving inconsequentially through her mind.

"Where's all this garbage go?" Dina asked the frightened gray-headed old man. He shook his head. The blonde shook her dyed one. The Filipinos, scraping vegetables, shook theirs, rolle their eyes. Dina was finally urged o to George, a yellowed, waxen old Chine man who was sweating over widesprea pans of ash-white filets of sole. Georg was the Grand Khan of the kitchen. H blinked sharp eyes at Dina, tipping hi ivory head to listen.

"I fix!" he said briefly. Dina said t the blonde a few minutes later that no they could get somewhere, the garbag being gone, but the blonde gave no sig of hearing. The Filipinos were carry ing away hot pyramids of clean dishe now, trays of hot, clean glasses. Din saw a clock, through the smoke an steam; quarter to six. She had bee washing Aunt Floss' dishes at this tim yesterday.

Poor old Mont—dear old Mont, h mustn't mind her pitching in at th nearest thing. It was food, after all It was better than begging.

"I suppose I'm dead," she reflected "I ought to be dead! I thought, whe we saw the sun come up this morning that I couldn't live without sleep for an other hour."

The City Hall—and Dr. Berry—and Market Street. Writing a letter. Market Street again—blowing with wind and grit.

She worked on, feeling happy somehow. Suddenly her heart leaped into her throat; a man's arms were about her. Mont back—

She turned, laughing, but it was not Mont, it was old George. He was only pinning a sack about her, fastening it firmly with a safety-pin. The old man who had been dishwashing had such a sack on, and some of the others had, to protect their clothes.

"Oh, thank you!" Dina said. George nodded; he was a man of few words. He pointed down, and she saw, lying beside her own feet, a pair of worn old felt shoes.

THE relief of stepping out of her own preposterous footwear and slipping into the unspeakable ease and comfort of the old felt poured over Dina like a reviving current. The slippers were warm, perhaps George had taken them off his own old feet; he was not much bigger than Dina. But she did not care; she was standing flat once more, solid upon the ground, and feeling actually rested and remade by the simple change. As she shifted the last pile of dishes from the right-hand drain to the dishpan she saw Solasso himself, slickly combed, in evening dress, gesticulating and chattering in the smoke with the chefs.

"Thank God. We eat," said the blonde simply at six o'clock. "I'm goin' to quit after dinner—enough's enough."

A long table, hitherto littered with a hundred cooking preparations, had been partly cleared, and all the various workers in the kitchen were dragging chairs to it now, pouring coffee, filling trays.

Dina was not conscious of hunger, but she took her tray with the rest, filling a soup bowl, selecting a great hot buttered crust of broken French bread from a wooden bowl on the range. She saw broken pastries on some of the trays, delicious little messes of giblets and tomato sauce and pie crust, salads with everything that ever went into a salad indiscriminately mixed into them. The blonde only drank coffee, sniffling and brooding over it, but two thin, alert colored women who had come on at six o'clock for dishwashing, helped themselves to complete meals.

The blonde made good her word of departing immediately after supper; Dina worked faithfully on with the colored women and the old man. Both Elsie and Devine were friendly and conversational. Devine had three children; Elsie was her mother-in-law. Neither knew where Soprano, who was Devine's hus-

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hand, was at the moment, or where he had been for some months.

"Men is like that," said Devine, cheerfully. "Is you married, honey?" she presently asked Dina.

"Oh, yes! My husband's comin' for me tonight," Dina answered, feeling along a line of cloths far above her head for a dry towel.

After a while she asked, "When does dinner begin upstairs?"

"Oh, God bless you, honey," Elsie answered, "they's all there, eatin'. They's two hundred of 'em there."

And sure enough the disorderly, overcrowded trays began to be hurtled downstairs almost immediately, and the pyramids of plates and cascades of greasy knives and forks began again. Waiters ran to and fro, dark Latin faces were wet with sweat; the cooks filled plates, garnished, ladled gravy carefully.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and no Mont. Dina was country-bred, she was young and strong, and she was carried forward on a wave of excitement and novelty, but she had had no sleep in the twenty-four most eventful hours of all her life.

She started eagerly when she found a pale-faced, buttoned boy from upstairs beside her.

"Are you Mrs. Brett?"

"Yep. Is—is my husband up there?"

"No, ma'am, but he telephoned, and everything's all right, and he's comin' for you as soon's he can. You was to wait for him here, an' have your dinner," the boy said, "an' he's moved to another hotel, an' he'll tell you all about it."

Her heart sang with joy and relief. It was all right; everything was all right. Mont wasn't mad, and he'd gotten work obviously, or he wouldn't have moved from the Mhoon House. He was coming to get her, and they would talk it all over, and tell each other their experiences, and rest—rest, sleep deeply, endlessly, and get up tomorrow as late as they liked, and go to breakfast somewhere, and be really started as man and wife!

The head chefs went away at half past ten, Solasso's closed at eleven. Dishes straggled down more slowly, one after the other the workers went home. The Filipino boys, it appeared, slept here on the floor; Elsie, the colored woman, seeing Dina's distress, and moved by the warm heart of her race, suggested that the girl go home with her.

"You see, I can't even go to the hotel, he's moved!" Dina said, with an anxious laugh.

"You come upstairs, honey, and see if he's waitin', and if he ain't, you come 'long with Devine and me."

"I'll have to," Dina said, when an inspection of the restaurant showed only darkness and blankness once more; the tables empty, the crowd gone.

"We don't do no theater business here, too far down," the watchman told her, locking iron doors.

THE night street was very quiet, lights burned calmly everywhere, but the effect was one of darkness. Dina had been mentally rehearsing an enthusiastic account of her adventures for Mont's benefit.

The sight of the deserted black world filled her heart with sudden despair; she wanted to cry.

Instead she got onto a trolley-car with Devine and Elsie, and went to their apartment on Steiner Street. Devine loaned her a fresh, stiff, frilled nightgown, and Elsie made up for her, in a parlor that had on mantel and bookcases photographs of colored men and colored babies in baptismal white, a spotless couch with new sheets, clean blankets, delicious pillow.

Dina sat watching them stiffly, dully, while these hospitable preparations went on; she smiled dazedly into the two kindly black faces, shook her head to the offer of a bath, shook her head to offers of coffee, hot milk, tore off her clothing somehow—was in bed.

She knew nothing further. She never even remembered that this was her wedding night.

(*To be continued next week*)

Riches back of Rio

Continued from page 25

on which the hydroplanes float gently at anchor, and pilots instead of chauffeurs await the pleasure of their master.

From Santos at the seaside to São Paulo forty miles away and a half mile up on the southern plateau is the most wonderful railroad on the continent, an engineering masterpiece. It is neither the highest, nor the longest; in fact it is one of the shortest of railroads, yet all the finesse of the profession is embodied in it. Rushing out of the city through miles of banana fields it stops at the foot of the mountain and becomes a cable railway for a third of the distance, much of it clinging perilously to the sides of the mountains or swinging across valleys and chasms that make you dizzy, but once at the top of the climb it hurries away once more to the great metropolis of São Paulo.

King Coffee

It hauls the world's coffee to the sea and makes so much money it is said to be the richest railroad in the world. Years ago the government made a law forbidding it to earn more than a certain amount. So the management found it necessary to spend millions. They double-tracked, laid heavier rails, bought the finest equipment. But this did not take up the slack. They built new bridges, concreted the ditches and cemented the cracks and crevices of the mountain sides. Yet dividends go on.

By such means does one travel in the richest state of Brazil to its chief city. São Paulo, bearing the name of the state of which it is the seat of government, is not only the coffee capital of the world, but the most modern city of the republic and boasts the highest building south of the United States. It is also an industrial center. There are textile mills, automobile factories, packing plants and distributing houses representing nearly all the nations. Hustling and cosmopolitan, among its million inhabitants are many nationalities. Portuguese were the settlers, and Portuguese is the national language, but it's possible in São Paulo to hear German, Italian, Polish and Turkish, all in the same block.

That "highest building" is called the Martinnelli Building, named after its builder, whose kinship with Mussolini is readily apparent. In the heart of the coffee empire he has made millions in bottled waters and other gentler beverages. The name of his principal product is pasted on the billboards of the country. Hundreds of thousands of Martinnelli's fellow-countrymen have prospered in Brazil.

Going one day with Senhor Carlos Cavalcante, a hustling São Paulo busi-

(*Continued on page 54*)

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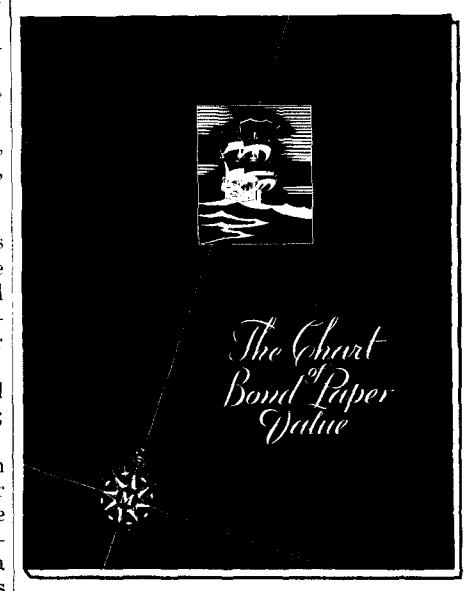

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(*Continued from page 53*)

ness man, to Ypiranga, the beautiful suburb where stands the great Independence Monument, on the very same spot where the first Dom Pedro slashed the bonds that bound his realm to Portugal, and where has been built one of the grandest museums in the Americas, I observed a gorgeous palace set in acres of lawns, gardens and orchards, and commanding a view of the entire city.

"The home of a fazendeiro, I suppose?"

"No," said Senhor Cavalcante, "a Turkish textile manufacturer."

And until recently the king of the coffee industry was none other than Francisco Schmidt, once a poor immigrant from Hamburg, Germany.

Despite many other industries, however, it is the coffee growers, the fazendeiros, who set the pace in São Paulo, in all Brazil for that matter. They are the four hundred—the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts and the Astors. They are a class in themselves, and class is the word. Brazil is a republic and a democracy, only, like all nations dedicated to democracy, its classes are painfully separated and distinct. The blue bloods, remaining scions of the nobility of an empire that went on its way forty-one years ago, have nothing to do with republican officialdom or its cohorts. Proud descendants of Portuguese stock are indignant and resentful at any suspicion they may have dark (Indo-African) blood in their veins. Yet generally speaking there is no clash of color in Brazil, no racial hatred. The foreign born, however rich, unless perhaps of classic French descent, while often accepted individually into these groups, as a class receive little attention. But the "coffee barons," as one observer dubbed them, wield the power and reap the glory.

Brazilians Are Exclusive

Coffee has long been king in São Paulo. In fact for years it has been the great source of wealth, the basis of exchange and undisputed economic law throughout the republic. The state of São Paulo and coffee have long dictated the policies of government, national and international. The city of São Paulo is, indeed, the home of the lords of the land. The Avenida Paulista might be called its Park Avenue if it were not so different. There are no apartment houses, for these people are not gregarious; they do not like to live under the same roof with other people. They are exclusive. The Avenida is lined with magnificent homes set in spacious grounds, usually surrounded by massive iron fences with the most exquisitely wrought gateways.

Yet your average fazendeiro will spend but a few months in his Paulista mansion. He goes to Rio for the winter's gay social doings, although São Paulo's own social season is a splendid affair. But at Rio are the swanky diplomats and the government. Paulistas are usually numerous in the government, for governmental preferment is coveted and treasured by all. While in Rio the family seldom lives in a hotel. It is necessary to have a Rio house. There will be a chalet at the seashore too. Then Europe calls for a part of the year, and there is almost certain to be a Paris residence and maybe one at Deauville or on the Riviera. A less restless but not less wealthy old fazendeiro, reciting the difficulties and problems in the coffee industry of late, remarked, "there is no crisis of coffee in Brazil, but there is a crisis of fazendeiros. Too many of them are trying to grow coffee at Monte Carlo."

Recently I was invited by Senhor Carlos Leoncio Magalhaes, one of the leading figures of São Paulo, to visit him at his fazenda some four hundred kilometers, as distances in Brazil are measured, westward from the city. I was told to take the night train to Arraraquara, where an auto would await me. A night train to the interior from São Paulo is a pleasure not to be forgotten. There is no smoke and no danger of getting a cinder in your eye if you have the windows of your stateroom open, for the train is drawn by an electric engine. And you are not asked to sleep on a shelf and therefore in the hearing of everyone else, as you were until recently compelled to do in this country. Your sleeping car is divided into compartments. Again Brazilians are exclusive.

At six o'clock, when the sun was in the midst of its good morning, and I was weary of coffee trees, our road entered a park with every kind of tree in the world in it, or so it seemed. Later I found my first impression almost literally correct. Tree and plant collecting was a hobby with my host. Fences and trellises were covered with ramblers and all manner of climbing flowers. There was a fabulous fragrance in the morning air. Suddenly we were out of the park, and there on a perfect lawn, acres large, was the palace of a king. Any king could have been quite comfortable in it.

The lord of the household was waiting to greet me, and at six o'clock, too. No *mañana* with him. "I am up at four every morning," he reassured me when I mentioned getting him up so early. And we've heard Brazilians are lazy, that they sleep late, say until noon. Not the real Brazilians. We know so many fables about our southern neighbors.

Immediately we sat down on the great veranda for a cup of coffee, black coffee with lots of sugar—Brazilian coffee, and if one is any judge he'll agree with the Englishman who said, "and remember, you've never had coffee till you've been to Brazil."

"You are the ninetieth visitor I've had the pleasure of entertaining during the present month." This was the twenty-third day. The scale on which fazenda hospitality is dispensed!

From that front porch I could see coffee trees to the far horizon. "Yes," said my host, "there are some eight hundred thousand trees out there. This year there were seventy thousand ba of coffee beans (132 pounds to the bag Mine is not a large fazenda." And o wondered what a large one would l like. "There are many with more tha a million trees," he added.

A tour of the fazenda, with the faze deiro as guide, was an excursion in ir mensity. We toured by auto, for c horseback it would have taken day And there were roads everywhere. Tl automobile is rapidly pushing the hor aside on these great estates.

A Vast Kingdom

On this tour I was to learn that the were other things than coffee. While i one direction there were coffee trees fc miles and miles, in another there wa sugar cane enough to turn out sevent thousand bags of sugar. And it woul be refined on the premises, in th quarter-million-dollar refinery. All th machinery, the sugar refinery, the co tee mills, every gadget on the place, i seemed, was operated by electricit generated by the fazenda's own hug power and light plant. A tunnel ha been cut through a hill of solid rock the waters of a lake conducted throug the tunnel and over a steep cliff, th engineering for this job alone costin a hundred thousand dollars. There wa corn, there was wheat and numerou varieties of fruits. Three thousan head of cattle went to market that ver week. Truly a vast kingdom, a king dom of three thousand subjects, or work men.

In the late afternoon there was ten nis or, if you preferred it, a swim i the tiled swimming pool at the edge o the park. Tea was served at six, witl much conversation carried on in nativ Portuguese or, if you found Portugues difficult, French, German or Englis would answer, for among the famil all these languages were spoken. Te was served at six, because dinner woul not be served until eight-thirty o nine.

When night came the place was a fairyland—lights in the park, along the drives, clusters of lights in the gardens at the foot of the hill, lights everywhere. And directly in front of the house a lovely fountain played in colors and over it was an illuminated motto—IF YOU WISH TO BE HAPPY, SOW AND REAP.

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Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 21

her sudden decision to have her will drawn up at once?"

"Why—yes, and no. Now that you mention it, I remember something to that effect. I asked her if she couldn't give me until the next day to get the document ready, but she said that she had made arrangements to go up-state with some acquaintances the following day, and that she might not be able to come into town for a week or so. I remember suggesting that I mail the completed document to her at Marshall, but she said that she did not wish to intrust so important an instrument to the mails."

"She didn't say who these acquaintances were?"

"No."

"That's all, thank you, Mr. Sanger."

CAXTON hoisted himself to his feet by the arms of his chair.

"One moment, Mr. Sanger! You've no reason to believe that any one of such persons might have been the one whose name Miss Crandall intended to insert in her will?"

"No, I haven't."

"So far as you know, such a person, or persons, had nothing whatever to do with the will?"

"That's right."

"On the other hand, they might have been selected by Miss Crandall as witnesses to the signing of the document?"

"They might, of course, for all I know."

"That's all, Mr. Sanger," the prosecutor said.

"Any further questions, Counsel?" the Court asked.

"No, Your Honor, I'm through."

Mr. John Scott Sanger walked off the witness stand. As he passed the prosecutor's table he held out his hand for the carbon copy of Miss Crandall's intended will. Caxton picked up the envelope slowly and turned it over to the old attorney with a movement of reluctance. The witness replaced it in his inside coat pocket, walked down the aisle and out of the door.

"Mrs. Breckenridge!" Caxton called out.

"Mrs. Lorania Breckenridge!" Even the crier's droning voice seemed to be invested for a moment with dignity as the last syllable of the patrician name trembled to silence in the lofty chamber. A little, old, bent and very black Negress appeared from somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the prosecutor and presented herself to the clerk for the oath. The incongruity of her name became even more apparent when she was seated. Her raiment was reminiscent of the era of horse-cars and puff sleeves. A flat, griddle bonnet of that vintage drooped disconsolately over her wrinkled forehead, and a pair of incredibly thin hands, wrinkled like a mummy's, lay cupped on her sharp knees.

"What is your occupation, Mrs. Breckenridge?" You felt Caxton was trying hard not to inject a note of condescension into his suavely confident tone.

"Ah'm a washlady, suh."

"You live here in Marshall?"

"Ah'm stayin' heah, suh. I'm fum de South."

Caxton smiled benignly.

"How long have you—er—stayed here in Marshall, Mrs. Breckenridge?" he asked.

"Forty-six yeahs, suh."

"You work out by the day?"

"Yes, suh."

"Where were you working on the twentieth of May this year?"

"Ah was ironin' fo' Miss 'Ginia Lansing."

"Were you there when Miss Crandall called upon Miss Lansing?"

"Yes, suh. I was pressin' out her white spo'ts suit. It just come fum de dressmaker."

"In what part of the house were you?"

"In de sewin'-room. De 'lectric plug in de kitchen don' work."

"Where is this sewing-room in relation to Miss Lansing's living-room?"

"It ain't no relation, suh. It's only a little bittie room with glass do'rs."

Caxton cleared his throat aggressively at the faint ripple of laughter this reply evoked.

"It's next to the living-room, isn't it, Mrs. Breckenridge?"

"Yes, suh, Mr. Caxton."

"Did you overhear any of the conversation that took place between Miss Crandall and Miss Lansing?"

"Only a little bit—de 'lectric iron was kinda rattly, suh," she added apologetically.

Mr. Caxton's face was working, but he controlled himself.

"Did they appear to be quarreling?" he asked with averted eyes.

"No, suh, jus' talkin'. Dere ain't no traffic on dat Soun' View Lane."

Caxton made a movement to brush aside the digression.

"What were the words you overheard?"

"Ah heard Miss 'Ginia say: 'I won't leave you do it, Miss Crandall,' " the witness replied.

"Go on, Mrs. Breckenridge," Caxton prompted, recovering his poise.

"An' Miss Crandall says: 'Is yo' goin' to make me publicate de shame of de man yo' loves to de worl'?' "

"You mean *publish*, don't you, Mrs. Breckenridge?"

"Yes, suh, Ah reckon!"

The prosecutor picked up a pencil from the table and regarded its point fixedly for a moment, then said casually: "You're quite sure those were the exact words you overheard, Mrs. Breckenridge?"

"Yes, suh, Mr. Caxton."

"Was the door of the sewing-room open?"

"No, suh. One of de panes of glass was broke an' my haid was close to de hole."

AGAIN that annoying ripple of merriment from the spectators. Not loud enough to bring an admonition from Judge Farnham, but extremely discomfiting to Mr. Caxton. He glared wolfishly over his shoulder as he said:

"Could you see the street from the windows of the sewing-room, Mrs. Breckenridge?"

"Yes, suh."

"Did you see Collins, the chauffeur, in Miss Crandall's car at the curbing?"

"Yes, suh."

"That's all. Cross-examine!" the prosecutor said.

There was a look of friendly understanding on Senator Enderley's massive face as he addressed the witness:

"You're one of the South Carolina Breckenridges, aren't you, mammy?"

"Yes, suh!" The tired old eyes lighted for an instant. "Is yo' all fum Sou' Cahlina, Cunnel?"

Enderley nodded. "A long, long time ago, mammy. You've worked for nearly everybody in this town, haven't you?"

"Ah reckon Ah has. All 'cept Miss

(*Continued on page 56*)

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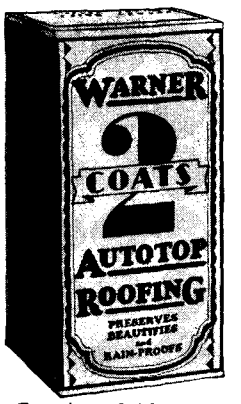

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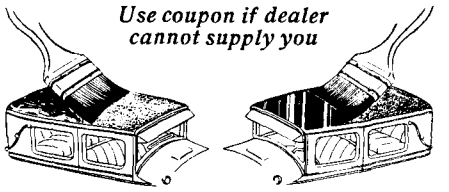

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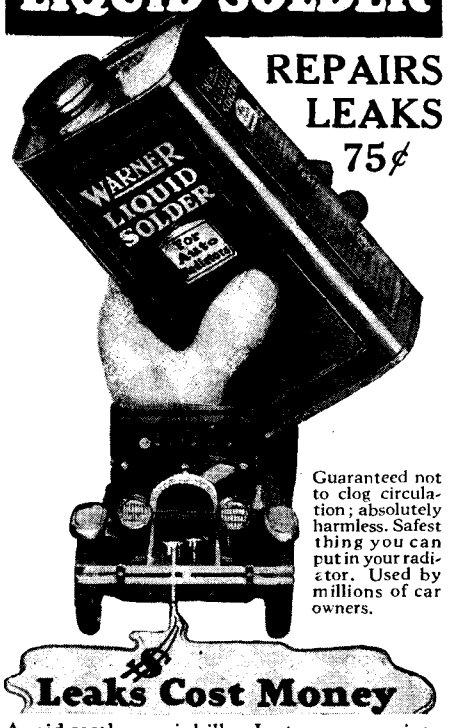

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(*Continued from page 55*)

Crandall. Georgia Sims, who married dat no-'count yaller boy fum Mon'gomery, Al'bama, is Miss Crandall's washlady. She works dere by de week."

Again the senator nodded understandingly.

"I'm going to ask you a very personal question, mammy," he said, "and I don't want you to get uppity. You get a good deal of your clothes from your customers, don't you? Remember, you don't have to answer if it hurts your pride, but I'd like to know." He eyed Mrs. Breckenridge's remarkable ensemble with more than a trace of pity. "I want to know particularly about the suit you're wearing at this moment."

Caxton arose before the witness had time to reply.

"Doesn't Your Honor think that Counsel is going a little too far?" he asked in a bored tone.

"The Court is inclined to agree with you, Mr. Caxton. Will Counsel please indicate where this line of questioning is leading?"

"That was the reason I did not insist upon an answer, Your Honor," Enderley replied. "I leave it to the Court's and the witness' discretion."

"Mrs. Breckenridge, do you care to answer the question?" Judge Farnham asked.

"Yes, suh, Judge, Ah don' mind. Mr. As'bury give me dis suit. It done belonged to his mother. He kep' it in de trunk in de attic."

CAXTON'S air of boredom vanished like June snow.

"May I have an exception, Your Honor?" he interjected stridently.

"You may," the Court replied.

"When did Mr. Ashbury give you the suit?" the senator asked softly.

"When Ah was cleaning his 'partment de Sat'day after Miss Crandall was killed," the witness replied.

Caxton was on his feet again. His face was livid.

"I ask for another exception, Your Honor, unless the Court orders the question and reply stricken from the records!" he ejected, trembling with rage.

"I think they ought to be stricken out," Judge Farnham agreed. "They seem hardly proper, Senator."

Enderley did not demur. He said merely:

"I have but one more question to ask the witness. If the Court deems it and the reply improper, I shall be willing to have my whole cross-examination of Mrs. Breckenridge stricken from the record."

"You may put the question," the Court allowed. "Let an exception be noted for the State," he instructed the clerk.

"Did Mr. Ashbury give you the suit *after* you had told him about the conversation you overheard between Miss Crandall and Miss Lansing?" Enderley asked the witness.

The prosecutor fairly leaped out of his chair, but before he could formulate his spluttering protest Mrs. Breckenridge's "Yes, suh!" had settled the question once and for all.

"Am I and my witnesses to be impugned with bribery, Your Honor!" Caxton stormed. "Do we get no protection in this Court—!"

"You're forgetting yourself, Mr. Caxton!" Judge Farnham cut in in a low, ominous voice. He turned to Enderley and said with hardly less sternness: "Counsel's offer of waiving the entire cross-examination of the present witness is accepted by the Court. Let it be stricken from the record in its entirety!"

The senator accepted the ultimatum without a protest as the little old Negress left the witness chair and passed in review before the twelve good men and true on her way to her seat. Their impassive faces suggested that she had got the worst of the bargain with Mr. Ashbury. That gentleman's face was not nice to look at. Crouched forward in his chair, behind the prosecutor, he glared at Mrs. Breckenridge as she passed him. Had you not known the banker for a cautious man, you'd have thought him about to spring upon the old Negress and strip his mother's now historic garments from her bent form.

WHEN Caxton called a little, white-haired woman to the stand, immediately after the noon recess, you knew that he was going to spring another surprise on the defense.

Davey Reade's widow. Well, well! Fifty years bereaved and still wearing the band of crape! You'd think she'd got over mourning Dave by this time! If he had stuck to his cobbler's last a little closer instead of going fishing about every other day, he wouldn't have got himself drowned. She had certainly held her own when you considered that she had hired herself out all these years! Must have saved a sight of money with nobody to fend for! English broadcloth and genuine silver fox, that suit and neckpiece!

"What is your occupation, Mrs. Reade?" The note of kindness with which the prosecutor invested the query was too saccharine.

"I'm Virginia Lansing's housekeeper."

"How long have you been in her employ?"

"I've been with the Lansings for nearly fifty years. I came to work for Mrs. Phineas Lansing when Virginia's father was a little boy."

"And you've been with them constantly since?"

"Yes."

"You think a *great* deal of Miss Lansing, don't you?"

"No mother could love her daughter more dearly than I love Virginia. I never had any children of my own. Mr. Reade was drowned less than six months after we were married."

"Yes, Mrs. Reade," the prosecutor interrupted, "and I sympathize most deeply with you. However, we must stick to the—issue. Do you remember what took place on the afternoon and evening of May twentieth this year at the house—I mean at Miss Lansing's house?"

Mrs. David Reade and Virginia Lansing looked at one another across the little space—made so wide by the sweep of the law's arm—that separated them. The old apprehensive eyes, veiled with anxiety, cleared in the reflected courage of a pair of young blue ones.

"I remember—very clearly."

"Were you at home when Miss Crandall called upon Miss Lansing?"

"Yes."

"In what part of the house were you?"

"In my room upstairs."

"Did you hear any of the conversation that took place between your mistress and Miss Crandall?" Caxton asked.

"No, I closed my door. I didn't wish to be eavesdropping."

"How long was Miss Crandall in the house?"

"About an hour, I should say."

"Did she call on your mistress frequently?"

"No, sir, only occasionally. She was so much older than Virginia. She dropped in three or four times a year for old times' sake."

"Yet she called twice in succession within two weeks of her death?"

"Yes, she did."

"You have no idea of the reason for these two visits?"

"None."

"Miss Lansing did not speak with you about it after Miss Crandall h gone?"

"No."

"And you didn't refer to it yourself

"No. We had learned to respect ea other's privacy."

The prosecutor cleared his thro with unnecessary demonstrativeness.

"I see! Did Miss Lansing leave t house during the evening?"

"Yes. She left directly after dinne She said that she was going to wa downtown and perhaps go to the brary."

"What time did she leave?"

"A little before seven. We alway have dinner at six."

"Did she say anything else to you b fore she left?"

"Only that if Mr. Merrill called u on the telephone to tell him to ring h the first thing in the morning as s had something important to tell him.

"Oh, only that?" Caxton's voice wa dangerously casual. "She didn't tel phone him herself from the house?"

"No. Mr. Merrill was in New Yor that day and was not expected back u til the seven-twenty-five train arrived.

"I see. Do you remember how Mis Lansing was dressed when she left th house?"

"Yes, I remember very well. Sh wore her new white sports suit, whit hat, and white kid shoes. I thought sh looked lovely and I told her so."

"Did Merrill telephone during th evening?"

"Yes. He called not more than fif teen minutes after Virginia had left.

"So he must have returned on an ea lier train?"

"Evidently."

"And you gave him Miss Lansing' message?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Please tell Virginia that have an appointment at the usual plac at eight this evening. She'll unde stand.'"

"Did he say with whom he had thi appointment?"

"No."

"But he took it for granted that Mis Lansing would *understand?*" The sin ister emphasis cut the silence like knife. Mrs. Reade seemed oblivious t the menace.

"Apparently," she replied.

"WERE there any other telephon calls during the evening?"

"Yes. Virginia called up and aske if there had been any word from M Merrill. I gave her his message."

"What did she say?"

"Only that she might not be home un til late, and for me not to wait up fo her."

"What time was it when she calle up?"

"It was nearly half past seven, think."

"Did you hear her come in that eve ning?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what time it was?"

"I can't be sure. I had dozed off. I might have been eleven o'clock—per haps only half past ten."

"Did she speak with you?"

"No. I heard her go to her room an close the door."

"Went right to sleep, did she?" Cax ton prompted with elaborate casual ness.

"I don't know. I was asleep agai myself immediately."

"I see. When did you first hear tha Miss Crandall had been—murdered?"

"It was in the paper the followin morning."

"That was the first you knew of it?

"Yes."

"Did Miss Lansing call your atten tion to it?"

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"No. I went out on the porch and cked up the paper as I always do be- re breakfast. When I saw the head- ıes, I read what had happened, and d the paper so Virginia wouldn't e it."

"Why did you do that?"

"I didn't want to frighten her!"

"Ah, you thought she'd be—fright- ıed?"

"Why, yes! Of course! Miss Cran- ıll was a friend of the family, and it as a dreadful thing!"

THE prosecutor made a grimace of agreement.

"When did you discuss the matter ith Miss Lansing for the first time?" e wanted to know.

"When she returned from downtown ıring the morning."

"What did she say?"

"I don't remember what either of us ıid. It was too dreadful to discuss."

"Did she seem agitated?"

"We both were—more than agitated. 'e knew Miss Crandall so well, sir."

"Miss Lansing didn't evince any revious knowledge of the crime?"

"No, sir."

"I see." With a dainty flick of his encil Caxton removed a speck of ust from his perfectly pressed trouser ₃g.

"You've saved quite a bit of money ı the fifty years you've been with the ansings, haven't you, Mrs. Reade?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"What is your salary at present?"

"I haven't taken any salary from 'irginia since Mr. Lansing died. We imply lived together because it was onvenient for both of us."

"You mean that you paid your share f the household expenses?"

"Well, sir, the house belonged to Virginia. She gave me shelter and I took are of half the grocery bills. Thanks o old Mr. Phineas Lansing's business advice, I have a very comfortable income."

"As a matter of fact, Miss Lansing had been left practically penniless by the death of her father, and you supported her? That's what it amounted to, didn't it?"

"Oh, no. Virginia had a little money coming in from some bonds. She gave me a half interest in the house, by deed, over two years ago. She insisted, against my protests, that we take title to it as joint owners with the right of survivorship."

Caxton waved a deprecating hand.

"But it is a fact that Miss Lansing was in very reduced circumstances and that she had been used to living on a rather elaborate scale, isn't it?"

"Mr. Lansing never denied her anything. He was a most kind and generous father."

"So it must have irked her to be deprived of all those little luxuries so dear to the feminine heart?"

"On the contrary, sir, she often remarked what a relief it was to be living simply."

"Be that as it may!" the prosecutor retorted. As he reached into the black leather satchel and drew out the linen handkerchief his eyes were brilliant with little javelins of flame.

"I suppose you, too, recognize this, Mrs. Reade?" As he handed the little square of blood-stained linen over the railing to the witness his lean body uncoiled itself like a leopard at the bound. The little old lady took the sinister bit of cloth between her dainty fingers and examined it with no more perturbation than if it were a sample offered her for purchase.

"I do," she replied, raising her serene eyes to the smoldering ones of the prosecutor's. "It's Virginia's. I embroidered the initials myself. She has twelve of them."

(*To be continued next week*)

The Good Woman

Continued from page 19

"A fine girl like that," said Officer McGeehan. "She ought to been told."

"She wouldn't 've believed you," said Benny. "She'd said you were runnin' down the finest man in the world and a fine providin' husband."

"She was too good for you."

"Cop," said Benny, "for the first time since I met you you're right. It just goes to show a guy can't be wrong all the time. Too good for me is right. It's what a guy gets for marryin' a stranger. It serves me right. Listen. Last night I get home. All washed up with the graft, see. Home to a fine wife and a delicatessen business and I tell the world I sat down to a home-cooked dinner that'd make Mrs. Astor or any of them dames cut their throats. Boy!"

Benny paused, thrust his hands deep into empty pockets and with dispassionate deliberation surveyed first Officer McGeehan and then the big church. He shook his head slowly, as if hopelessly mystified that such things could be.

"Listen," he said mournfully. "After dinner I ask the wife, thinkin' I'm kiddin' somebody, how much she's saved out of the dough I sent her.

"'Two thousand three hundred and forty-one dollars and ninety-two cents,' she says.

"'For bein' a good girl,' I says, still kiddin', 'I ain't askin' you for the ninety-two cents. The rest'll come in handy for the delicatessen business.'

"'Benny,' she says, 'I ain't got it.'

"'That's okay with me,' I say. 'The bank's the place for it. We'll go down in the mornin' and get it.'

"And this mornin' she tells me," said Benny.

"Yeah?" said Officer McGeehan.

"Yeah," agreed Benny. "She tells me that she never can get it off her mind about the dangerous business I'm in all the time I'm on the road and that she was always tellin' herself that if I come through safe and sound she's goin' to do somethin' to celebrate it or somethin'. Yeah. And three days ago when she gets my letter sayin' I'm on my way home safe and sound she gives thanks.

"Yes, sir," said Benny, "she takes the dough—more'n two grand—and gives it to this church here to help them pay off what they owe on a full set of new windows."

THAT sudden understanding and sympathy that springs up only between men shone in the eyes of Benny Lang and Officer McGeehan as they regarded each other in silence.

"What," said Officer McGeehan, "was this dangerous business the little woman thought you were in?"

"I told her," said Benny, "that I was a cop workin' for the gover'ment."

"Impersonatin' an officer of the law, were you?" cried Officer McGeehan.

"Yeah," said Benny, "but you didn't ketch me at it."

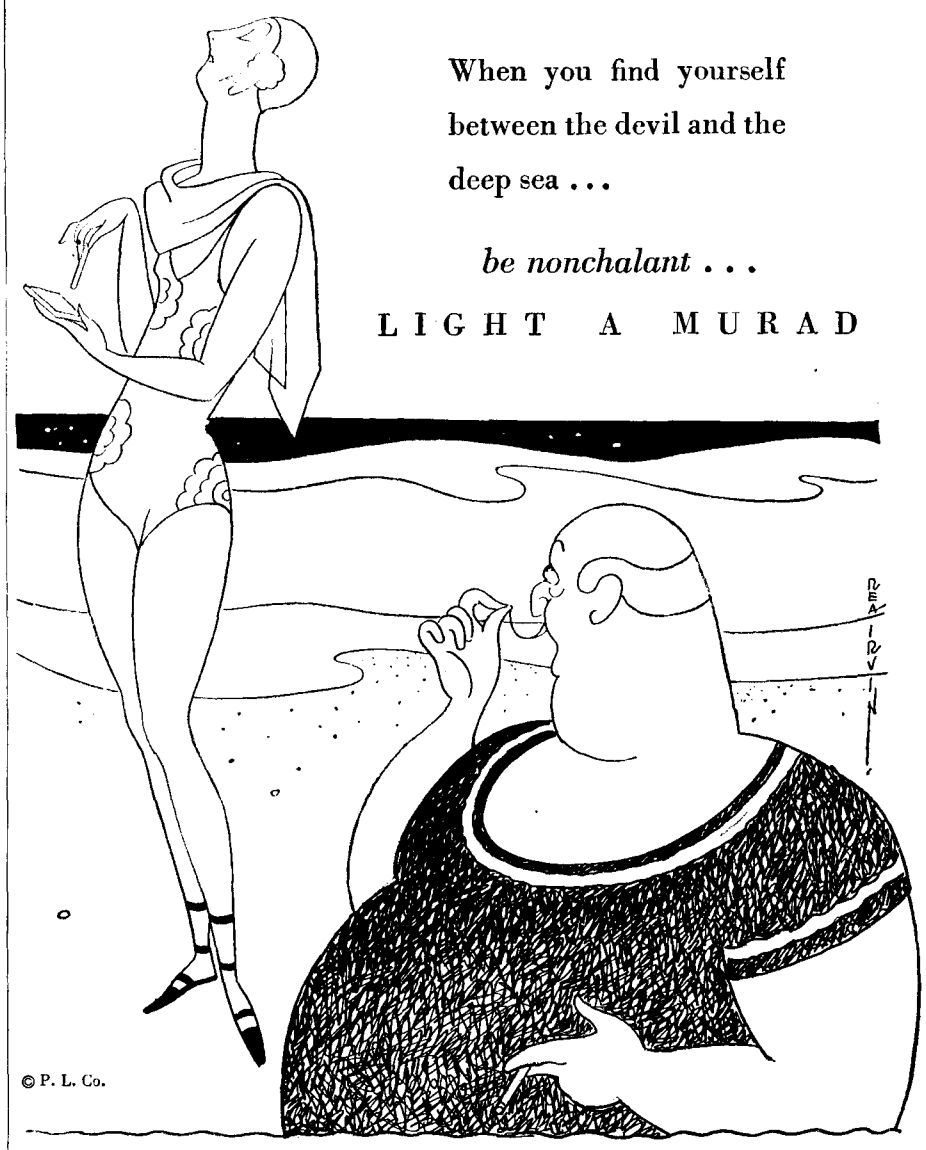
Officer McGeehan tilted his cap and scratched his head.

"Anyway," said he, "I know a good place halfway down the block and it's my duty to see they don't sell any wood alcohol. Are you walkin' that way?"

"Why not?" sighed Benny.

LE MOMENT DIFFICILE

[THE DIFFICULT MOMENT]



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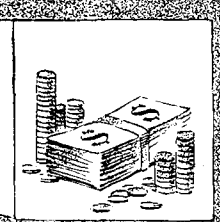

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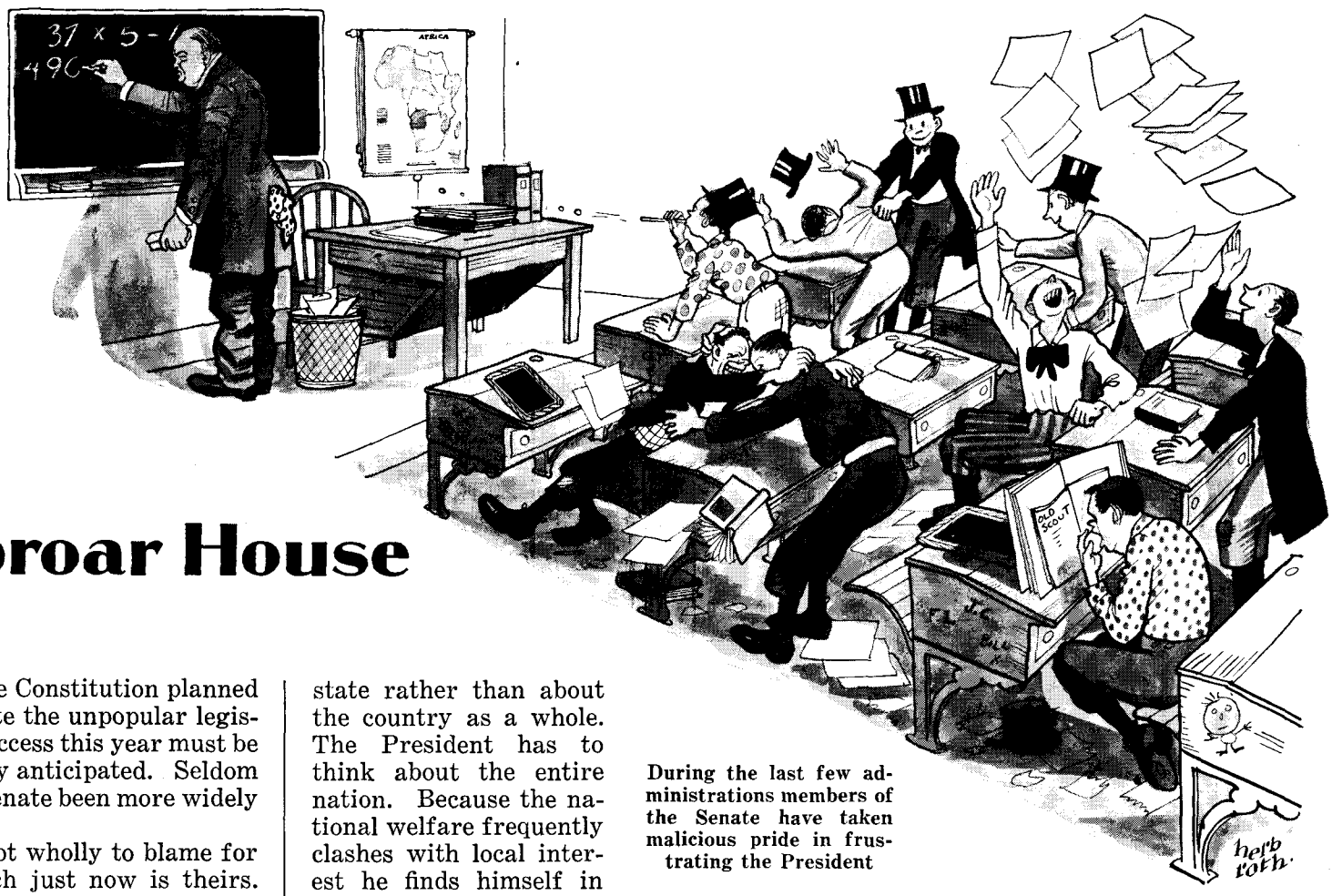

During the last few administrations members of the Senate have taken malicious pride in frustrating the President

The Uproar House

THE framers of the Constitution planned to make the Senate the unpopular legislative body. Their success this year must be greater than even they anticipated. Seldom in our history has a Senate been more widely disliked.

The senators are not wholly to blame for the opprobrium which just now is theirs. We entertain generally many quaint notions about our government which have little foundation in law or fact. We expect too much.

One of our most naïve ideas is that the President is elected to rule the country. We have the impression that it is the President's business to find out what good laws are needed and that it is Congress' business to enact the wise measures recommended by the President. Then we look to our Chief Executive to enforce without much effort these wise and good laws which Congress has good-naturedly passed at his behest.

Every President wishes that our idyllic dream were true. Actually it is far from reality. Thwarting the President has been the habit of Congress since the time of George Washington. In fact the Constitution was written with something like that in mind. The Senate is unpopular today not because it ignores the Constitution but because it is much too literal in observing its spirit.

The present members, however, are not the conservatives that the founders of our national government expected them to be.

Popular election of senators took care of that. Radical states send radical senators to Washington. Actually now the Senate is less conservative than the House.

Senators are unpopular in the country even while they are satisfactory to their constituents back home. A senator votes generally with a view to continuing in office. Consequently he thinks about his own state rather than about the country as a whole. The President has to think about the entire nation. Because the national welfare frequently clashes with local interest he finds himself in conflict with Congress.

The tariff and the pension bill are perfect examples. Nobody concerned primarily with promoting the general well-being of the country could approve the pension measure. That was drawn with a view to satisfying relatively small groups in the different states. Senators voted for it because they wanted the political support of those who would benefit financially by the act. Naturally, the President opposed it. Any reasonable man who was concerned about the national well-being would have to oppose it. Senators think of something else.

Much of the current unpopularity of the Senate can be traced to meaner motives. During the last few administrations especially, members of the Senate have taken malicious pride in frustrating the President.

The Constitution makes this possible and, human nature being what it is, inevitable. We have a government of checks and balances because a hundred and forty years ago Americans feared a strong executive.

Perhaps the most picayune exhibition of spitefulness came when the Senate voted to cut down the expenses and to restrict the scope of the Wickersham commission.

Any observant man in the Senate knows that better enforcement of our criminal laws is a matter of the gravest concern. The Wickersham commission has been slow and undramatic and its attention has seemed to stray from prohibition, the issue it was created to illuminate. Nevertheless, hamstringing the commission when its work is half done is just a futile and ugly gesture of ill will.

From such acts the public has gained the impression that the Senate is out to make life difficult for the President. The public is sometimes right in such matters.

The President is not quite as defenseless against such tactics now as were some of his predecessors. Roosevelt and Wilson, among others, tried to appeal to the public over the heads of the senators.

The radio makes such appeals far more effective and the President does not have to speak in person to benefit by it. Such gibes at the Senate as those made by Will Rogers and other vaudevillian commentators have started a powerful backfire against the upper house. Its apparent power makes it ridiculous.

It is all right for the Senate to invite unpopularity in the defense of some sound cause, but to arouse contempt for smallness or meanness or general incompetence is not so good.

Considered individually, most of the senators are men of high distinction, intelligent and public-spirited. As members of the Senate, however, they appear in quite another light.

The Constitution, their own rules and traditions, the personal inclinations of a few, make them obstructionists. The rôle is not heroic but some senators have earned whatever of contempt has befallen the Senate.

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Hudson	All	X	X	X		X
Hupmobile	S & C	X	X	X	X	X
	H & U	X	X	X		X

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Jordan	All	X	X	X		X
Kissel	73 & 95	X	X	X		X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
Kleiber	All	X	X	X		X
LaSalle	All					X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Locomobile	86 & 88	X	X			X
Marmon	69	X				X
	79 & 16	X	X			X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X		X
Moon	All	X	X	X		X
Nash	Std. 6	X	X	X	X	X
Overland	8	X	X	X	X	X
——	All	X	X		X	X
Peerless	B & C	X	X			X
	A	X				X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Plymouth	All	X	X	X		X
Reo Flying Cloud	20 & 25	X	X		X	X
	15	X	X			X
Roosevelt	All	X	X	X		X
Studebaker	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X		X
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